* April 19, 1952

THE NEW YORKER

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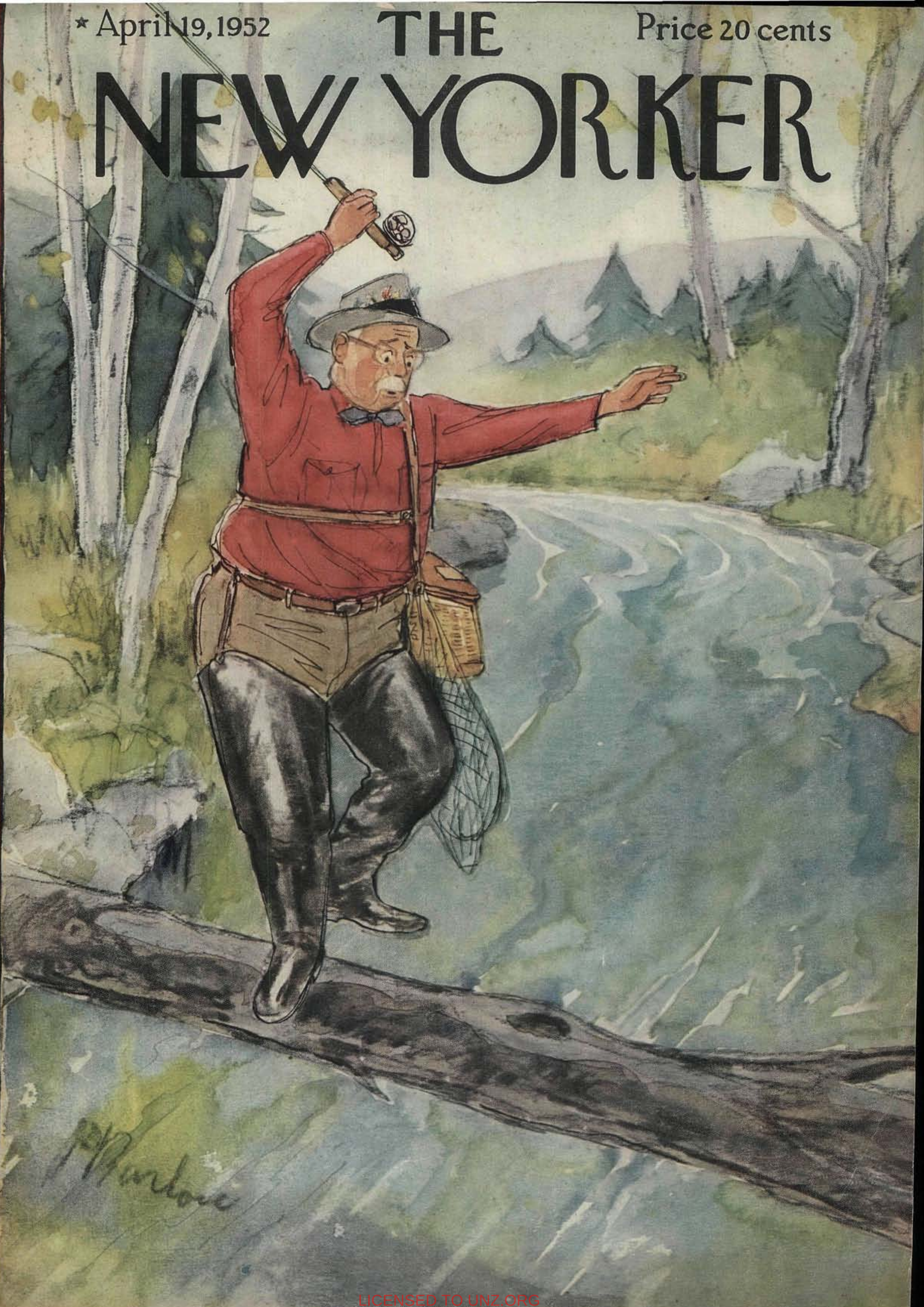

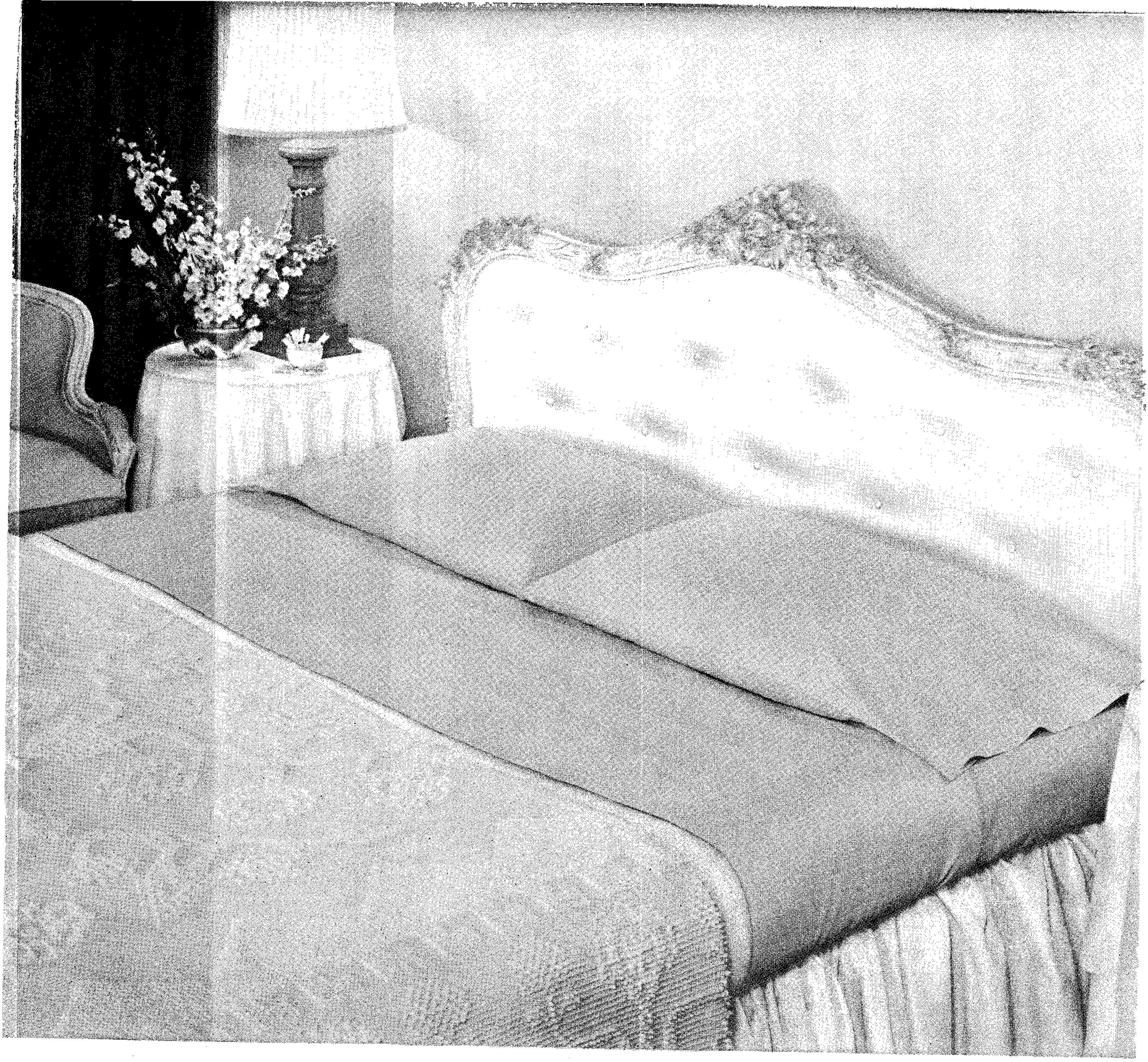

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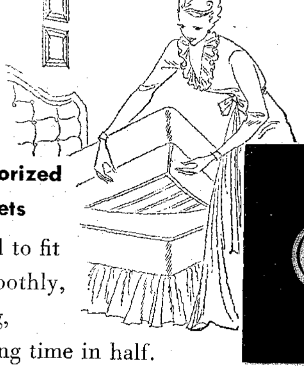

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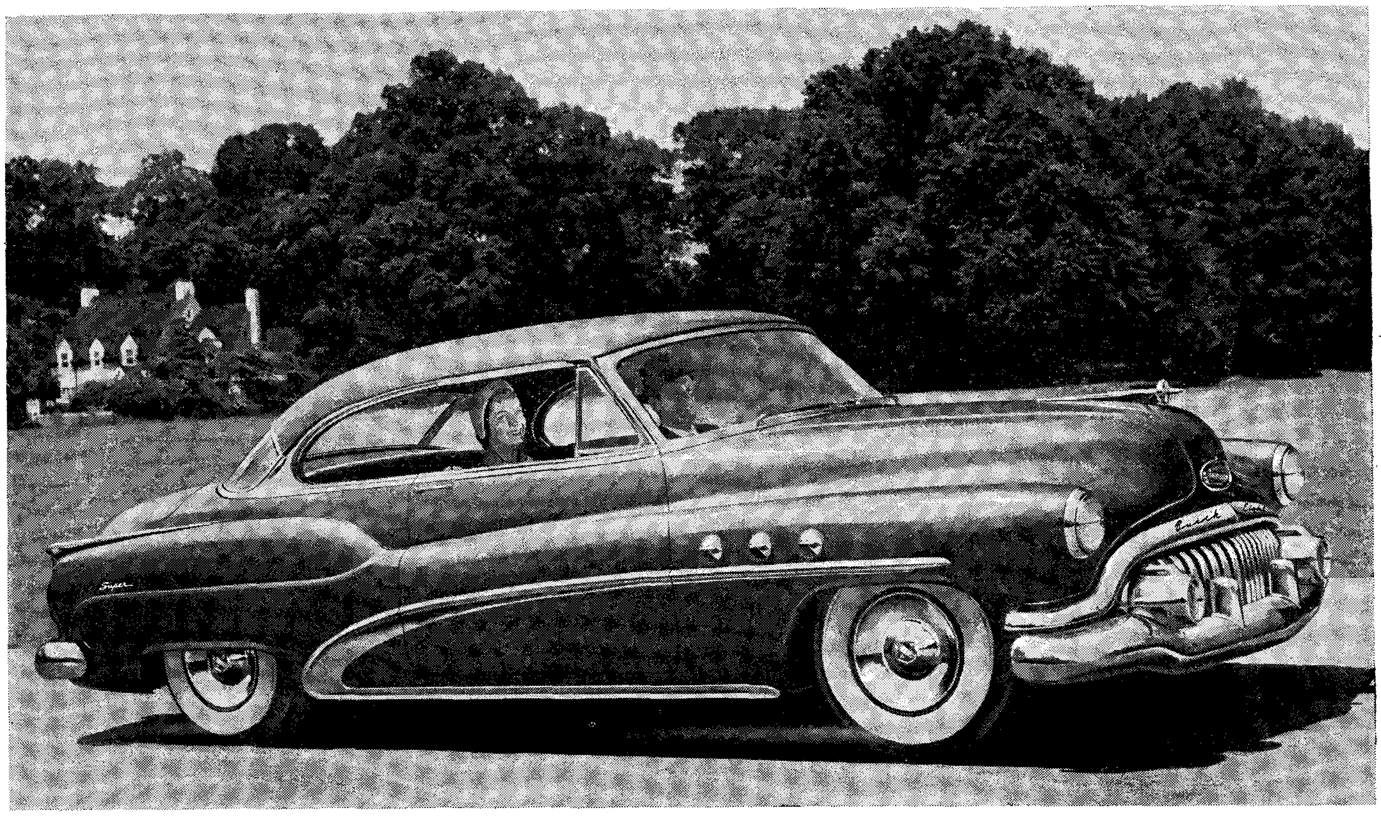

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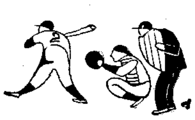
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST



THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Don Juan in Hell—This elaborate and witty conversation piece is part of Shaw's original script of "Man and Superman." The actors, who simply give what is known as a "reading" but do it brilliantly, are Charles Boyer, Agnes Moorehead, Cedric Hardwicke, and Charles Laughton. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Through Saturday, May 24.)

Flight Into Egypt—Paul Lukas and Gusti Huber are excellent in this play about a family that is trying to make its way to America, but the work itself seems a little contrived and melodramatic. Elia Kazan directed a cast including Zero Mostel, Joseph Anthony, and Paul Mann. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Fourposter—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn are both very effective in Jan de Hartog's play about a not especially eventful marriage. Produced by the Playwrights' Company and directed by José Ferrer. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Gigi—Anita Loos's spirited dramatization of the Colette novel. As the young lady whose relatives are determined to establish her as a leading demimondaine in Paris, Audrey Hepburn is altogether charming. Gilbert Miller has provided her with convincing period surroundings and has given her the aid of such capable actors as Cathleen Nesbitt, Michael Evans, and Josephine Brown. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Golden Boy—Even though it has its weaknesses, Clifford Odets' play of fifteen years ago, dealing with a sensitive young violinist who renounces both music and family ties to become a prizefighter, is still an honest and often moving piece of work. Performances by John Garfield and Lee J. Cobb contribute a good deal to the current revival, which is the third in a series of productions offered this season by ANTA. (ANTA Playhouse, 52nd St., W. JU 2-2660. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Grass Harp—Some good people warding off evil by taking up residence in a tree. This Truman Capote fantasy has enough merit to hold your interest some of the time, and the sets and costumes by Cecil Beaton are ingenious indeed. There is music by Virgil Thomson, and a cast that includes Mildred Natwick, Russell Collins, Georgia Burke, Sterling Holloway, and Alice Pearce. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

I Am a Camera—Julie Harris is wonderful as a high-class British tart in John van Druten's lively, if not particularly distinguished, adaptation of Christopher Isherwood's "The Berlin Stories." With William Prince, Marian Winters, and Edward Andrews. Chosen by the Drama Critics Circle as the season's best American play. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Jane—Edna Best and Basil Rathbone, ably supported by Howard St. John, make this drawing-room comedy by S. N. Behrman move along more smoothly than it might otherwise have done. A Maugham story supplied the plot. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Mondays at 7:30, and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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Mrs. McThing—Helen Hayes and young Brandon de Wilde ably carry most of the weight in Mary Chase's fantastic comedy about contemporary witchcraft. With Jules Munshin, Enid Markey, and Lydia Reed. The second in a series of subscription productions offered this season by ANTA. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thursday, April 17.)

Paris '90—In the difficult and highly specialized genre of monologue, Cornelia Otis Skinner does as well as anybody could expect in representing fourteen French ladies of the late nineteenth century. Sets by Donald Oenslager and music by Kay Swift are quite a help to her. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Moves on Monday, April 21, to the Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Point of No Return—Henry Fonda as the J. P. Marquand hero who chases after success and then isn't sure he wants it when he catches it. Paul Osborn has made an ingenious adaptation of Mr. Marquand's novel, and the production is superlative. Also with Leora Dana, John Cromwell, Frank Conroy, Robert Ross, and Colin Keith-Johnston. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Shrike—Joseph Kramm's play about a man who tries to commit suicide and the woman who drove him to it is one of the most intelligent and disturbing works of the season. José Ferrer, who is also the director and co-producer, plays the unhappy hero, and his mate is played by Judith Evelyn. Among the others involved in the action, which takes place in a hospital ward, are Philip Huston, Will Kuluva, Isabel Bonner, and Kendall Clark. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Venus Observed—A great gust of wind through some rather frail willows by Christopher Fry. With Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer. Voted the best foreign play of the year by the Drama Critics Circle. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:35. Special performance for the Equity Welfare Fund Sunday evening, April 20. Through Saturday, May 31.)

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Long Runs—**The Moon Is Blue**: Barbara Bel Geddes, Donald Cook, and Barry Nelson in the boy-gets-girl comedy. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **Stalag 17**: A group of ribald American airmen in a German prison camp. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Chase—John Hodiak and Kim Hunter in a play by Horton Foote. Directed by José Ferrer and produced by him in association with Milton Baron. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursday and Saturday this week, and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Paint Your Wagon—A piece concerning a California mining town during the Gold Rush, which suffers a bit from a rather untidy plot but has a lot of fine singing and dancing. James Barton, Tony Bavaar, Gemze De Lappe, and Scott Merrill are among the prospectors and the ladies who complicate their lives. Alan Jay Lerner wrote the book and lyrics, Frederick Loewe provided the music, and Agnes de Mille was in charge of the choreography. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Pal Joey—A happy recurrence of the famous musical show that John O'Hara and Rodgers and Hart assembled twelve years ago for adults of all ages. Harold Lang, Vivienne Segal, Helen Gallagher, Elaine Stritch, and Lionel Stander have a jaunty time putting it through its paces, which haven't slowed down a bit over the years. Winner of the Drama Critics award for best musical of the year. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Three Wishes for Jamie—This business about a young Irishman to whom a fairy queen promises travel, a beautiful wife, and a son has its bright moments, but on the whole it may easily tax all but the most whimsical. Ralph Blane's music and lyrics, however, are often meritorious and John Raitt and Anne Jeffreys deliver them with style. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Top Banana—A superbly funny, if elementary, musical, in which Phil Silvers demonstrates that a caricature of Milton Berle can be a lot droller than the model. He is cleverly helped out by Joey Faye, Jack Albertson, Rose Marie, Walter Dare Wahl, and Johnny Trama. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, April 20.)

Long Runs—**Call Me Madam**: Ethel Merman as the lady ambassador. Also in the cast are Richard Eastham, Alan Hewitt, Russell Nype, and Pat Harrington. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, May 3.) . . . **Guys and Dolls**: Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics for this musical comedy based on a story by Damon Runyon, and Sam Levene, Isabel Bigley, Robert Alda, and Vivian Blaine are some of the Runyon characters. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **The King and I**: Gertrude Lawrence and Yul Brynner still have the leading parts in this Rodgers and Hammerstein musical taken from a book about Siam. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Mat-

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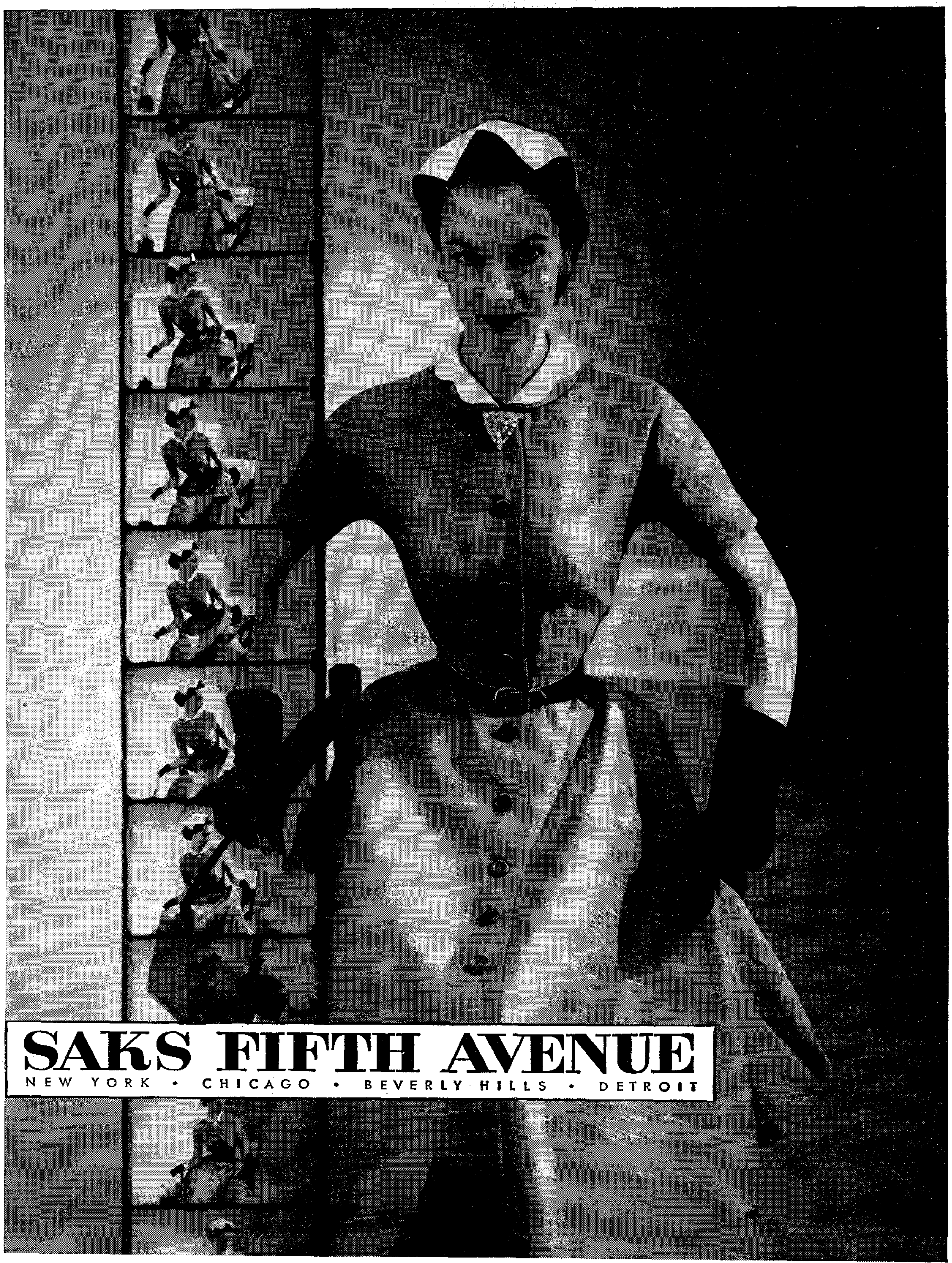

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

inées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **SOUTH PACIFIC:** George Britton is now playing the cultured Frenchman to Martha Wright's Nellie Forbush. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Mondays at 7, and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Four Saints in Three Acts—An all-Negro cast, including Inez Matthews, Edward Matthews, and Rawn Spearman, in a revival of the Gertrude Stein-Virgil Thomson opera. The fourth in a series of productions offered this season by ANTA. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Through Sunday, April 27.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Candida—Olivia de Havilland in Shaw's comedy. Directed by Herman Shumlin and produced by Thomas Hammond. A four-week engagement, opening Tuesday, April 22. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8:15. Matinées Thursday and Saturday the first week, and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

To Be Continued—A comedy by William Marchant, with Dorothy Stickney, Jean Dixon, Luella Gear, and Neil Hamilton. Presented and staged by Guthrie McClintic. Opens Wednesday, April 23. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Victim—A play by Leonard Lesley, based on a novel by Saul Bellow. The cast, under the direction of Peter Frye, includes Elliott Sullivan, Lloyd Gough, and Anne Hegira. Produced by David Heilweil and Robert N. Winter-Berger. Opens Friday, April 25. (President, 48th St., W. JU 2-1647. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

Dance Recital—Federico Rey and Pilar Gomez. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, April 19, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Martha Graham—With her company. For the benefit of the Dance Scholarship Fund of the Juilliard School of Music. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Tuesday through Sunday, April 22-27, at 8:15. For tickets, call CI 7-5534 through Monday, April 21, and MO 3-7200, Ext. 33, thereafter.)

Dance Program—Merce Cunningham, Jean Erdman, and Donald McKayle, with their companies, as well as Erick Hawkins. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, April 22, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Some old things, some new things, and all in all quite a hullabaloo. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Daily at 2:15 and 8:30; through Sunday, May 11. The doors open at 1 and 7, for those who like to roam around among the sideshows in the basement.)

Blue Hill Troupe—Presenting Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Sorcerer." For the benefit of the Goodwill Industries of New York, Inc. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Thursday and Friday, April 17-18, at 8:45. Special performance for children, Saturday, April 19, at 2:30. For tickets, call RH 4-8563.)

Masque and Lyre Light Opera Company—"Cox and Box" and "The Pirates of Penzance." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. TR 9-6453. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinée Saturday, April 19, at 2:15.)

Vaudeville—Betty Hutton, Herb Shriner, and others. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Daily, except Mondays, at 2:40 and 8:40. Through Sunday, May 11.)

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NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—In the sedate Trianon Room, except Sundays, there's dancing at dinner and supper to Harry Rosenthal's orchestra and Nino de Moraes' band. At cocktail time, William Adler fools around with his violin in the rotunda.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Michael Kent's quartet provides string music during dinner in the Madison Room (which is closed Sundays), and, except Sundays, at cocktail time in the Palm Court. No dancing anywhere.

Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000)—A token reminder of the beloved Ritz, where Emery Deutsch's musicians hold forth at dinner in the big restaurant. No dancing, and no music Sundays.

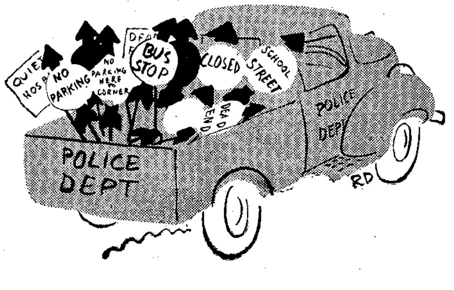
Gogi's Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—A hanging garden that must have been left over from comfy, carefree old Babylon. Ted Straeter and his hand-picked henchmen start their uplifting dance music and glee-club chorales around nine. There's a rumba band, too, for addicts; it starts at eight. Thursday, April 24, is, like the final Thursday of every month, black tie. In the small, good-looking Plush Room, George Feyer's piano, which is European in flavor, begins at eight. Closed Mondays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—A famous wayside inn with a palm garden, a small bar, and some interesting old Michael Arlen characters. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band play for dancing.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—In the Terrace Room's ice show, the girls are sometimes costumed as daiquiris and sometimes as Confederate pfc.s, but the discerning eye can easily penetrate these innocent disguises. Dancing, and, from nine to ten, the Adrian Rollini Trio's music. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room has Yma Sumac, the first voice ever to pierce the stratosphere, and the energetic adagios of Mario and Floria. Dancing to Stanley Melba's orchestra and Chico-Relli's rumba band. On Sundays, a dinner show only. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Except Mondays, Stanley Worth's quartet plays for dancing from cocktails through supper in the Café Pierre, and, except Sundays, the chipper Rino Senteri serves as a wandering minstrel.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Mimi Benzell, bringing the Metropolitan to the millions, is operating in the Persian Room, where Alan and Blanche Lund, from north of the border, cut some fancy Canadian capers. Dick La Salle's and Mark Monte's orchestras take care of the guests' exercises. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous Room, which is restfully period-piece, Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance orchestras slither from one familiar tune to another. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's music during the cocktail hour in the Palm Court. No dancing.



Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Freddy Martin's great big band is now ensconced in the Grill for dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, a way of life anyone would like to become accustomed to, the dance bands of Horace Diaz and Milt Shaw whisper rhythmically all evening, and Fernanda Montel models some Paris fashions and some familiar Parisian ballads at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's dance music fills the Café Lounge every afternoon and evening.

Sherry-Netherland, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—Emil Coleman's band toils industriously in the cheery and amusingly decorated little Carnaval Room. Closed Sundays.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Woody Herman's orchestra is one of the few good mass-production bands still extant. It performs during dinner and supper in the Café Rouge. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—An orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing, though the customers would rather just talk to and about each other.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Young people—among them Bill Norvas and the Upstarts, who sing; Chuck Brunner and Betty Lorraine, who dance; and Beverlee Dennis, who clowns—having wonderful time. Carmen Torres, who's also concerned in the doings, has a tremendous voice and some lively Spanish arias. Emile Petti's orchestra alternates with Panchito's rumba band for dancing.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—At dinner and supper, Dorothy Shay, spokesman at large for the hillbilly industry, is in the Empire Room, a fur piece from her Ozark constituency. Nat Brandwynne's and Mischa Borr's bands thump away all evening. On Sundays, Mr. Borr's outfit is the only amusement, and even he knocks off at twelve. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's dance orchestra starts warming up in the Peacock Lounge at seven. Closed Sundays.

Note—A romantic view of New York 19, N.Y., and one or two other glamorous areas, is just outside the windows of the Rainbow Room's cocktail lounge, which is open from four-thirty to nine, except Sundays. Incidental music, too. The address, 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone, CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): The moving spirit here is Eddie Davis, whose dance music is wedding-party and whose smile is all-embracing. He's in action from eight-thirty on. Closed Sundays. . . . **TONI'S CAPRICE,** 112 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-6255): A gathering spot for young ones who have a few hours to kill before dawn. Louis Hawkins serves as moderator, pianist, and bulletin board from eleven on. For a change of pace, Herman Arminski (through Saturday, April 19) plays concert piano from time to time every night after nine, and on Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays little Jo Hurt drops in after the theatre to uncork some songs that go off like Roman candles. Mr. Hawkins is also at the piano evenings from six to nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Ralph Strain embellishes the starlit hours between ten and one, except Sundays, with his nostalgic piano. . . . **BEAU BRUMMEL,** 65 E. 54th St. (PL 5-1792): Another refuge for those who find a gentle piano the best apéritif at the cocktail, dinner, or supper hour. The music is by Lynn Mullinax, and the décor and nourishment are by Daniel, the East Side caterer. Closed Sundays. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Piano-and-violin music after nine-thirty for

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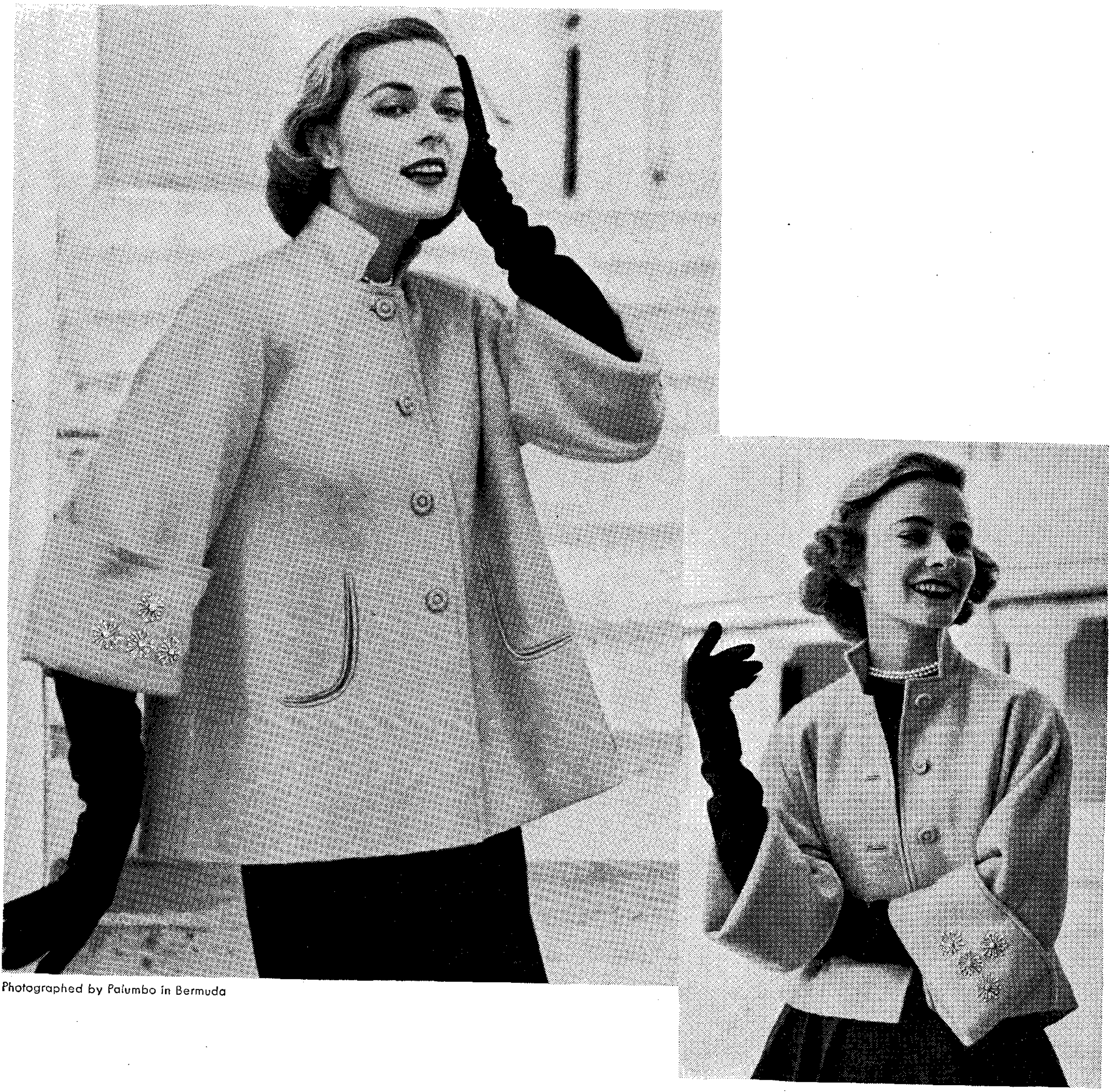
They come out on top, our basketweave wool toppers with hand embroidered stars on steep cuffs and an upstanding approach to the collar. Both in gold, aqua, sky blue or beige. Left: 28 inches, sizes 10 to 18, 27.95. Right: 19 inches, sizes 9 to 15, 22.95



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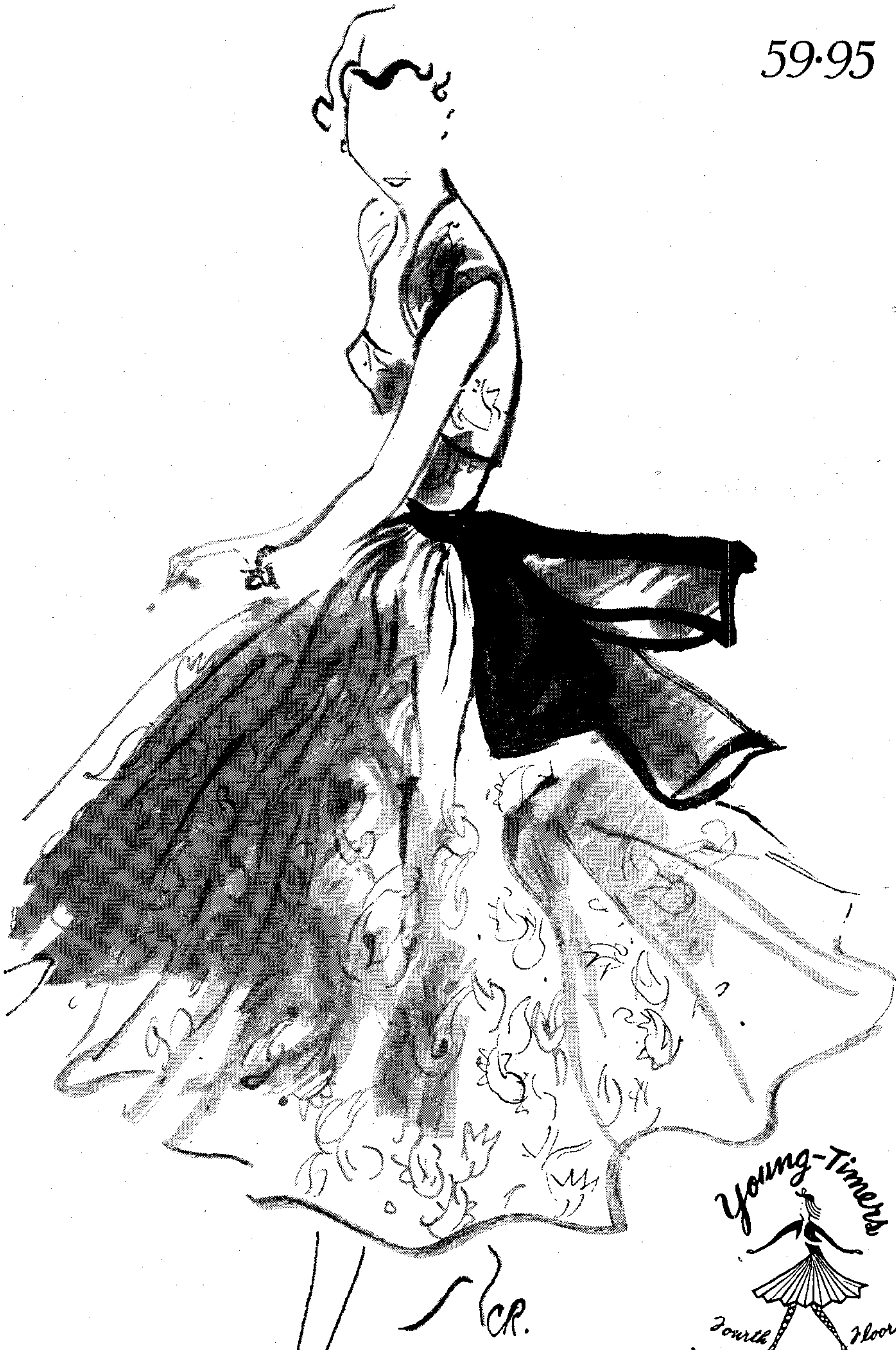

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NEW YORK 19 NY

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

one of the town's most energetic bunch of conversationalists. Closed Sundays.... **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Except Sundays, Cy Walter lays his light, fantastic fingers on the local Knabe during dinner and supper.... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spanish jive, with dancing to match by both cast and clients. Closed Mondays.... **CELESTE**, 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): A comfortable dining room wherein Jim Mahoney, a quiet but persuasive man with a baby grand, unveils his extensive portfolio after nine. Closed Mondays.... **LA ZAMBRA**, 127 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9131): Vicente Gomez, who plays odd Mexicans in Hollywood and wonderful guitar in New York, is jollying up this Spanish restaurant. Closed Mondays.... **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Addison Bailey rambles up and down the piano at dinner and supper here. On Sundays, Harold Cooke sits in instead.... **NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): This elaborate pantry and bar affords, as always, Harry Meyerowitz's piano at cocktails and Rudy Timfield's at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.... **HABIBI**, 227 W. 46th St. (JU 6-1978): Hillel and Aviva do a quiet but convincing job in the virgin field of Israeli folk music. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dancing, unless otherwise noted.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): If seven maids with seven mops swept for half a year, they couldn't dry the bitter tears shed by Johnnie Ray in the course of a night's singing. Betty and Jane Kean, better adjusted to the world as it is, are a lot funnier.... **LA VIE EN ROSE**, 123 E. 54th St. (MU 8-8420): Jane Morgan, a big bouquet of spring flowers, is singing her merry roundelays to the music of Van Smith's trio, which, along with Eddie South's trio, takes care of the dancing guests.... **RIVIERA**, Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): As it must every year to all Jerseyites, Broadway has again come to the Palisades, where a tremendous view of the Hudson, Jane Froman, and Phil Foster (said to be a funnyman) will be unveiled Tuesday, April 22.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Les Frères Jacques, a marvellously antic barber-shop quartet, sing (in Parisian argot and a unique brand of English) songs ranging all the way from low comedy to the *chansons tristes* of the French poet Jacques Prévert. Kaye Ballard, who talks American, is a large order of midsummer-night's madness, and Anita Ellis, who sings American, is a treat for sore eyes and sore ears. The richly inlaid background is the product of the Ellis Larkin Trio and Stuart Ross.... ¶ In the lounge, except Tuesdays, Bart Howard provides piano music at the dinner hour, and, after two in the morning, except Saturdays, Portia Nelson sings and Billy Roy plays off-the-beaten-path ballads.... **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): The Three Riffs, whose wits are as sharp as razors and as neat as pins, dominate this salon, where Ellen Hanley's beautiful voice waxes lyrical and Patricia Bright's sharp voice waxes sardonic. The Norman Paris Trio plays celestial music, and Julius Monk is the *conférencier*. Closed Sundays.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Canada Lee lends his commanding stage presence to some dramatic sketches, and Oscar Brand and Phil Raiguel sing some rapscallion folk songs with great gusto. Gloria Warner is just another soprano. Clarence Williams' trio, which has Karl Lynch on guitar, plays for dancing. Closed Mondays.... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Except Sundays, Louise Howard, a satirist with a good fast ball and a tricky change of pace, is again cavorting on her native heath. Except Mondays, Mitchell Gregg rumbles through his tenor solos. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville play crackling piano duets, and Hazel Webster is the solo pianist. Ancient movies Sundays; amateur nights Mondays.... **BON SOIR**,

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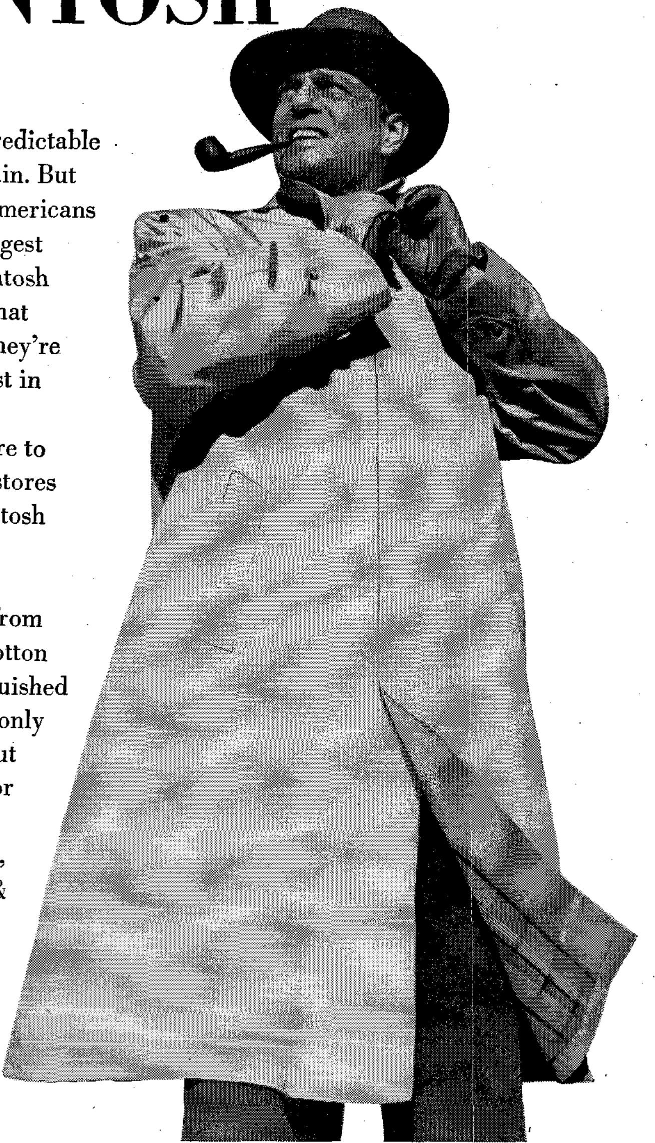

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Mae Barnes single-throatedly bringing down the walls of Jericho, and Kirkwood and Goodman recounting their wondrous and harebrained adventures. Also quite audible are the hurly-burly symphonics of the Three Flames, headed by Tiger Haines. There are more romantic songs by Jimmie Daniels and Norene Tate, plus Garland Wilson's piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Upstairs over the Show Spot bar, except Sundays, Mabel Mercer's very special repertoire of songs on the how-can-I-go-on-living theme. Sam Hamilton plays piano. Downstairs, in the mining-camp atmosphere of the bar, Sylvia Syms turns loose, except Mondays, her basso profundo to the music of Ronnie Selby's group.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Unless noted, open late and no dancing.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Cutty Cutshall, Edmond Hall, Bob Casey, Gene Schroeder, Johnny Windhurst, and occasionally Mr. Condon himself. Ralph Sutton does splendid things with a piano during intermission. On Tuesday nights, the racket is increased by a hard-riding group of guest hot shots. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Joe Bushkin's quartet and Eddie Heywood's trio play, after nine, a happy brand of jazz that is very warm for April but doesn't make anyone want to move back from the fireplace. They're off Sundays, when Jimmy McPartland and his boys make a brisk tour of Dixie. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon's band is even noisier than the sizzling steaks. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Good, honest jazz by such good, honest men as Wilbur and Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, and Freddy Moore. Don Frye plays solo piano. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. . . . **MERMAID ROOM,** Park Sheraton, Seventh Ave. at 55th St. (CI 7-8000): Except Sundays, the revolving podium is graced by the piano of Barbara Carroll, a handsome slip of a girl with a great pair of hands. She and her trio play until two. . . . **LE DOWNBEAT,** 263 W. 54th St. (CI 5-9265): Bop raises its fuzzy little head here. The practitioners are Billy Taylor's trio and Oscar Pettiford's band, which includes Bill Harris, Zoot Sims, and Don Elliot. They all lay off Mondays, which are jam-session nights. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): It may blow hot and blow cold on Broadway, but it's spring in Dixie in the grill, where (despite one of those soporific disc-jockey sessions around eleven), Max Kaminsky and his boys (among them Charlie Queener on piano and Ray Diehl on trombone) make merry Tuesdays through Saturdays until one-thirty or so. Sundays, from 3 to 6 P.M., Mr. K. presides over a jam session. Dancing. . . . **THE ALBERT,** 139 E. 56th St. (EL 5-1931): After nine-thirty, except Mondays, Hamish Menzies sings his non-nursery rhymes to his own piano amid a décor that suffers from split personality. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night travelogues from Natchez to Mobile. On April 18, a group of famous faces, among them (most probably) Georg Brunis, Oran Page, Jimmy McPartland, Pee Wee Russell, Joe Sullivan, Lou McGarity, George Wettling, and Ray McKinley. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Friday and Saturday evenings, April 18-19, a rousing shivaree by (it is hoped) Conrad Janis's band, Big Chief Russell Moore, Red Allen, Buster Bailey, Willie the Lion Smith, Sol Yaged, and (on Saturday only) Billy Butterfield. Sunday, April 20, at 3, tea music by the same mob. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

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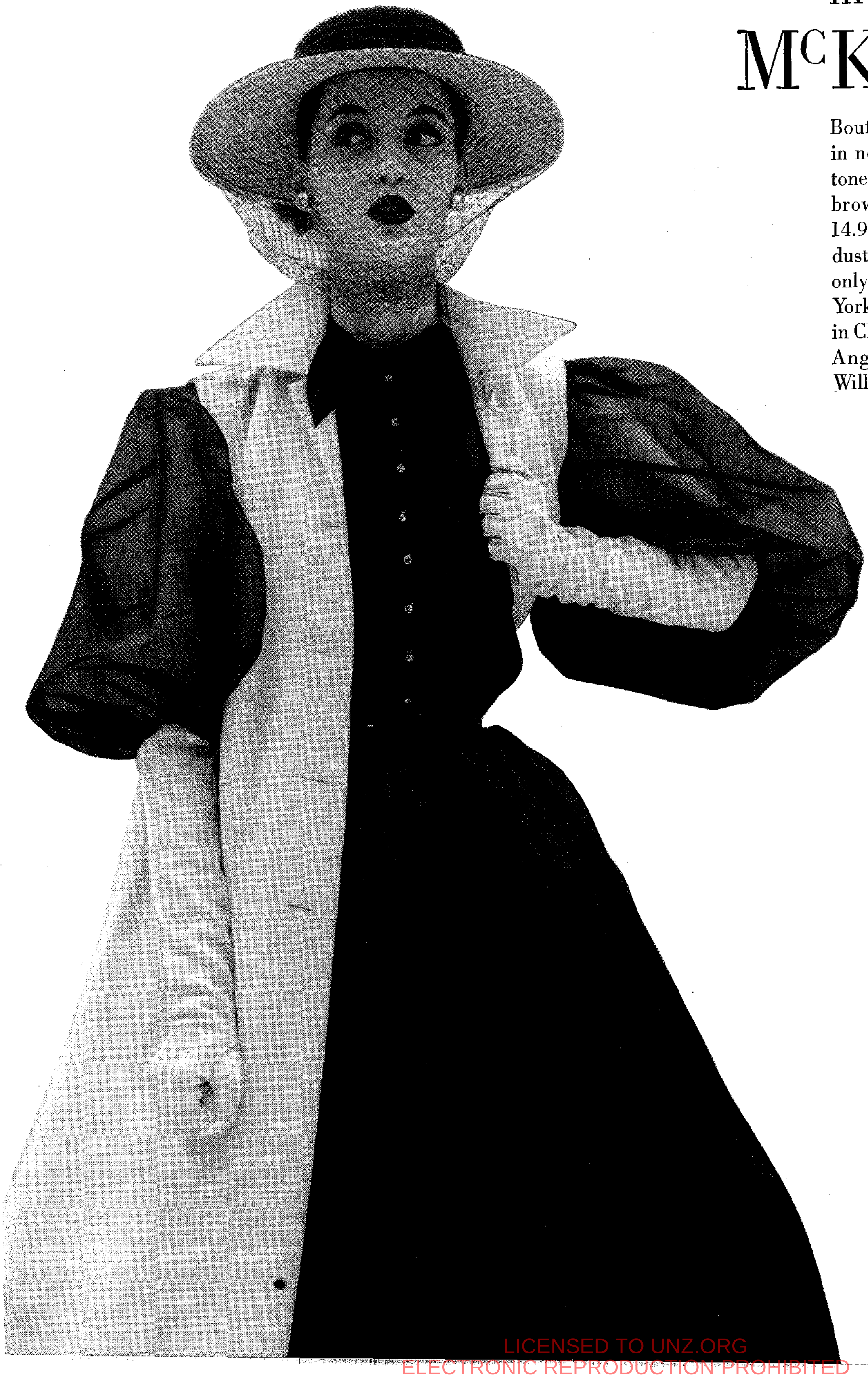

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of Paul Guillaume; through May 15. (Carlebach, 937 Third Ave., at 56th St.)

John Taylor Arms—More than a hundred etchings, principally on architectural subjects; through June 14. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Weekdays, 9 to 10; Sundays, 1 to 10.) . . . ¶ A gallery exhibition to complement the one at the Library; in it, in addition to the etchings, there are some original sketches and copper plates; through April 30. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Harold Baumbach—Sunny, more or less Expressionist small landscapes and other subjects; through April 23. (Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11.)

Chessmen—A large, varied, and highly interesting collection, ranging from around 2000 B.C. to the present, and containing some exquisitely handsome examples; through May 15. (Carlebach, 937 Third Ave., at 56th St.)

Chinese Art—Ceremonial vessels, figurines, and other objects of art, from the Late Eastern Chou period (650-220 B.C.); through May 7. (China House, 125 E. 65th St.)

William Congdon—Large and attractive abstract paintings of Italy, somewhat overloaded with atmosphere; through April 19. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

José de Rivera—Abstract sculptures in aluminum, several of them mounted on turntables, along with stainless-steel and copper bas-reliefs, in this sculptor's first show here since 1946; through April 26. (Borgenicht, 65 E. 57th St.)

Development of a Painting—An instructive little show, featuring a painting apiece by Emlen Etting, Doris Rosenthal, Henry Koerner, and others, together with their preliminary sketches; through April 26. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

Fantasy, Reality, Impressionism—An agreeable group of paintings, from the fifteenth-century Flemish to the nineteenth-century French, mainly stressing the changes in approach through the centuries; through May 31. (Nicholson, 69 E. 57th St.)

James Fosburgh—Paintings, including some portraits, by a newcomer of considerable ability who is rather Murilloesque in style; through April 19. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

Antonio Frasconi—A new set of handsome large woodcuts and drawings, many of them delicately Japanese in influence; through April 30. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

A. E. Gallatin—A retrospective of twenty-eight oils, the earliest dated 1926; through April 30. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Weekdays, 1:30 to 5:30.)

Group Shows—At the DOWNTOWN, 32 E. 51st St.: Paintings and other works by Julian Levi, John Marin, William Zorach, and others, in this gallery's annual spring showing; through April 19. . . . GRAND CENTRAL, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: A loan exhibition of seventeen portraits, the work of Robert Brackman, John Koch, and Eugene Speicher, among others, for the benefit of the New York Heart Association; through April 22. . . . MACBETH, 11 E. 57th St.: A show celebrating the sixtieth anniversary of this gallery, with oils by Inness, Wyant, Homer, and others; through May 3. . . . PERLS, 32 E. 58th St.: The second section of a survey of French paintings, never shown here before, by Braque, Rouault, Picasso, and other modern masters; through May 10. . . . ROSENBERG, 16 E. 57th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century French paintings by such artists as Braque, Picasso, Monet, and Matisse; through May 3.

Malvina Hoffman—Twenty-four portrait busts recently presented by the sculptress to the New-York Historical Society; among the subjects are Paderewski, Anna Pavlova, and Wendell Willkie. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Robert Laurent—Figures, mostly in bronze and

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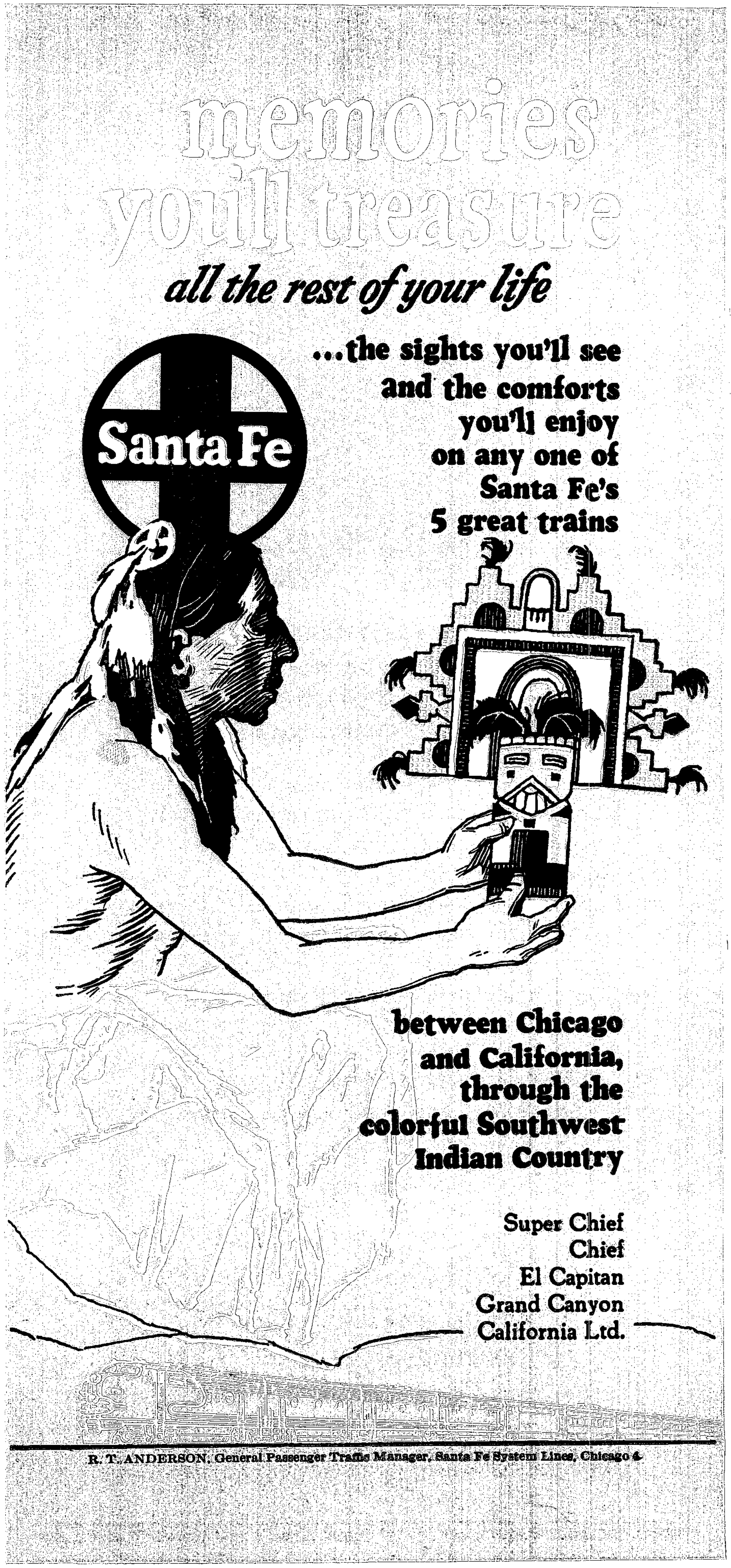
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

alabaster, and all done recently; through May 3. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.)

August Macke—First exhibition of any size in this country of paintings by a contemporary of Klee, Kandinsky, and the early German modernists; through April 17. (Fine Arts Associates, 51 E. 57th St.)

Fletcher Martin—New paintings, in which the subject is subordinated to a kind of semi-abstract, kaleidoscopic pattern in a frequently highly effective fashion; through April 19. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

Robert Motherwell—Paintings, drawings, and collages, done with this artist's gift for conveying a sense of the monumental; through April 19. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.)

Natural Painters—Works by Grandma Moses, Abraham Levin, Streeter Blair, and other modern primitives; through April 30. (St. Etienne, 46 W. 57th St.)

B. J. O. Nordfeldt—Fourteen paintings, dealing with, among other things, pigeons, crows, and channel bass; through April 26. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

Rouault—Sixty-three original gouaches, painted some twenty years ago for a book, "Le Cirque de l'Etoile Filante," and now exhibited for the first time; through May 3. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

David Smith—A double showing of new abstract sculptures, about evenly divided between the Willard and Kleemann Galleries and containing some really impressive pieces; through April 26. (Willard, 32 E. 57th St.; and Kleemann, 65 E. 57th St.)

Elizabeth Sparhawk-Jones—Curiously tense, episodic paintings, managing to mingle fantasy with a kind of eerie, menacing quality; through April 19. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.)

Tarascan Sculptures—A well-rounded showing of primitive sculptures, mainly in baked clay, from this little-known, pre-Columbian era; through April 26. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Twentieth-Century British—Oils and water colors by a variety of artists, ranging from Augustus John and Walter Sickert to Graham Sutherland, Paul Nash, and Henry Moore; through April 18. (American British Art Gallery, 122 E. 55th St.)

John Whorf—Twenty-five water colors, painted in the past year, including marine, sporting, and winter scenes; through April 26. (Milch, 55 E. 57th St.)

Some of This Week's Openings—At the FERARGIL, 63 E. 57th St.: Ludwig Bemelmans; through May 10. . . . GANSO, 125 E. 57th St.: Emil Ganso; through May 7. . . . GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS, 130 E. 56th St.: Byron Browne; through May 2. . . . MATISSE, 41 E. 57th St.: Joan Miró; through May 15. . . . NEW ART CIRCLE, 41 E. 57th St.: Paul Klee; through May 31. . . . BERTHA SCHAEFER, 32 E. 57th St.: Balcomb Greene; through May 10. . . . CURT VALENTIN, 32 E. 57th St.: Ernst L. Kirchner; through May 10. . . . VIVIANO, 42 E. 57th St.: Kay Sage; through May 10. . . . WALKER, 117 E. 57th St.: Kenneth Callahan; through May 7. . . . ¶ Group shows at the ARGENT, 42 W. 57th St.; through May 3. Weekdays, 11 to 6. GRAND CENTRAL, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.; through April 26.

MUSEUMS

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The Sixth National Print Annual Exhibition; through May 18. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Oil paintings, miniatures, and silhouettes of Jewish men and women, done by American artists during the eighteenth and early-nineteenth centuries; through July 31. (Mondays through Thursdays, 3 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A loan showing of about a hundred and thirty oils, water colors, and drawings by Paul Cézanne; through May 18. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 7.) . . . ¶ Approximately a hundred lithographs, wood engravings, etchings, and drawings, by Cézanne's contemporaries; through June 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . ¶ Models, constructed from drawings, of the inventions of Leonardo da Vinci, along with several drawings by him from the Museum's collection; through May 11. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . ¶ "Americans on Land and Sea," lithographs by Currier & Ives from a large group presented to the Museum by Miss A. S. Colgate; starting April 18. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An extremely worth-while exhibition of drawings, lithographs, and other graphics by Odilon Redon and Picasso, the former one of the major influences on the Paris Surrealists; through April 20. . . . ¶ Works by fifteen contemporary Americans, among them Pollock, Baziotes, and Lippold; through July 6. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Paintings by the Pyramid Group, with Gretna Campbell and Paul England among the exhibitors; through April 25. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—The big annual exhibition of contemporary sculptures, water colors, and drawings, in an unusually animated collection; through May 4. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460 and for Town Hall LU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New York City Opera Company—Thursday evening, April 17: "The Old Maid and the Thief" and "Amahl and the Night Visitors." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 18: "Wozzeck" (in English). . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 19: "Manon." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, April 20: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English). . . . ¶ Sunday evening, April 20: "La Traviata." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, April 22: "Wozzeck" (in English). . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 23: "The Dybbuk" (in English). . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 24: "Andrea Chenier." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 25: "Der Rosenkavalier." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 26: "Madame Butterfly." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, April 27.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting the final performances of the season: Thursday, April 17, at 8:45; Friday, April 18, at 2:30; and Sunday, April 20, at 2:30 (all with Artur Rubinstein, piano).

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman directing the American première of Vivaldi's opera "Judith Triumphant," in concert form, with the Westminster Choir; Janice Moudry, contralto; Mack Harrell, baritone; and other soloists. (Town Hall. Monday, April 21, at 8:30.)

Victor Herbert Concert—J. Frank Cork directing an orchestra and a chorus, with Kirsten Kenyon, soprano, and other soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 24, at 8:30.)

Columbus Boychoir—Herbert Huffman directing. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 18, at 8:30.)

Hufstader Singers—Robert Hufstader directing. (The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Thursday, April 17, and Saturday, April 19, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Oratorio—Mordecai Sandberg directing the première of "Ezkerah," an oratorio composed by him in memory of six million Jewish victims of Nazi persecution. (Town Hall. Tuesday, April 22, at 8.)

Columbia University Glee Club—Carl Lambert directing. (Town Hall. Thursday, April 24, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

League of Composers—A program of music by seven young composers: Robert Witt, Robert David Cogan, Jacob Druckman, Raymond Wilding White, John Strauss, William Flanagan, and Edward Herzog. (Museum of Mod-

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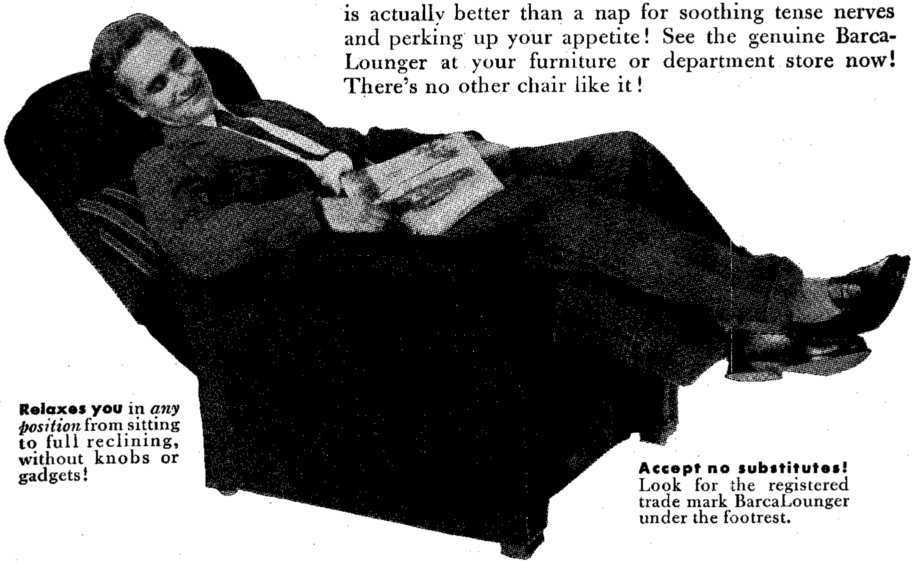

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ern Art Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. Sunday, April 20, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Schneider Quartet—The fourteenth performance in a sixteen-program Haydn cycle. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Monday, April 21, at 8:40.)

Estrella Ackerman—Piano. (Town Hall. Wednesday, April 23, at 8:30.)

Guilet String Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 26, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

MISCELLANY

Artur Schnabel Memorial Concert—A program of Schnabel's chamber music, with Helen Schnabel and Bruno Eisner, pianos; Alexander Schneider, violin; the Juilliard String Quartet, and others. (Museum of Modern Art Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. Friday, April 18, at 8:30. For tickets, call CI 7-5534.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At the POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Philadelphia, Thursday, April 17, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Boston, Wednesday and Thursday, April 23-24, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Dodgers, Friday, April 25, at 8:30, and Saturday, April 26, at 1:30. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Washington, Friday, April 18, at 2:30, and Saturday, April 19, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Sunday, April 20, at 2:05, and Monday and Tuesday, April 21-22, at 2:30. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Giants, Friday and Saturday, April 18-19, at 1:30, and Sunday, April 20, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Boston, Tuesday, April 22, at 1:30 (doubleheader).

Crew—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Philadelphia. Saturday, April 19.) . . . ¶ Blackwell Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Yale. (Harlem River. Saturday, April 26.)

Fencing—All-Eastern Championship, Three Weapon Team. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-5100. Sunday, April 20, at noon.)

Horse Show—Secor Farms (Indoor) Horse Show. (White Plains. Saturday, April 19.)

Hunt Racing—Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, April 19.) . . . ¶ Grand National Point-to-Point. (Butler, Md. Saturday, April 19.) . . . ¶ Maryland Hunt Cup Association. (Glyndon, Md. Saturday, April 26.)

Indoor Polo—Saturday, April 19: Final match of the National Senior Championship, and another game. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 26: Final two matches of the season. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8.)

Racing—At JAMAICA: Weekdays at 1:15; through Monday, April 28. The Wood Memorial, Saturday, April 19; the Youthful, Wednesday, April 23; and the Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, April 26. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:45 and 1:25.) . . . LAUREL PARK, Laurel, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Wednesday, April 30.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:40; through Saturday, May 24. (Trains leave Grand Central Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 6:53, 7:28, and 7:40, and Saturdays at 7:20.)

FOR CHILDREN

Operetta—The Blue Hill Troupe presenting a special children's performance of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Sorcerer." For the benefit of the Goodwill Industries of New York, Inc. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, April 19, at 2:30. For tickets, call RH 4-8563.)

Plays—By the CHILDREN'S WORLD THEATRE: "Hiawatha." (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. Thursday through Saturday, April 17-19, at 2:30. For tickets, call PE 6-5563.) . . . JUNIOR PLAYHOUSE: "Noel's Ark." (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Friday, April 18, at 11 and 3, and Sunday, April 20, at 3.)... **PLAYMART:** "Cinderella." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturday, April 19, at 1:30 and 3:15, and Sunday, April 20, at 3. For tickets, call TR 7-7591.)... **SALOME GAYNOR THEATRE:** "Heidi." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, April 19, at 3.)... **MERRY-GO-ROUND THEATRE:** "The Sorcerer's Apprentice." (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. Saturday, April 26, at 2:30. For tickets, call PL 9-2585.)

EASTER GARDEN—A flower garden inspired by "Alice in Wonderland," alive with rabbits, owls, dormice, a tortoise, and other animals, and containing cutouts of characters from the story, such as the Mad Hatter, the Cheshire Cat, and the March Hare; through Sunday, April 20. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Daily, 10 to 4:30.)

SUE HASTINGS MARIONETTES—"The Perils of Peter Rabbit." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, April 26, at 3.)

MISCELLANY—A playlet, "The Magical Gifts of Prince O'Ryan," plus a program of singing and dancing. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Saturday, April 19, at 3, and Sunday, April 20, at 1.)

MOVIES—Cartoons and, usually, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux Colony Theatre, Second Ave. at 79th St. BU 8-9468. Thursday, April 17, at noon.... ¶ Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—The Security Council, the Disarmament Commission, the Commission on Human Rights, and other commissions and committees meet periodically, Mondays through Fridays, and a limited number of visitors can be accommodated at each session. (United Nations Permanent Headquarters, First Ave. at 42nd St. For tickets, call PL 4-1234, Ext. 634, the day before you want to go.)... ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 220 W. 45th St., JU 2-0233.

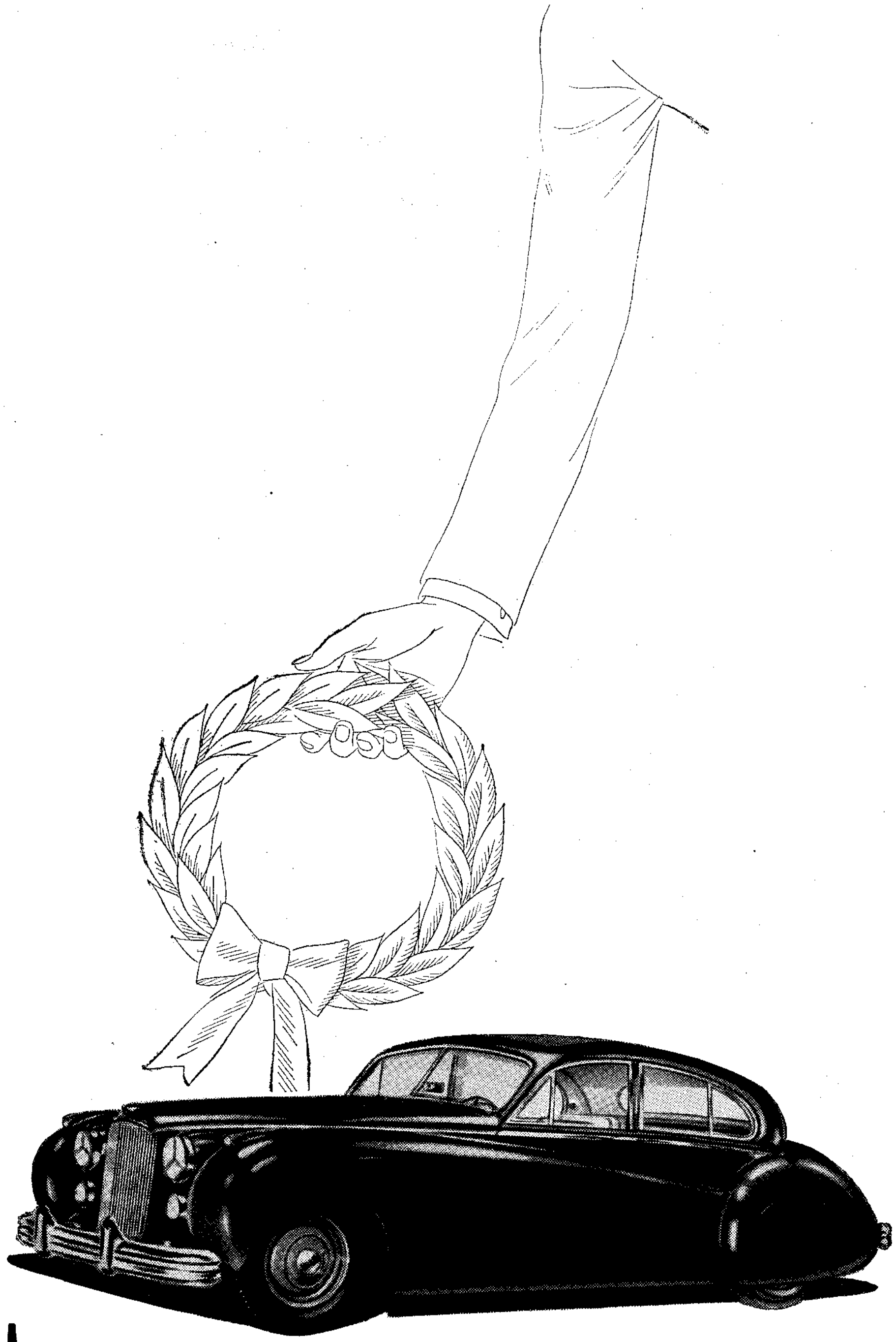
POETRY READING—A presentation by Carl Sandburg of some of his works. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Thursday, April 17, at 8:40.)

FLOWER SHOW—An exhibition of narcissus by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 157 W. 58th St., at Seventh Ave. Wednesday, April 23, from 2 to 4:30.)

SPRING AND SUMMER FASHIONS, 1800-1900—Eight costumes worn by New Yorkers in the nineteenth century, plus two rooms with settings typical of the times—one showing a group at a mid-century tea party, the other a young girl home for the Easter holidays in about 1830. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM—The current show is called "Planets Along the Zodiac." In addition, at each showing the mechanical heavens become an enormous Easter egg, with reflections of rabbits hopping and dancing about. (Central Park W. at 81st St. Thursday and Friday, April 17-18, at 11, 2, 3, 4, and 8:30. Thereafter Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays and Sundays, at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, April 17, at 1:45 and 8, and Friday and Saturday, April 18-19, at 1:45: American and English paintings and drawings, including the Thomas Hicks' portrait of Lincoln, a Gilbert Stuart portrait of Washington, and thirteen landscapes by George Inness; Currier & Ives lithographs and English sporting prints; English eighteenth-century and other furniture; and antique rugs; from the collection of the late Bernon S. Prentice.... ¶ Friday, April 25, at 1:45: French Provincial furniture, tapestries, tôle ware, and other decorations, the property of A. Rutherfurd Stuyvesant and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 19.



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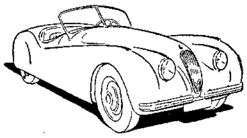

JAGUAR *Grace..Space..Pace*

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Encore—Three more Maugham stories translated to the screen, with fairly entertaining results. The participants in the episodes that make up this latest English collection include Roland Culver, Nigel Patrick, Glynis Johns, and Kay Walsh. (Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Five Fingers—Some dirty work on the Levantine littoral, with spies all over the place and James Mason behaving competently. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through April 19. . . . ¶ Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through April 19, tentative. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting April 19. . . . ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; April 22-23. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting April 23.)

Jour de Fête—A really funny French film about a village postman (Jacques Tati) who is overcome with American speed-up ideas; it may remind you of Mack Sennett and his comedy cops. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

The Lavender Hill Mob—How a mild little fellow in the Bank of England manages to do his employers out of a million pounds, amid the nicest sort of hilarity. Alec Guinness is the employee of the bank, and Stanley Holloway is his redoubtable colleague in this English picture. (Fine Arts, 128 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

The Man in the White Suit—A delightful English picture about a fanatical industrial scientist who invents a cloth that won't wear out or get dirty. Alec Guinness (who else?) is fine as the inventor, and Ernest Thesiger, Cecil Parker, and Joan Greenwood lend him apt assistance. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Miracle in Milan—De Sica directed this Italian fantasy concerning a lad who is so full of ingenuity and virtue that he transforms a shantytown into a popular residential area. A very comic film most of the time. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through April 23. . . . ¶ Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; starting April 21. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting April 23.)

A Place in the Sun—An adaptation of Theodore Dreiser's "An American Tragedy" that rates a blue ribbon. Astutely directed by George Stevens, the piece has as its central characters Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; April 18-20.)

Quo Vadis—Christians vs. pagans in a first-century bout that suffers from the lack of a timekeeper. Robert Taylor, 29,999 other actors, and a zooful of livestock are fitfully visible. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; through April 18.)

gorgeous
TECHNICOLOR

The River—A film made by Americans in India. Distinguished by striking topical detail and a script, based on a novel by Rumer Godden, that makes a most absorbing business of adolescent love as experienced by three young ladies. Directed by Jean Renoir, the film includes Arthur Shields and Nora Swinburne in its cast. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Viva Zapata!—A film that gets awfully snarled up when it lets its characters burble about the significance of Mexican revolutions but that has some rousing moments when all hands mount their mustangs and charge around the landscape. With Marlon Brando, Jean Peters, Anthony Quinn, and Joseph Wiseman. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 7-9653; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; through April 20.)

The Young and the Damned—A savage study of juvenile delinquency, directed and partly written by Luis Buñuel, whose motivations may be obscure but whose ability with the camera cannot be denied. A Mexican film with a cast consisting mostly of amateurs. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

REVIVALS

Adam's Rib (1949)—Capers in the law courts, with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, and Judy Holliday. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; April 22-23.)

The Adventuress (1947)—An English comedy about the anti-British activities of a patriotic Irish girl during the war. With Deborah Kerr. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting April 23, tentative.)

The Blue Angel (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer, and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; April 17.)

Bitter Rice (1950)—Lady rice harvesters in the Po Valley. An Italian film, with Silvana Mangano. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; April 18-19.)

Bright Victory (1951)—How one veteran blinded in the last war finds peace in a sightless world. Arthur Kennedy and Peggy Dow. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 7-9653; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; starting April 21.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. In French, with Louis Jouvet. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through April 18.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—A German prison during the First World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through April 18.)

It Happened One Night (1934)—Love on a bus. Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable. (Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; April 20-22, tentative.)

King Solomon's Mines (1950)—Derring-do in Africa. With Deborah Kerr, Stewart Granger, and thousands of beasts. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; April 20-22, tentative.)

The Magnet (1951)—William Fox as a small boy in confused conflict with the world of adults. An English film. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; April 20-22.)

Major Barbara (1941)—The English screen version of Shaw's Salvation Army comedy. With Wendy Hiller. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting April 23.)

Man of Aran (1934)—A Robert Flaherty documentary film about Irish island life. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; April 17.)

Pygmalion (1938)—The G. B. S. business. A British film, with Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting April 23.)

The Song of Bernadette (1944)—The story of Lourdes, with Jennifer Jones and Vincent Price. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; April 21-22.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through April 20, showings at 3: "The Thief of Bagdad" (1924), with Douglas Fairbanks. . . . ¶ Starting April 21, showings at 3 and 5:30: "Metropolis" (1926), directed by Fritz Lang, with Alfred Abel. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"My Six Convicts," Millard Mitchell, Gilbert Roland.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"My Son John," Helen Hayes, Robert Walker.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
Through April 22: "At Sword's Point," Cornel Wilde, Maureen O'Hara.
From April 23: "The Green Glove," Glenn Ford, Geraldine Brooks.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
April 17: "Hong Kong," Ronald Reagan, Rhonda Fleming.
From April 18: "Aaron Slick from Punkin Crick," Alan Young, Dinah Shore, Robert Merrill.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Anything Can Happen," José Ferrer, Kim Hunter.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Singin' in the Rain," Gene Kelly, Debbie Reynolds.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Bend of the River," James Stewart, Arthur Kennedy.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Valley of the Eagles," Jack Warner, Nadia Gray.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"With a Song in My Heart," Susan Hayward, Rory Calhoun.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
"Tomorrow Is Too Late" (in Italian), Pier Angeli, Vittorio De Sica.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Marrying Kind," Judy Holliday, Aldo Ray.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Miss Julie" (in Swedish).

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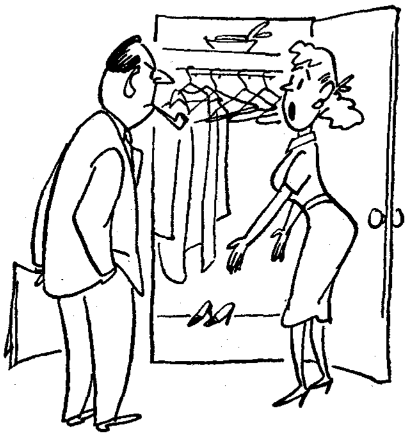
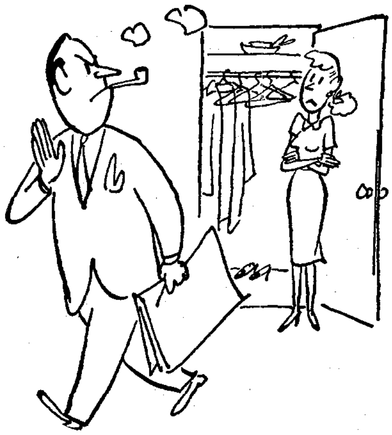


It's remarkable . . .



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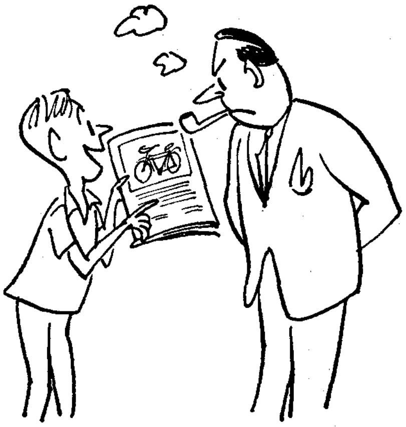

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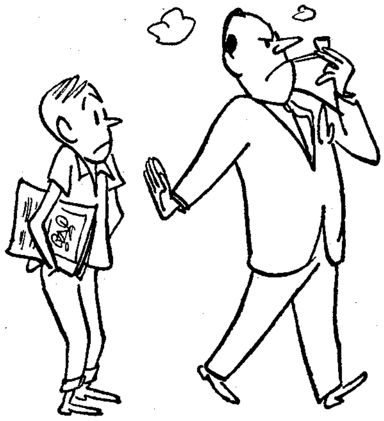

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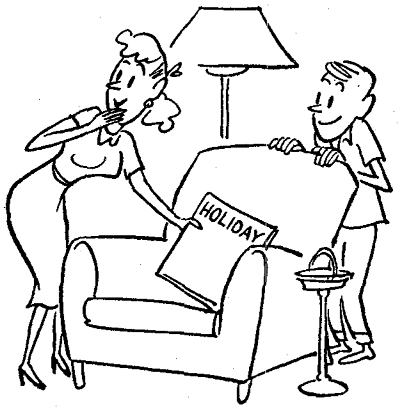
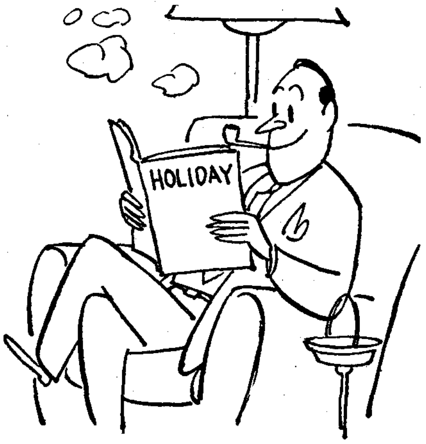


a "yes" man . . .



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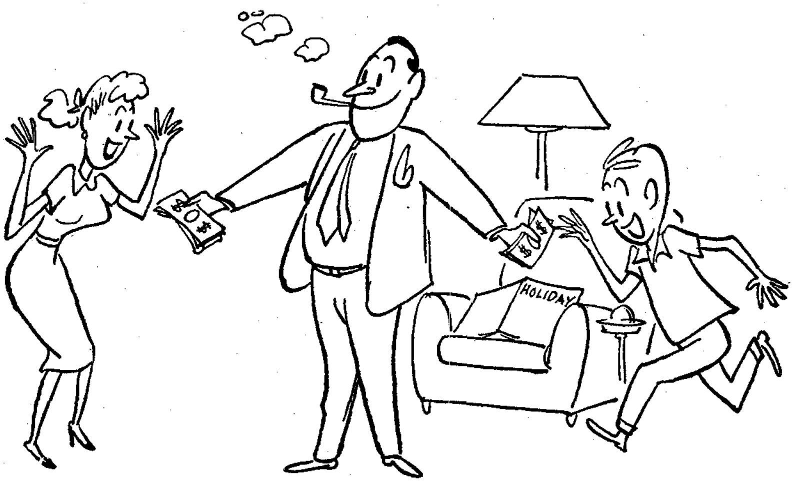

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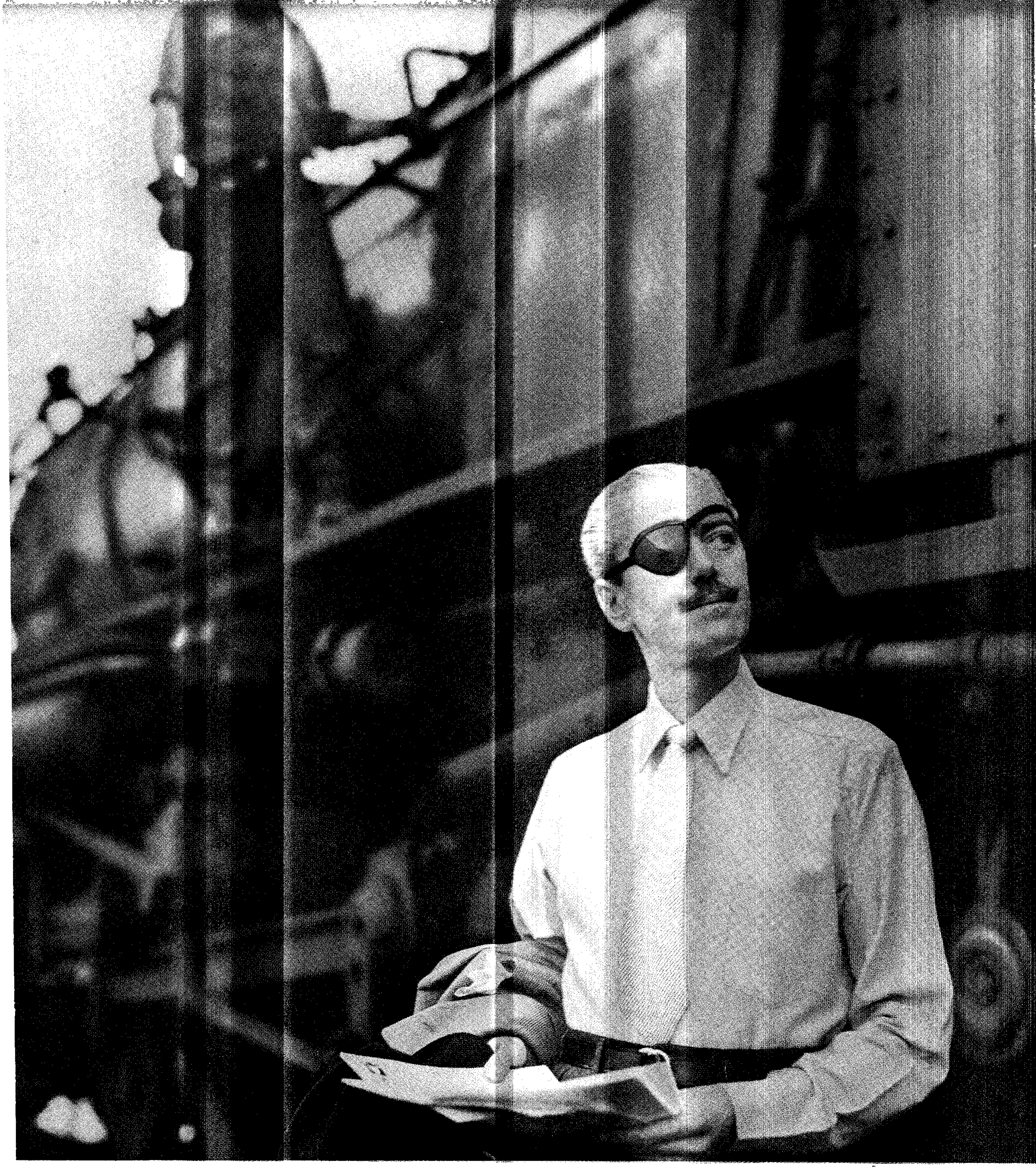

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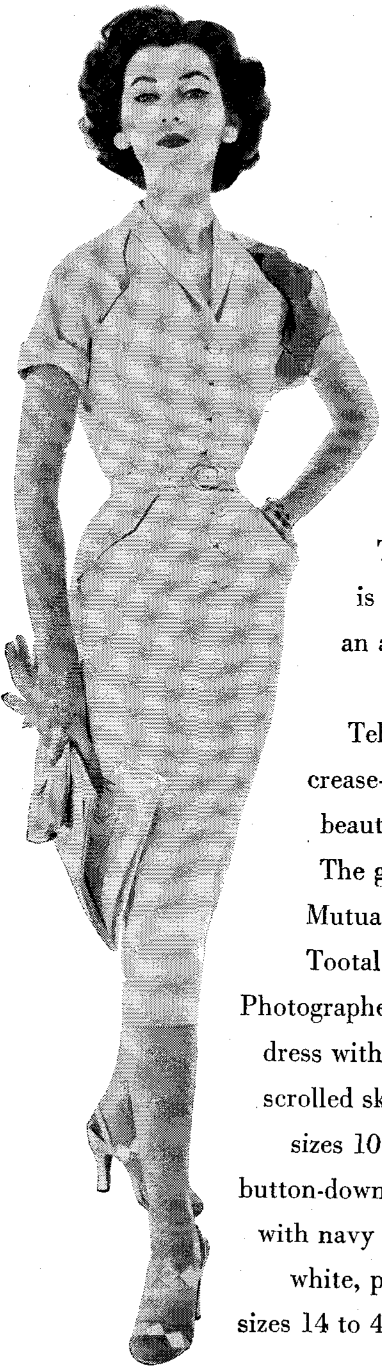

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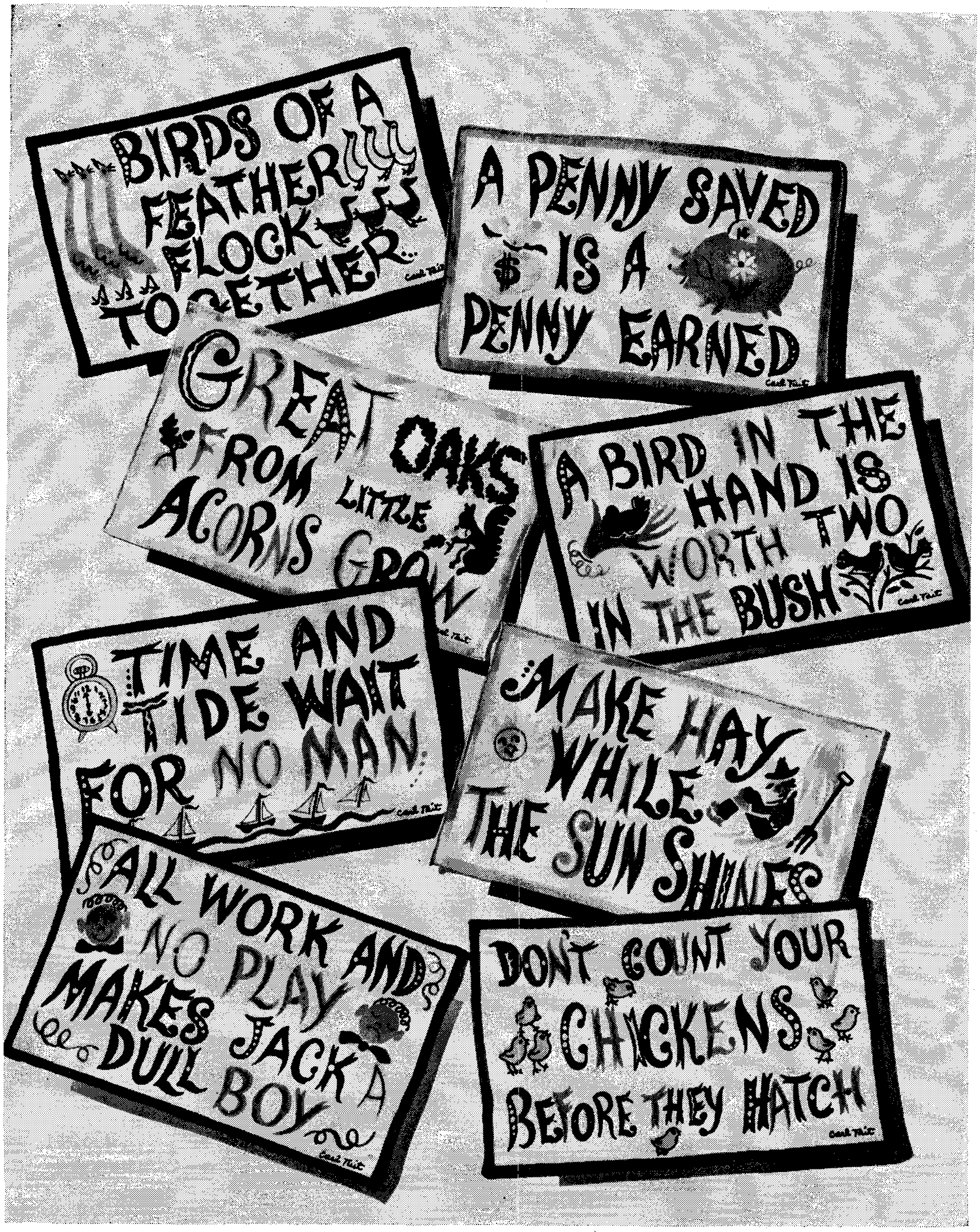
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MAKE HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND of ours, travelling in Maryland, found in his hotel room a printed card. It read, "Your maid is [here the name "Ida W——" was typed in]. She is responsible for the contents of this room and bath and must pay for all missing equipment. THE MANAGEMENT."

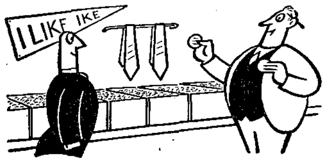
This strikes us as a shabby attempt to pervert the pure principle of honesty. The Management appeals not to the guest's sense of honor but to his sense of pity. What makes the whole business infinitely complicated, ethically, is that our friend, in his zeal to expose the matter, pinched the card itself from the room and sent it to us, and we now hold it. Is not the maid, Ida W——, responsible for the theft of the card? Will she be forced to pay for a replacement? Should we, out of pity for her, if not out of simple honesty, mail the card back? Or should we, out of loyalty to our friend (who might be incriminated), destroy it? And what is the Management's duty here? Is the lesson in ethics it is learning from the publication of these paragraphs valuable in itself? Is it worth the cost of replacing the card—preferably with one bearing a loftier message? Will the Management undertake to do so at its own expense, rather than at Ida's? Furthermore, should we pay our friend the usual contributor's fee for supplying *The New Yorker* with useful information, even though it's in the form of stolen goods? Would this make us a party to the theft? These are all questions that demand sustained thought—the sort of thinking that can best be done by registering at a hotel and spending a few days in the privacy that only a hotel room affords.

IF we do go to a hotel in order to think, we shall devote part of our contemplative interlude to thinking about steel. Someday steel will assume its proper place in our economy—certainly not above salted nuts, or gutta-percha, or the house sparrow (*Passer domesticus*). That day has not arrived; steel is in the saddle and we stagger along under its terrible weight. The President charged the millowners with being "greedy," but in our private-enterprise system nobody has succeeded in establishing a line, or point, beyond which the desire for gain becomes a mark of greed. And until such a line, or point, is established and generally accepted, the President should presumably confine his remarks to an interpretation of the facts, and skip motivation. A man is not necessarily greedy just because business is good, any more than a government is necessarily greedy just because taxes are high. We do not make this observation as a defense of the captains of steel; we make it as a defense of private enterprise—which can operate successfully only if we assume that it is decently motivated, even when out of adjustment.

Alliteration Is Reputation

THE busiest man we've called on in some time is Emanuel Ress, a large, buoyant, sandy-haired chap who is head of the Emress Specialty Company, down on Jones Street, which puts out, among other things, campaign buttons. This is supposed to be the biggest year yet for campaign buttons, and Mr. Ress puts out more than anybody else in the state. Generally, sales don't boom till convention time; this year, the boom started in January. When we dropped by, the other afternoon, Mr. Ress's office walls were largely taken up with a huge photograph of a smiling General Eisenhower and a large banner proclaiming, in red letters, "I Like Ike." A couple of neckties with "I Like Ike" inscribed on them hung on a rack, and elsewhere hung a calendar and a color chart. On tables against one wall lay boxes of campaign buttons of various sizes, colors, and preferences, and boxes of pencils, in two sizes, with "I Like Ike" printed on them. Other tables were piled with beanies and simulated Confederate kepis bearing the same message. Mr. Ress, who was on the phone when we went in, got off it after jotting down some figures of large denomination, beamed at us, and said that the Eisenhower backers were way ahead of the other backers of Presidential candidates in ordering promotional merchandise for their man. "Ike's people started last October," he told us. "I figure by November I'll have sold twenty-five million Ike buttons. Willkie, who brought the campaign-button business back to life in 1940, only went up to ten million. Republicans are more button-conscious than Democrats. I met Ike in Vert-le-Petit, France, when I was O.D.—I was a captain in the infantry—in 1945. He's the man for me, but I make buttons and think up slogans for everybody."

Mr. Ress put a pencil behind his ear and proceeded to root through the boxes of buttons and show us some, the slogans on which we dutifully recorded: "Back Mac," "I'm Looking Over Estes Kefauver," "Hustle with Russell," "Let's Put Kefauver Over," "My Pick Is Dick," "Truman for Ex-President," "I Prefer Kerr," "Stop Confusion, Go Republican," "Win with Warren," and "Stand for Stas-



sen." "Alliteration is reputation," Mr. Ress said, and told us that sales of the "Truman for Ex-President" button dropped off to nothing a couple of weeks ago, when the President announced that he wasn't going to run. "I've got other slogans for Ike besides the usual one," he said. "I'll come out with them if he's nominated. 'Make the White House the Dwight House.' 'Peace and Power with Eisenhower.' There's one—'Anything They Can Do, Ike Can Do Better'—that I just made a single sample of, for Irving Berlin. He was delighted with it. But the consensus at the local Republican headquarters was that it smacks of me-tooism, which they suspect lost them the election in '48. Another one I threw away was 'Vote Right with Dwight.' It's bad to use 'left' or 'right' on buttons. Starts ripples." One of the two phones on Mr. Ress's desk rang and he hopped over to it. "As the saying goes, the impossible we do immediately," he assured the other end of the line, "the miraculous takes a little longer." He jotted down some numbers.

A moment later, he hung up and showed us six sizes of Eisenhower buttons, from seven-eighths of an inch in diameter to four inches. All but one read "I Like Ike;" the exception read "Eisenhower for President." "The four-inch button is the world's largest," Mr. Ress said. "Sells at thirty-five cents, retail. The seven-eighths sells at seventeen-fifty a thousand, wholesale. I just got an order from Hartford headquarters for fifty thousand buttons and ten thousand auto stickers. I also make campaign mirrors. This is a mirror on one side and 'I Like Ike,' or whatever, on the other. When a lady takes it out of her pocketbook to look at herself, she indicates her political preference. We make the buttons mostly out of scrap metal—not much chance of a shortage of *that*. We've sent Ike buttons as far away as Puerto Rico. I've taken on new employees and I'm using an entire floor of this building for making the buttons."

Mr. Ress, who is forty-four and was born in Brooklyn, got into the button business as a result of campaigning for Wendell Willkie in 1940. He was then in a brokerage house. He made several visits to a button manufacturer to order Willkie buttons, and was finally persuaded by the manufacturer that he would do well as a button salesman. After two years in the button business, he was drafted. When he got out of the Army, in 1946, he founded Emress. In non-Presidential years, his output of buttons is drastically curtailed. He's limited to making buttons for sports fans ("Beat Dem Bums"), what are known as carnival buttons ("Ain't I Cute?"), buttons for educational institutions ("It's Fun to Learn—The Hibben School"), buttons with safety slogans ("Death Is So Permanent—Drive Carefully"), and buttons for conventions ("Going Great") and special events ("Ukrainian Americans Loyalty Day Parade"). "Right now," he told us, "I'm working on a rhyme for 'Adlai.' Then I'll take it to Democratic headquarters here and see whether they want to use it." Both phones rang and a secretary popped in with a load of papers. Mr. Ress grabbed his pencil from behind his ear. "It's either a feast or a famine," he said.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The roster of the Martha's Vineyard Chapter of the W.C.T.U. includes a Natural Fruit Juices Director.

Full-Size

LEONARDO DA VINCI was born five hundred years ago this month, and by way of contributing to the current celebrations of his nativity we offer the fairly odd history of what is said to be the only full-size copy of his mural painting "The Last Supper" in existence. The work of a local artist named Lumen Martin Winter (he prefers to call his copy a replica, for reasons we'll go into later), it was commissioned by A. E. Holton, the proprietor of the Holton Museum, on Biscayne Boulevard, in Miami. No matter how you look at it, a considerable gulf yawns between Biscayne Boulevard and the monastery wall in Milan on which da Vinci painted his mural, and to learn something of how the gulf was bridged we went to see Winter, in his studio on lower Fifth Avenue. Winter, a handsome man just past forty, said that one day about a year ago Holton, a total stranger to him, knocked on his studio door and announced that he'd come across Winter's name in the papers, in connection with a big mural Winter had just finished for a bank in Brooklyn, and wanted him to dash off a nice copy of "The Last Supper" on canvas—half-size would do. Taking Holton for a harmless crank, Winter tried to put him off by warning him that to execute such a commission Winter and an assistant would have to go to Europe and make a close study of the original and of da Vinci's other works, and that the cost of the canvas alone might come to five hundred dollars. Holton nodded, pulled a roll of bills from his pocket, and tossed them to Winter.

More formal arrangements having been concluded, Winter and an assistant spent seventeen days abroad, dividing their time among galleries, museums, and churches in Paris, Florence, Rome, Milan, and Vinci, Leonardo's home town. "Before leaving for Europe, I'd persuaded Holton that what he wanted for his museum wasn't a copy of 'The Last Supper' but a replica," Winter said. "At least eleven copies of the painting have been made, but none is full-size. They don't even come close to being replicas." We asked Winter to distinguish between "copy" and "replica," and he replied that in his opinion, and not giving a hoot for Webster, a copy could be approximate—big or little, good or bad, depending on the copyist—while a replica had to be absolutely identical in size, in color, in technique, and, especially, in feeling. Winter claims that "The Last Supper" is the hardest painting in the world to replicate. "It was like painting the ghost of a ghost," he said. "As it stands, the mural is two-thirds gone, and at that it's been restored six times, by painters who had their own ideas about what to touch up and how. Still, I'm satisfied that the Miami 'Last Supper' is exactly like da Vinci's."

Winter told us that color had turned out to be his gravest problem. "Da Vinci worked on the painting for several years, mostly in his spare time," he said. "He kept experimenting with different mixes of egg, oil, and color, with the result that the painting, completed in 1498, began to deteriorate almost at once. X-rays have been made that show which colors are original and which are those of the restorers, but I was after the earliest, truest colors. I reasoned them out from other paintings of da Vinci's and from a fresco of the Crucifixion, by Montorfano, that occupies the wall opposite 'The Last Supper.' 'The Crucifixion,' which was painted in 1495, is very well preserved, and it's a safe bet that da Vinci planned his work to harmonize with Montorfano's." About the only respects in which Winter and three assistants failed to duplicate da Vinci were the use of canvas, instead of plaster, and the direction of their brush strokes; da Vinci was left-handed, while Winter and his assistants are right-handed and had to slant their strokes differently from the Master's.

The replica took Winter and his assistants three and a half months to paint, and was put on display at Holton's museum on December 1st. So far, it is the only object of art—indeed, it is the only object of any sort—in the museum, which Winter hears was, even so, a big tourist attraction during the season just past. Holton is well pleased with his acquisition. He is selling small prints of the painting at a dollar apiece and expects that his profits on these will eventually cover the cost of the museum, the land it's built on, and the painting itself.

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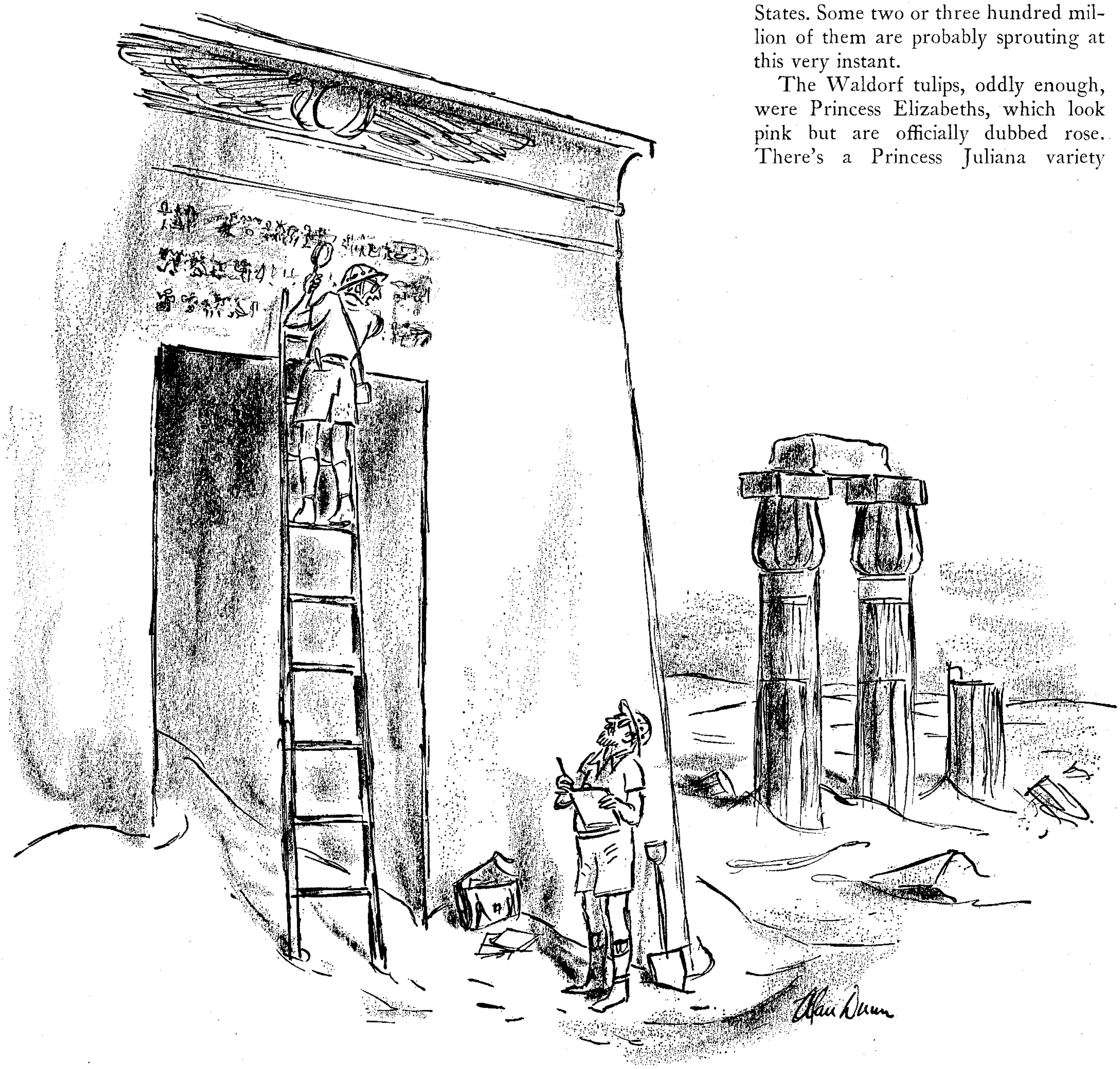
OVERHEARD at the Carlton House bar: "Ed's an old friend. In fact, he was best man at both my weddings."

Tulips

THE six thousand Holland tulips on display at the Waldorf last week when the Netherland-America Foundation gave a dinner for Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard constituted one five-hundred-thousandth of the annual bulb production of the Queen's realm. This three-billion-bulb crop comes from a two-hundred-square-mile tract of the Netherlands bordering on the North Sea, where you can dig down a couple of hundred feet without striking so much as a pebble. Holland boasts eight thousand tulip growers, who employ twenty-five thousand workers. Many of the growers double as salesmen, travelling around the world in off-season months to peddle their bulbs. In 1951, nearly half a billion bulbs, with a retail sales value of twenty-five million dollars, were sold in the United States. Some two or three hundred million of them are probably sprouting at this very instant.

The Waldorf tulips, oddly enough, were Princess Elizabeths, which look pink but are officially dubbed rose. There's a Princess Juliana variety



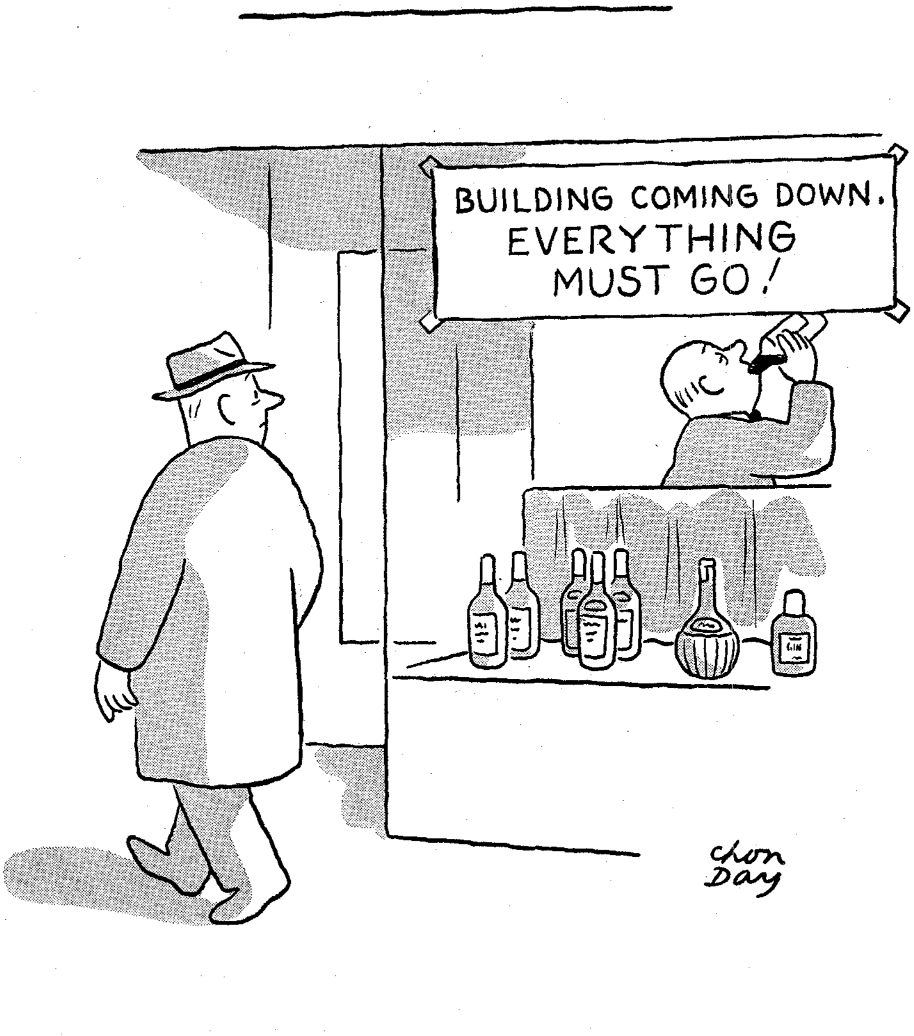
"No, no! 𓄿 *as in* 𓄿𓈖𓇳𓋹𓍱𓏏𓏭𓁐𓆓*."*

(white and flushed pink), but the Dutch royal family have traditionally shied modestly away from tulips named after them. (Tulips' names are unaffected by ascensions to thrones.) There are more than four thousand varieties of tulip on the list kept by the Joint Sub-Committee of the Royal Horticultural Society of England and the Dutch Bulb-Growers' Association, which subcommittee is the Jockey Club of tulipdom. Nearly all tulips originate in Holland, but nearly all bear English names, because the British Isles and the United States are the best tulip customers and the Dutch are no fools.

Tulips were introduced to Europe in 1554, by an ambassador of the Holy Roman Empire to the court of Suleiman the Magnificent, in Constantinople. The envoy, named Busbecq, took some bulbs from Constantinople, where he saw them growing, to Vienna. The Turkish name for the flower was *lalé*, but Busbecq got mixed up somewhere and, thinking his importation was known in Constantinople as *tülbend*, the Turkish for "turban," more or less transliterated that and arrived at *tulipam*. In the sixteenth century, tulips spread all over Europe, but gradually they converged upon the Netherlands, partly because of the ideal drainage and irrigation conditions that prevailed there and partly because the Dutch proved to be unusually patient with them. It takes seven years to produce a new variety by hybridization, for instance. Before hybridization was developed, new varieties sprang up haphazardly by "breaking." An underground virus would attack the bulb of a single-colored variety, and it would suddenly produce a multi-colored bloom. Exceptional specimens that originated in this manner were highly prized in the early seventeenth century. One Frenchman exchanged a whole brewery for a bulb of that sort.

In Holland, tulips presently created so much excitement that one three-year stretch in the sixteen-thirties became known as the time of the *Tulpenwoede*, or Tulipomania. Speculation in tulips was rampant. A single rare bulb, a Semper Augustus (red-and-white with a blue-tinted base), was sold for five thousand florins plus a new carriage and a pair of horses. Nearly everybody played the tulip market—not only businessmen but carriage drivers, clerks, and office boys. Inevitably, there were a few spoilsports who thought the *Tulpenwoede* plain foolishness. A professor of botany at Leyden University got so mad that he went around flailing at tulips with a stick. Nowadays, a single bulb of a startling new variety may fetch as much as a hundred dollars, but its value quickly diminishes as it becomes common. In spite of what you may have heard to the contrary, there is no such thing as a black tulip. There is no black flower of any sort; a black flower couldn't absorb sunlight, which is essential to flower growth. Tulips, however, come darker than any other flowers, and a variety called La Tulipe Noire does look black from a distance. It's actually a dark purple.

There are no by-products of the tulip. It is occasionally claimed for tulips, as it is for many another plant, that nibbling on the petals has an aphrodisiac effect. The English at one time thought that drinking red wine in which tulip petals had been dipped would cure a crick in the neck. Tulip bulbs are moderately nourishing and taste like sweet potatoes gone bad. Many Dutch people had no choice but to eat tulip bulbs during the Nazi Occupation. Ironically, it was a German, an apothecary in Frankfurt, who first acclaimed tulip bulbs as a foodstuff, back in that giddy seventeenth century. He preserved some bulbs in sugar and then declared, presumably in refutation of some contemporary or other, that as a dish they were unquestionably superior to orchid bulbs.



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SIGN on a Smith College bulletin board: "Shorts may not be excessively short. They must be Bermuda type, of no less than mid-thigh length. Abuse of this rule will lead to its repeal."

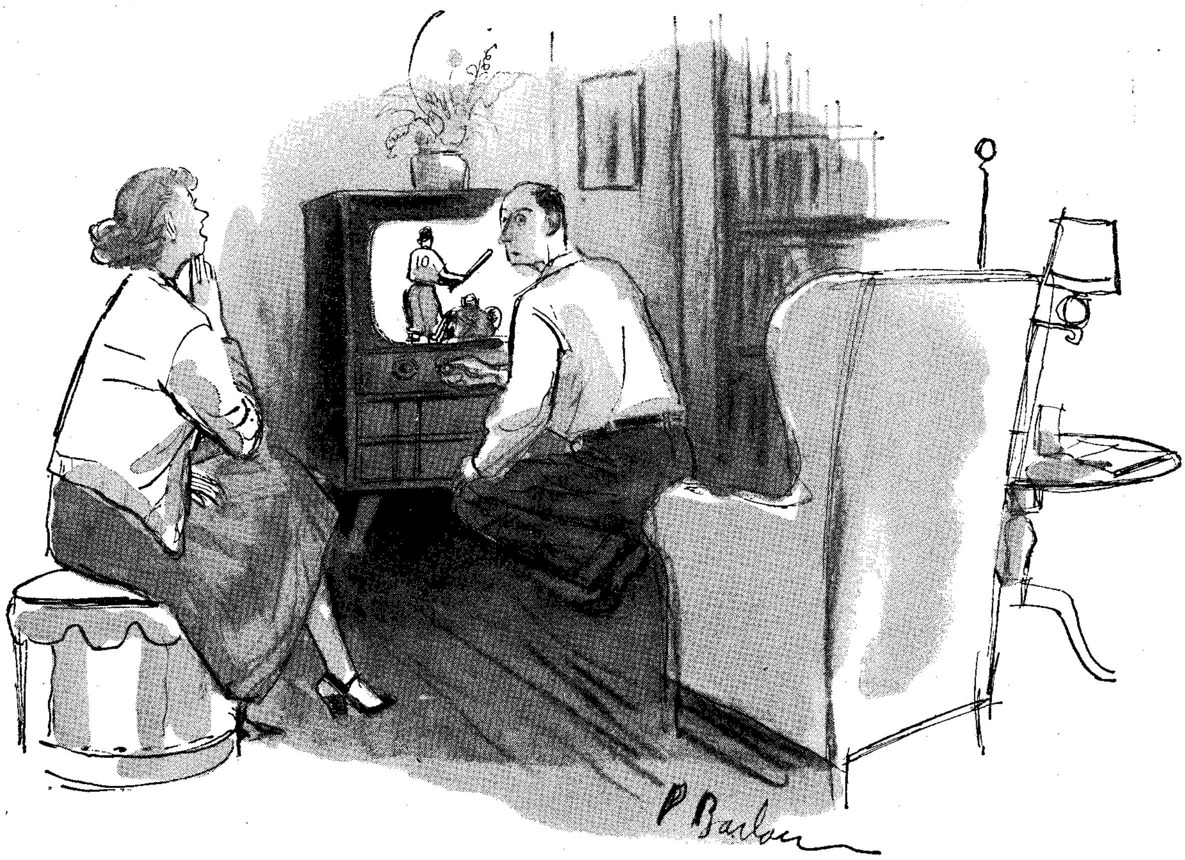
Four-Star Chat

THE four principals of "Don Juan in Hell," all of whom have been making movies in Hollywood since their December appearance here, are back for a two-month stint, and we had a round-robin chat with them last week. This event took place in Charles Laughton's apartment at the St. Moritz, where, on our arrival, all had forgathered except Sir Cedric Hardwicke.

"We all had commitments for films," said Charles Boyer, who was wearing a gray suit. "We went out to Hollywood after our last New York performance, on New Year's Eve. I filmed 'The Happy Time.'"

"I did 'The Jealous Lover,'" said Agnes Moorehead, who was wearing a black dress and a pale-lavender scarf.

"I was in a couple of things, including something with Abbott and Costello," said Mr. Laughton, who was wearing a blue suit.



"Joe, don't you think this year we ought to come to some sort of understanding?"

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"Do I have to say what I was in?" said Sir Cedric, who had just entered, a symphony in brown. "I think you might all congratulate me on winning the Drama Critics Circle's special award for a distinguished and original contribution to the theatre, despite bad support. It's just a citation. Personally, five bucks would have been far more useful."

This, we gathered, was a reference to an award that had been made to the "Don Juan" performance as a whole. We asked whether the four had seen much of each other in Hollywood.

"We all stipulated in our contracts that we should *not* be in the same movie," said Sir Cedric. "I saw Laughton on the other side of the street one day and made an effort not to catch his eye. Sometimes we have to stop him from doing the Gettysburg Address right in the middle of 'Don Juan.' "

"Cedric feels he has to carry on this way all the time," said Mr. Laughton. "He's as boring as any comedian."

"Any time Laughton or Boyer is not talking on the stage, it's very refreshing," said Sir Cedric.

"It's so exhausting, but he does go on doing it," said Mr. Boyer. "We leave each other again May 24th, until next September, when we go on the road till Christmas. Personally, I'll have a bit of Paris this summer."

"Oh, so lucky!" said Miss Moorehead. "Mr. Laughton and I are doing a movie this summer—'Young Bess.' "

"I'm not disclosing my plans at present," said Sir Cedric, "except to say that I'm so rich I don't have to work."

"He's the richest of us," said Miss Moorehead.

"And so well dressed!" said Mr. Laughton. "Isn't he dapper?"

"My shoes are made to order in England," said Sir Cedric, wiggling them.

"Cedric has very good-looking feet," said Miss Moorehead.

"I'm going to start walking on my hands soon," said Sir Cedric. He turned to us and went on, "I'd tell you what I'm going to do but I don't want the others to know. I won't disclose where I live, or they would be around all the time. It's the Meurice."

The assembled quartet, which toured with "Don Juan" for eight months prior to December, advised us that the reception they got from their audiences was consistently excellent. "People were starved for something of this kind," said Mr. Laughton. "They're ready to listen to the best stuff in very large quantities. I think we *are* pretty good, and it's fortunate that we're as well-known as we are, but the success of the show is much more important than our contributions to it."

"I think actors and dramatists can only be as good as the public will let them be," said Sir Cedric.

"No doubt about it, the public grasps it very well," said Mr. Boyer.

"The content is so timely," said Miss Moorehead.

"Ours is *not* a fashionable success," said Mr. Laughton. "We've been before too many different audiences to think that. They go out of the theatre sort of proud, don't they?"

"They really believe they're better people for having seen it," said Sir Cedric. "I must say I always feel a little uneasy when the others are talking. The only time I really enjoy myself is when *I'm* talking. The hardest part of the acting is to appear to enjoy oneself when Boyer or Laughton is talking."

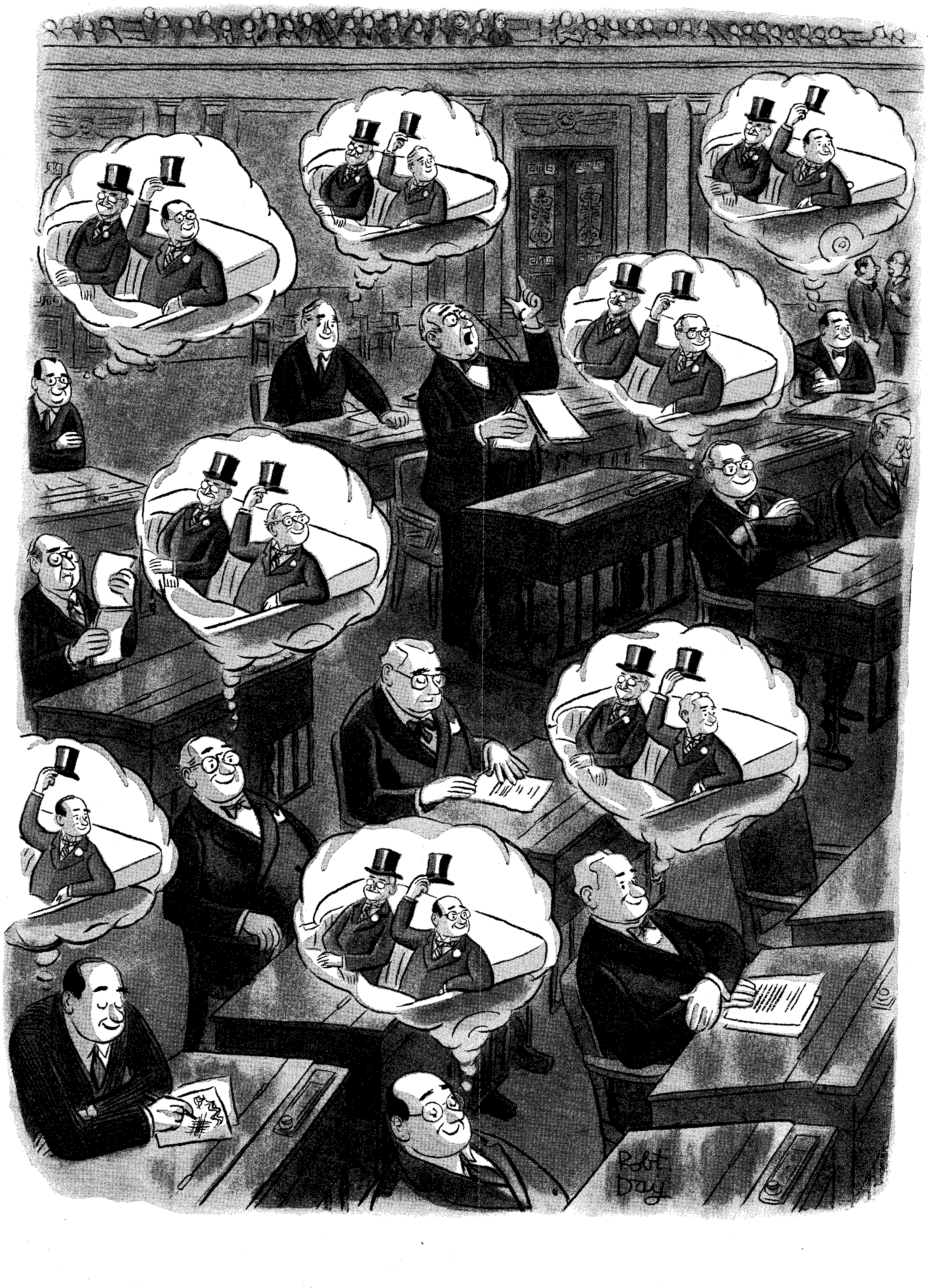
We admired several abstract paintings in the room, and Mr. Laughton said they had been lent to him by Marian Willard, the gallery lady. "They're by Norman Lewis, Mark Tobey, and Lee Mullican," he said.

"It's wonderful to visit a museum with Charles," said Miss Moorehead as we rose to go. "It's like an education."

Sir Cedric opened his mouth and closed it, and we left.

Lost and Found

AN elegant lady alighted from a cab on Madison Avenue, paid the driver, and walked off. The taxi pulled away, only to be stopped half a block off by a red light. Suddenly its ex-passenger gave a piercing shriek, rushed after it, and opened the door, out of which stepped her five-year-old daughter.


Robt. Day

PETER TWO

IT was Saturday night and people were killing each other by the hour on the small screen. Policemen were shot in the line of duty, gangsters were thrown off roofs, and an elderly lady was slowly poisoned for her pearls, and her murderer brought to justice by a cigarette company after a long series of discussions in the office of a private detective. Brave, unarmed actors leaped at villains holding forty-fives, and ingénues were saved from death by the knife by the quick thinking of various handsome and intrepid young men.

Peter sat in the big chair in front of the screen, his feet up over the arm, eating grapes. His mother wasn't home, so he ate the seeds and all as he stared critically at the violence before him. When his mother was around, the fear of appendicitis hung in the air and she watched carefully to see that each seed was neatly extracted and placed in an ashtray. Too, if she were home, there would be irritated little lectures on the quality of television entertainment for the young, and quick-tempered fiddling with the dials to find something that was vaguely defined as educational. Alone, daringly awake at eleven o'clock, Peter ground the seeds between his teeth, enjoying the impolite noise and the solitude and freedom of the empty house. During the television commercials Peter closed his eyes and imagined himself hurling bottles at large unshaven men with pistols and walking slowly up dark stairways toward the door behind which everyone knew the Boss was waiting, the bulge of his shoulder holster unmistakable under the cloth of his pencil-striped flannel jacket.

Peter was thirteen years old. In his class there were three other boys with the same given name, and the history teacher, who thought he was a funny man, called them Peter One, Peter Two (now eating grapes, seeds and all), Peter Three, and Peter the Great. Peter the Great was, of course, the smallest boy in the class. He weighed only sixty-two pounds, and he wore glasses, and in games he was always the last one to be chosen. The class always laughed when the history teacher called out "Peter the Great," and Peter Two laughed with them, but he didn't think it was so awfully funny.

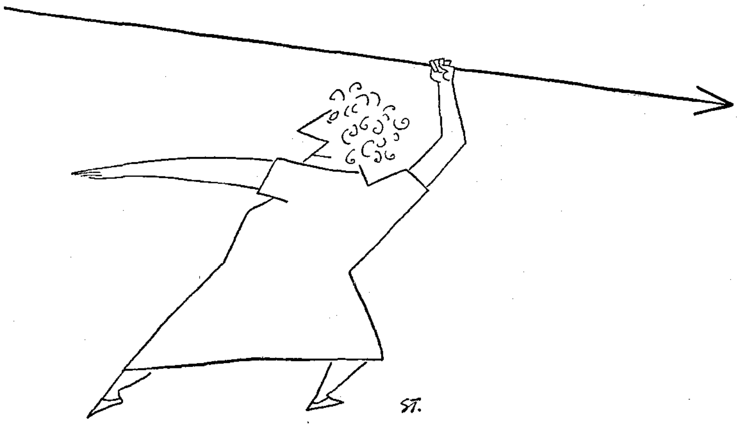
He had done something pretty good for Peter the Great two weeks ago, and now they were what you might call friends. All the Peters were what you might call friends, on account of that comedian of a history teacher. They weren't *real* friends, but they had something together, something the other boys didn't have. They didn't like it, but they had it, and it made them responsible for each other. So two weeks ago, when Charlie Blaisdell, who weighed a hundred and twenty, took Peter the Great's cap at recess and started horsing around with it, and Peter the Great looked like he was going to cry, he, Peter Two, grabbed the cap and gave it back and faced Blaisdell. Of course, there was a fight, and Peter thought it was going to be his third defeat of the term, but a wonderful thing happened. In the middle of the fight, just when Peter was hoping one of the teachers would show up (they sure showed up plenty of times when you didn't need them), Blaisdell let a hard one go. Peter ducked and Blaisdell hit him on the top of the head and broke his arm. You could tell right off he broke his arm, because he fell to the ground yelling, and his arm just hung like a piece of string. Walters, the gym teacher, finally showed up and carried Blaisdell off, yelling all the time, and Peter the Great came up and said admiringly, "Boy, one thing you have to admit, you sure have a hard head."

Blaisdell was out of class two days, and he still had his arm in the sling, and every time he was excused from writing on the blackboard because he had a broken arm, Peter got a nice warm feeling all over. Peter the Great hung around him all the time, doing things for him and buying him sodas, because Peter the Great's parents were divorced and gave him all the money he wanted, to make up to him. And that was O.K.

But the best thing was the feeling he'd had since the fight. It was like what the people on the television must feel after they'd gone into a room full of enemies and come out with the girl or with the papers or with the suspect, leaving corpses and desolation behind them. Blaisdell weighed a hundred and twenty pounds but that hadn't stopped Peter any more than the fact that the spies all had two guns apiece ever stopped the F.B.I. men on the screen. They saw what they had to do and they went in and did it, that was all. Peter couldn't phrase it for himself, but for the first time in his life he had a conscious feeling of confidence and pride in himself.

"Let them come," he muttered obscurely, munching grape seeds and watching the television set through narrowed eyes, "just let them come."

He was going to be a dangerous man, he felt, when he grew up, but one to whom the weak and the unjustly hunted could safely turn. He was sure he was going to be six feet tall, because his father was six feet tall, and all his uncles, and that would help. But he would have to develop his arms. They were just too thin. After all, you couldn't depend on people breaking their bones on your head every time. He had been doing pushups each morning and night for the past month. He could only do five and a half at a time so far, but he was going to keep at it until he had arms like steel bars. Arms like that really could mean the difference between life and death later on, when you had to dive under the gun and disarm somebody. You had to have quick reflexes, too, of course, and be able to feint to one side with your eyes before the crucial moment. And, most important of all, no matter what the odds, you had to be fearless. One moment of hesitation and it was a case for the morgue. But now, after the battle of Peter the Great's cap, he didn't worry about that part of it, the fearless part. From now on, it would just be a question of technique.



COMEDIANS began to appear all over the dial, laughing with a lot of teeth, and Peter went into the kitchen and got another bunch of grapes and two tangerines from the refrigerator. He didn't put on the light in the kitchen and it was funny how mysterious a kitchen could be near midnight when nobody else was home, and there was only the beam of the light from the open refrigerator, casting shadows from the milk bottles onto the linoleum. Until recently he hadn't liked the dark too much and he had always turned on lights wherever he went, but you had to practice being fearless, just like anything else.

He ate the two tangerines standing in the dark in the kitchen, just for practice. He ate the seeds, too, to show his mother. Then he went back into the living room, carrying the grapes.

The comedians were still on and still laughing. He fiddled with the dial, but they were wearing funny hats and laughing and telling jokes about the income tax on all the channels. If his mother hadn't made him promise to go to sleep by ten o'clock, he'd have turned off the set and gone to bed. He decided not to waste his time and got down on the floor and began to do pushups, trying to be sure to keep his knees straight. He was up to four and slowing down when he heard the scream. He stopped in the middle of a pushup and waited, just to make sure. The scream came again. It was a woman and it was real loud. He looked up at the television set. There was a man there talking about floor wax, a man with a mustache and a lot of teeth, and it was a cinch *he* wasn't doing any screaming.

The next time the scream came there was moaning and talking at the end of it, and the sound of fists beating on the front door. Peter got up and turned off the television, just to be sure the sounds he was hearing weren't somehow being broadcast.

The beating on the door began again and a woman's voice cried "Please, please, *please* . . ." and there was no doubt about it any more.

Peter looked around him at the empty room. Three lamps were lit and the room was nice and bright and the light was reflected off the grapes and off the glass of the picture of the boats on Cape Cod that his Aunt Martha painted the year she was up there. The television set stood in the corner, like a big blind eye now that the light was out. The cushions of the soft chair he had been sitting in to watch the programs were pushed in and he knew his mother would come and plump them out before she went to sleep, and the whole room looked like a place in which it was impossible to hear a woman screaming at midnight and beating on the door with her fists and yelling, "Please, please, *please* . . ."

The woman at the door yelled "Murder, murder, he's killing me!" and for the first time Peter was sorry his parents had gone out that night.

"Open the door!" the woman yelled. "Please, *please* open the door!" You could tell she wasn't saying please just to be polite by now.

Peter looked nervously around him. The room, with all its lights, seemed strange, and there were shadows behind everything. Then the woman yelled again, just noise this time. Either a person is fearless, Peter thought coldly, or he isn't fearless. He started walking slowly toward the front door. There was a long mirror in the foyer and he got a good look at himself. His arms looked very thin.

The woman began hammering once more on the front door and Peter looked at it closely. It was a big steel door, but it was shaking minutely, as though somebody with a machine was working on it. For the first time he heard another voice. It was a man's voice, only it didn't sound quite like a man's voice. It sounded like an animal in a cave, growling and deciding to do something unreasonable. In all the scenes of threat and violence on the television set, Peter had never heard anything at all like it. He moved slowly toward the door, feeling the way he had felt when he had the flu, remembering how thin his arms looked in the mirror, regretting that he had decided to be fearless.

"Oh, God!" the woman yelled, "Oh, God, don't do it!"

Then there was some more hammering and the low, animal sound of the beast in the cave that you never heard over the air, and he threw the door open.

Mrs. Chalmers was there in the vestibule, on her knees, facing him, and behind her Mr. Chalmers was standing, leaning against the wall, with the door to his own apartment open behind him. Mr. Chalmers was making that funny sound and he had a gun in his hand and he was pointing it at Mrs. Chalmers.

The vestibule was small and it had what Peter's mother called Early American wallpaper and a brass light fixture. There were only the two doors opening on the vestibule, and the Chalmers had a mat in front of theirs with "Welcome" written on it. The Chalmers were in their mid-thirties, and Peter's

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FABLES BULFINCH FORGOT

The Thirteenth Labor of Hercules

Some people think the nose of the Sphinx was flattened by Napoleon's cannoneers,
But it wasn't, not by several thousand years.
Credit should go to a person who dressed like Adam and talked like Pericles,
This person being known to us as Hercules and to the illiterate Greeks as Heracles,
And Hercules performed twelve fabulous labors,
Which caused all the inhabitants of Ultima Thule to exclaim Begorra and Bejabers,
And just when he thought he was through with labors he was told by the gods, several of whom were his cousin,
That he must make it a baker's dozen.
They said that all brawn and no brain makes a dull demigod, so on immortality it was no dice
Unless he stumped the Sphinx thrice,
And Hercules said, Well I'll be a duck-billed platypus,
Here is a chance to avenge my friend Oedipus,
And he assumed an expression deceptively pleasant,
And he asked the Sphinx, Who is the heavyweight champion? and she said, Ezzard Charles, and he said, No it ezzant,
And he said, I'll give you another bone to pick at,
Why did Orpheus give up conducting and throw away his baton? and she said, I bet you don't know, either, and he said, Because there were more Bacchantes than he could shake a stick at,
And the Sphinx said, You can't stump me three times in a row, and he said, A house full, a hole full, you cannot catch a bowlful, can you riddle me that without straining?
And she said, Smoke? and Hercules said, No thank you, I'm in training.
From that point
The Sphinx's nose has been out of joint.

—Ogden Nash

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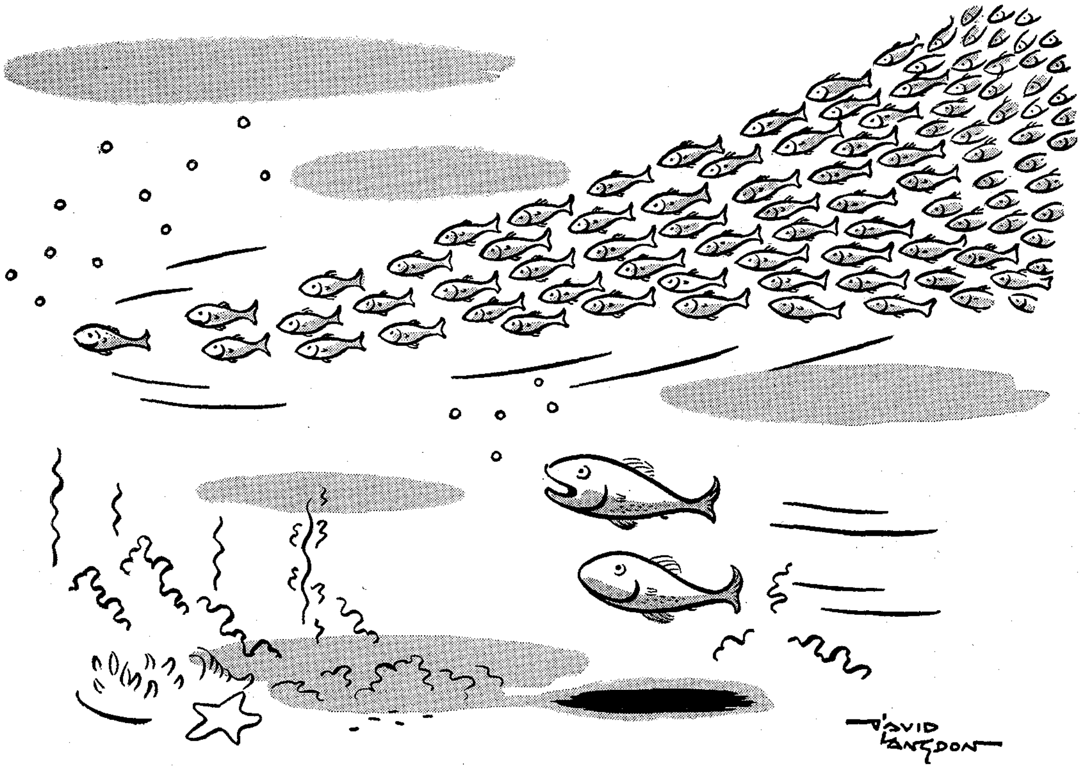


"He's a born leader."

mother always said about them, "One thing about our neighbors, they *are* quiet." She also said that Mrs. Chalmers put a lot of money on her back.

Mrs. Chalmers was kind of fat and her hair was pretty blond and her complexion was soft and pink and she always looked as though she had been in the beauty parlor all afternoon. She always said "My, you're getting to be a big boy" to Peter when she met him in the elevator, in a soft voice, as though she was just about to laugh. She must have said that fifty times by now. She had a good, strong smell of perfume on her all the time, too.

Mr. Chalmers wore pince-nez glasses most of the time and he was getting bald and he worked late at his office a good many evenings of the week. When he met Peter in the elevator he would say, "It's getting colder," or "It's getting warmer," and that was all, so Peter had no opinion about him, except that he looked like the principal of a school.

But now Mrs. Chalmers was on her knees in the vestibule and her dress was torn and she was crying and there were black streaks on her cheeks and she didn't look as though she'd just come from the beauty parlor. And Mr. Chalmers wasn't wearing a jacket and he didn't have his glasses on and what hair he had was mussed all over his head and he was leaning against the Early American wallpaper making this animal noise, and he had a big, heavy pistol in his hand and he was pointing it right at Mrs. Chalmers.

"Let me in!" Mrs. Chalmers yelled, still on her knees. "You've got to let me in. He's going to kill me. *Please!*"

"Mrs. Chalmers . . ." Peter began. His voice sounded as though he were trying to talk under water, and it was very hard to say the "s" at the end of her name. He put out his hands uncertainly in front of him, as though he expected somebody to throw him something.

"Get inside, you," Mr. Chalmers said.

Peter looked at Mr. Chalmers. He was only five feet away and without his glasses he was squinting. Peter feinted with his eyes, or at least later in his life he thought he had feinted with his eyes. Mr. Chalmers didn't do anything. He just stood there, with the pistol pointed, somehow, it seemed to Peter, at both Mrs. Chalmers and himself at the same time. Five feet was a long distance, a long, long distance.

"Good night," Peter said, and he closed the door.

There was a single sob on the other side of the door and that was all.

Peter went in and put the uneaten grapes back in the refrigerator, flicking on the light as he went into the kitchen and leaving it on when he went out. Then he went back to the living room and got the stems from the first bunch of grapes and threw them into the fireplace, because otherwise his mother would notice and look for the seeds and not see them and give him four tablespoons of milk of magnesia the next day.

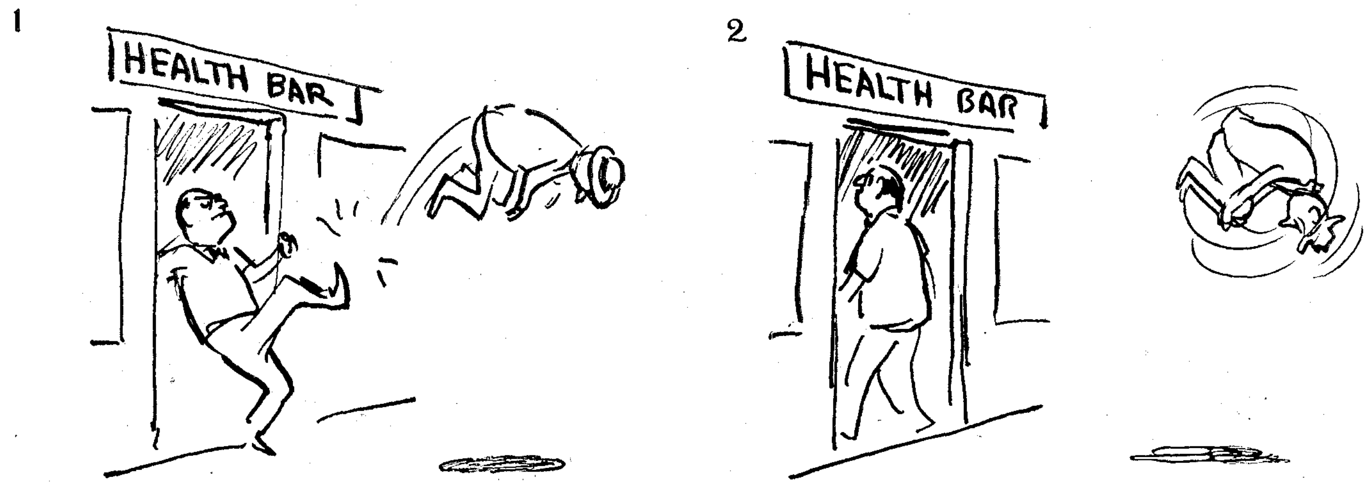
Then, leaving the lights on in the living room, although he knew what his mother would say about that when she got home, he went into his room and quickly got into bed. He waited for the sound of shots. There were two or three noises that might have been shots, but in the city it was hard to tell.

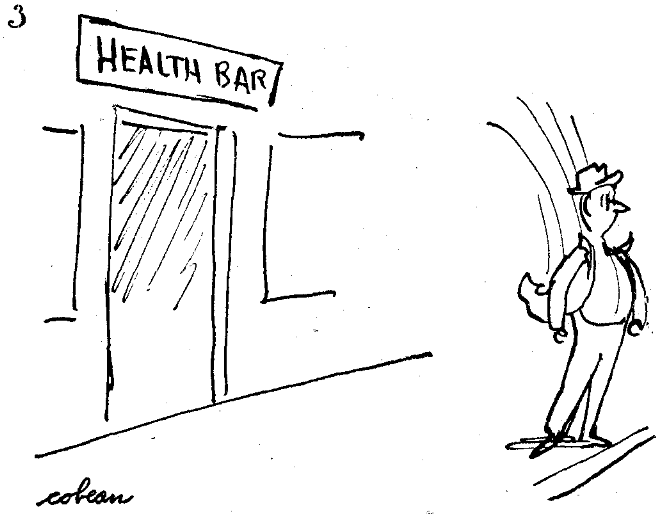
He was still awake when his parents came home. He heard his mother's voice, and he knew from the sound she was complaining about the lights in the living room and kitchen, but he pretended to be sleeping when she came into his room to look at him. He didn't want to start in with his mother about the Chalmers, because then she'd ask when it had happened and she'd want to know what he was doing up at twelve o'clock.

He kept listening for shots for a long time, and he got hot and damp under the covers and then freezing cold. He heard several sharp, ambiguous noises in the quiet night, but nothing that you could be sure about, and after a while he fell asleep.

IN the morning, Peter got out of bed early, dressed quickly, and went silently out of the apartment without waking his parents. The vestibule looked just the way it always did, with the brass lamp and the flowered wallpaper and the Chalmers' doormat with "Welcome" on it. There were no bodies and no blood. Sometimes when Mrs. Chalmers had been standing there waiting for the elevator, you could smell her perfume for a long time after. But now there was no smell of perfume, just the dusty, apartment-house usual smell. Peter stared at the Chalmers' door nervously while waiting for the elevator to come up, but it didn't open and no sound came from within.

Sam, the man who ran the elevator and who didn't like him, anyway, only grunted when Peter got into the elevator, and Peter decided not to ask him any questions. He went out into the chilly, bright Sunday-morning street, half expecting to see the morgue wagon in front of the door, or at least two or





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three prowl cars. But there was only a sleepy woman in slacks airing a boxer and a man with his collar turned up hurrying up from the corner with the newspapers under his arm.

Peter went across the street and looked up to the sixth floor, at the windows of the Chalmers' apartment. The Venetian blinds were pulled shut in every room and all the windows were closed.

A policeman walked down the other side of the street, heavy, blue, and purposeful, and for a moment Peter felt close to arrest. But the policeman continued on toward the avenue and turned the corner and disappeared and Peter said to himself, They never know anything.

He walked up and down the street, first on one side, then on the other, waiting, although it was hard to know what he was waiting for. He saw a hand come out through the blinds in his parents' room and slam the window shut, and he knew he ought to get upstairs quickly with a good excuse for being out, but he couldn't face them this morning, and he would invent an excuse later. Maybe he would even say he had gone to the museum, although he doubted that his mother would swallow that. Some excuse. Later.

Then, after he had been patrolling the street for almost two hours, and just as he was coming up to the entrance of his building, the door opened and Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers came out. He had on his pince-nez and a dark-gray hat, and Mrs. Chalmers had on her fur coat and a red hat with feathers on it. Mr. Chalmers was holding the door open politely for his wife, and she looked, as she came out the door, as though she had just come from the beauty parlor.

It was too late to turn back or avoid them, and Peter just stood still, five feet from the entrance.

"Good morning," Mr. Chalmers said as he took his wife's arm and they started walking past Peter.

"Good morning, Peter," said Mrs. Chalmers in her soft voice, smiling at him. "Isn't it a nice day today?"

"Good morning," Peter said, and he was surprised that it came out and sounded like good morning.

The Chalmers walked down the street toward Madison Avenue, two married people, arm in arm, going to church or to a big hotel for Sunday breakfast. Peter watched them, ashamed. He was ashamed of Mrs. Chalmers for looking the way she did the night before, down on her knees, and yelling like that and being so afraid. He was ashamed of Mr. Chalmers for making the noise that was not like the noise of a human being, and for threatening to shoot Mrs. Chalmers and not doing it. And he was ashamed of himself because he had been fearless when he opened the door, but had not been fearless ten seconds later, with Mr. Chalmers five feet away with the gun. He was ashamed of himself for not taking Mrs. Chalmers into the apartment, ashamed because he was not lying now with a bullet in his heart. But most of all he was ashamed because they had all said good morning to each other and the Chalmers were walking quietly together, arm in arm, in the windy sunlight, toward Madison Avenue.

IT was nearly eleven o'clock when Peter got back to the apartment, but his parents had gone back to sleep. There was a pretty good program on at eleven, about counterspies in Asia, and he turned it on automatically, while eating an orange. It was pretty exciting, but then there was a part in which an Oriental held a ticking bomb in his hand in a roomful of Americans, and Peter could tell what was coming. The hero, who was fearless and who came from California, was beginning to feint with his eyes, and Peter reached over and turned the set off. It closed down with a shivering, collapsing pattern. Blinking a little, Peter watched the blind screen for a moment.

Ah, he thought in sudden, permanent disbelief after the night in which he had faced the incomprehensible, shameless, weaponed grownup world and had failed to disarm it, ah, they can have that, that's for kids. —IRWIN SHAW

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In 1927 Claudia opened "Waterlot" to the public with a little tea room. Loving the old home as she did, her great desire was to share it. Her new project became so popular that she soon found herself taking guests, some of whom were Mark Twain and Woodrow Wilson.—*Bermuda Royal Gazette.*

Not bad for 1927.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM

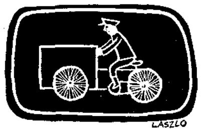
BOY FROM CHILLICOTHE

Billy Ireland got on a train somewhere in Ohio, one summer day thirty years ago, sat down, and began looking out the window. Shortly after the train started to move, one of the men aboard set off on a slow walk through the coaches, examining, politely but carefully, the faces of all the male passengers. After he had been through the whole train, he came back to where Ireland was sitting, and spoke to him. "Every time I get on a train, I search for the most interesting-looking man aboard. You are far and away the most interesting-looking man on this train, and I would like to sit down and talk with you." This collector of special personalities said his name was Charles J. Finger, and that he was a kind of writer. Billy told me about the incident a week later, when I dropped in at his office. He was the cartoonist of the Columbus *Dispatch*, and everybody on the paper liked to watch him draw his daily cartoon or his Sunday page in color, called "The Passing Show." I didn't know anything about Charles J. Finger, but I looked him up. It turned out that he was the editor of *Reedy's Mirror* and general manager of a group of railroads in Ohio. He was in his early fifties when he introduced himself to Billy Ireland, and he was writing the second of the thirty-four books that he finished before his death in 1941.

The man Charles Finger picked out that day thirty years ago as the one most likely to charm and instruct him had silvery hair, although he was only forty-two years old, twinkling—it's the only word for them—blue eyes, and a healthy pink complexion, all of which conspired to give his round face a kind of genial glow. He was rotund and not tall, like the jolly figures of myth, from Santa Claus to the beaming, plump Mother Nature who often appeared in his cartoons. He became the *Dispatch* cartoonist in 1899, when he was just nineteen years old, and worked on the paper for thirty-six years. When he died, at the early age of fifty-five, he had long been one of the city's most loved landmarks, and it was almost as if the Statehouse had been quietly taken down during the night and moved away.

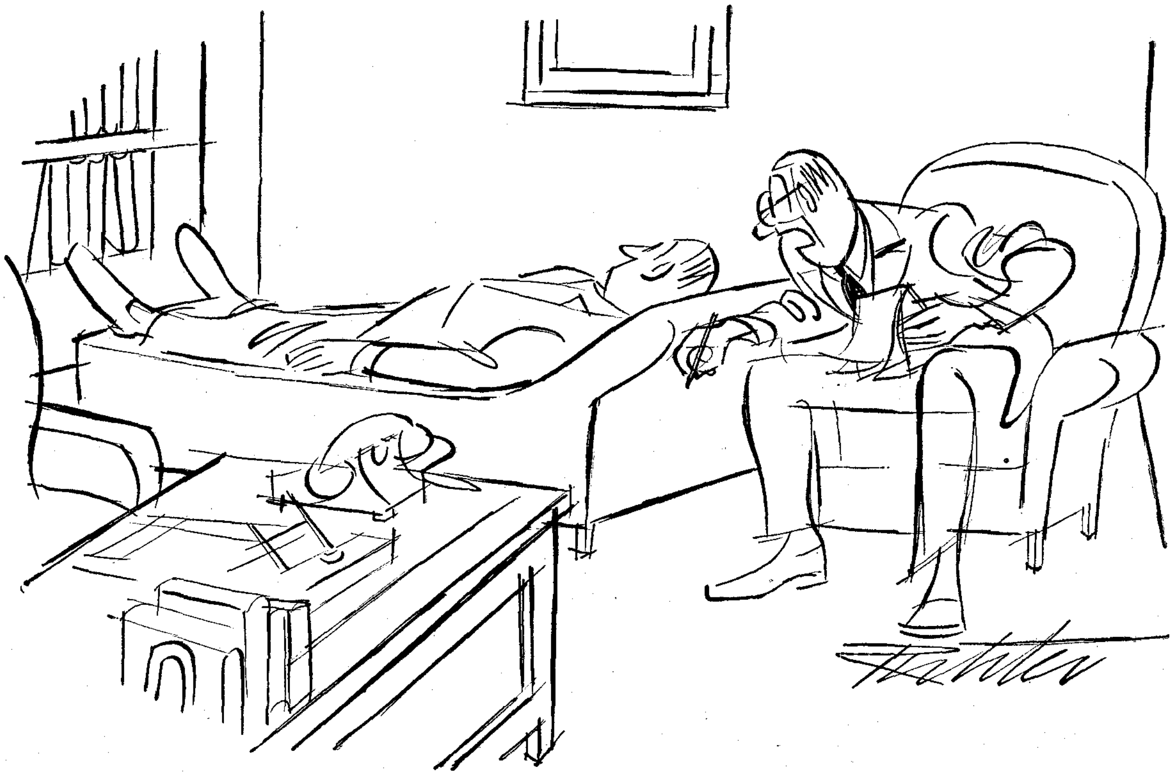
William A. Ireland was born in Chillicothe, in Ross County, Ohio, in 1880, and grew up there during the nostalgic era of horses and buggies, covered bridges, and dusty country roads that mired carriage wheels in the rainy season. These roads were always in his mind. I ran into him one day in 1922, walking along East Broad Street in Columbus, and his face wore the particular Ireland smile that meant he had just heard, or remembered, a good Ross County story. "This farmer down there," he began, "drove over to a preacher's house in Chillicothe one day with the mother of his five children and the kids themselves, running in age from six months to eleven years. 'Me and Elviry want to git married,' he said. The parson was surprised and said, 'These, I take it, are the children of a previous marriage.' The farmer shook his head. 'No, they ain't, Reverend,' he said. 'Y'see, me and Elviry's been plannin' to drive over here an' git hitched ever since I met her at the huskin' bee back in 1909, but the roads has been too bad.' " Billy could turn any topic in the direction of his old home town. Once, when a friend told him that his work shone like a beacon light, he shook his head. "My kind of light," he said, "is an old lantern a farmer carries around his barnyard after dark." He meant, of course, a Ross County farmer and a Ross County barnyard and, if lanterns are made there, a Chillicothe lantern. Ross County people ("My kind of folks," he called them) turned up, gently disguised, in some of his cartoon characters: the Jedge and Uncle Jerry, Tish Lybold and Uncle Lafe Newberry, and Teck Haskins from the village of Yellow Bud, up near the Pickaway border.

Young Billy Ireland was a regular small-town kid and the leader of his gang. He pitched horseshoes, played marbles and run sheep run, flew kites, made slingshots, carved jack-o'-lanterns, fished for bass and catfish in the streams, and swam with the rest of the fellas in a part of Paint Creek called Yaller Hole. I don't think he ever did a "Passing Show" with quite as much pleasure as he got out of drawing a similar page for the Chillicothe *News-Advertiser* one day in November, 1931, on the occasion of that paper's hundredth anniversary. He went back to the years between 1886 and 1899 for his material, and the page was crowded with drawings that came out of the memories of his youth: a covered bridge with a sign on it reading, "$10 Fine for Driving Through This Bridge Faster Than a Walk;" Billy and four other little boys walking naked into the town after the Marshal had seized their clothes while they were swimming in Yaller Hole; a travelling medicine show, complete with a colored banjo player, entertaining a crowd on the Courthouse Square; eight-year-old Billy shaking hands with the great P. T. Barnum at the circus grounds "way out on East Main Street;" a bunch of the fellas belly-bustin' down Water Street Hill on their sleds; the same bunch gaping at a Saturday-matinée performance of "Bessie's Burglar" in Clough's Opera House; a balloon ascension and parachute drop at the Ross County Fair. "We never smell leaves burning in the Fall without thinking of a little brick house at the corner of Sixth and Paint Streets" was lettered above a fond drawing of the cartoonist's birthplace. In the lower right-hand corner, young Ireland, aged nineteen, was shown leaving town for Columbus, carrying a straw suitcase—"the unhappiest moment of this period." The page is signed "Bill Ireland of the old Paint Street gang." (His oldest friends called him Bill, but he was Billy to everybody else.)



Billy Ireland was a precocious craftsman with a piece of chalk when he was only seven years old. He would lie on his stomach and draw pictures—of locomotives and Indians mostly—on the smooth, flat flagstones in front of the Courthouse and on other suitable surfaces around town. He never took a drawing lesson in his life, but he got a lot of encouragement from his astonished elders, especially a sympathetic teacher, Miss Jennie Winn, who gave him a set of paints and crayons. Miss Winn was also a writer of sorts, and when a St. Louis newspaper agreed to publish some short nature pieces she had written, she got Billy to illustrate them. They were used in the newspaper, whose editor actually bid for the permanent services of the illustrator without realizing that he was a child in short pants. Everybody in Chillicothe soon knew about Billy, the boy artist, and when he was only seventeen, he got a job on the old *Daily News* there. He worked on copper plates covered with a coating of chalk, and the process was tedious and difficult. He would lay his original ink drawing on the plate and carefully cut through its lines with a sharp stylus, reproducing them on the chalk, which often chipped or crumbled, so he would have to begin all over again.

Ireland was not yet twenty when he got three different offers from papers outside Chillicothe—one in Cleveland, one in Pittsburgh, and the third the *Dis-*



"Why, you swine!"

patch in Columbus. He accepted the *Dispatch* offer because Columbus was not as big as the other cities and because it was not very far from Chillicothe. Columbus people were soon talking about the young man's cartoons, which were signed with a shamrock. They showed observation, inventiveness, and a warm humanity, and they had the power of provoking a smile—or, more rarely, a frown—that was not easy to lose. Ireland had a direct representational approach to the ideas and happenings, predicaments and phenomena, wonders and curiosities that amused or amazed him. His draftsmanship was clean and brisk, and no arty or pretentious line ever got into his daily cartoon or his "Passing Show." Nobody else could draw a weather vane, or a rocking chair, or an old-fashioned ice-cream freezer with his fine, affectionate touch. He wanted to be known as a newspaperman, and not as an artist. "I don't know what they mean by style," he would say, not realizing that he had a style all his own. It was the product of a unique comic sense and a profound love of "scratching," as he called his painstaking drawing. He sat at his drawing board with the eager concentration of a man watching a tennis match, and he would lean back every now and then, with his head on one side, to chuckle over some figure in progress. His daily cartoons were widely reproduced, both in America and abroad, but his Sunday page in color was his great dedication.

"The Passing Show" was largely regional in character, and often purely local, but it somehow managed a universal appeal and it became nationally popular among connoisseurs of comic art. Its "janitor," as Ireland modestly called himself, slaved lovingly over it for nearly thirty years, turning out more than twelve hundred lively extravaganzas of Midland life, in its robust and happy aspects, and its strange and wonderful moods and manifestations. Trying to "make 'The Passing Show' " became a challenge and a pastime. People stopped the amiable janitor on the street with suggestions, or came to his office, or wrote him notes. He was regularly informed of the grotesqueries and peculiar goings on in a dozen different states. Readers sent or brought to his office enough freaks of nature to fill a museum—oddly shaped vegetables, enormous hens' eggs, turtles with dates carved on their shells (one 1869 specimen was proved to be a young impostor), coins, arrowheads, and other relics turned up by farmers' plows, an oak bough with a horseshoe embedded in it, a plank into which the quill of a chicken feather had been driven by a cyclone, and a vast assortment of other odds and ends. When he got an idea he liked, his pleasure was as exultant as a Ross County rooster's cock-a-doodle-doo. One day, a week after he had drawn a "snuggle puppy," a variant of the common lounge lizard, or parlor snake, somebody suggested that the female of the species must be the "cuddle kitty." Billy had put his hat and overcoat on and was about to go home, but he went back to his drawing board instead, and drew a cuddle kitty that Tenniel would have envied.

THE *Dispatch* cartoonist was most at home and most effective in the intimate domain known as human interest, which takes in everything from the calling out of the Fire Department to rescue a cat in a tree to the assumption of royal guardianship over the destinies of five infants born to the same mother on the same day. In this congenial region, Billy's imagination played brightly upon the familiar antics and quandaries of Man and Beast. When he turned to the animals of house and field for his devices, as he often did, he could achieve a peculiar combination of warmth and sharpness that none of his contemporaries could quite match. He looked up the rigging of ships or the harness of horses to get it meticulously right, but he drew domestic animals, and most wild ones, from memory. The morphology of the rhinoceros and the hippopotamus came readily to his mind, but he had difficulty spelling their names. He wasn't even sure, in fact, of "Holstein" and "Guernsey," and I once asked him how he could draw cows from memory as accurately as he did when he couldn't spell their names. "If you'll look closely at those cows," he told me, "you'll see that they're misspelled, too."

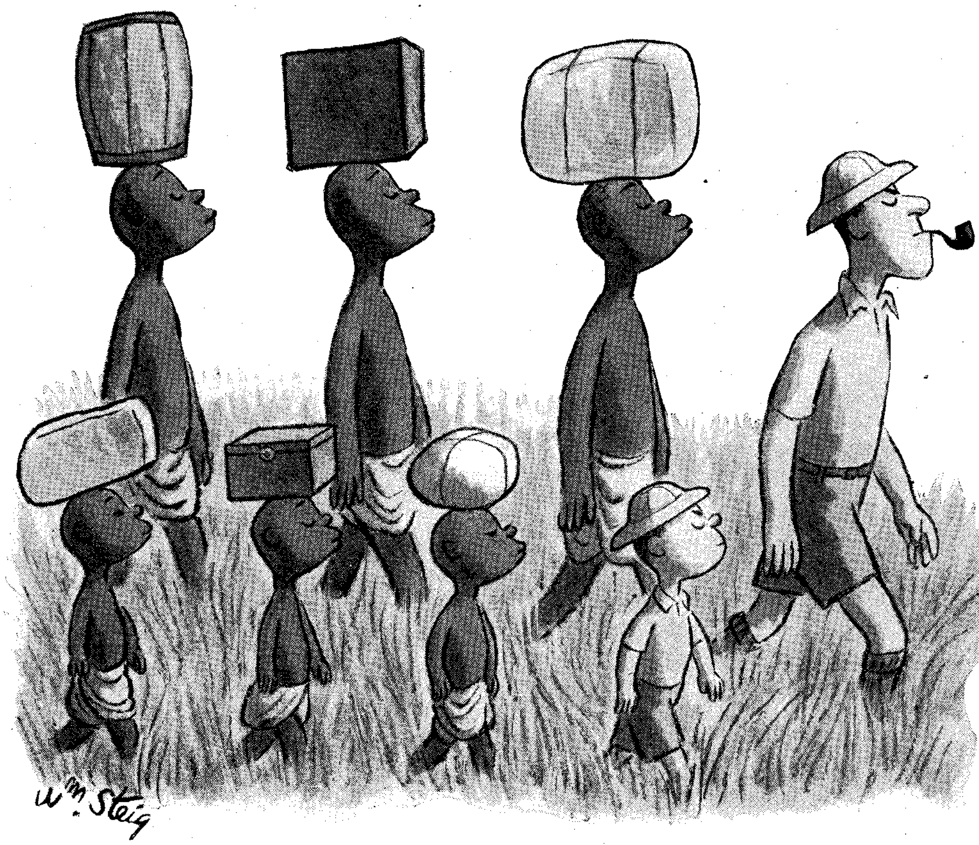
On Mother's Day, 1932, one of his most widely copied cartoons came out. It presented the world as a forlorn calf, lost in a bog of desolation and fear, its head raised on high and bawling "Mother!" at the unresponsive skies. Two years later, after he heard the glad news of the birth of the quintuplets, he drew another cartoon that became one of his most popular. It showed various females of so-called lesser species and their young—a possum with nine, a bird with a nestful of open bills, a sow with a litter of seven, a rabbit with thirteen, a turtle with twenty-two, a quail with her multiple brood, a black bass with twenty-five, and a frog with countless polliwogs. (Billy didn't live long enough to be cheered by the Pennsylvania hound-dog that gave birth to twenty-three puppies a decade or so ago.) The caption went like this: "What's all this excitement about having five babies?"

My own favorite Ireland cartoon is one of a half dozen that he made between 1920 and 1933 dealing with a number of proud dirigibles that came to grief in wind and storm in those years. There was a mouse-faced dirigible, in center foreground, peeking timidly out of a hangar, obviously dubious about the wisdom of emerging, while high up in the sky, unseen but sensed by its prey, a mammoth cat made of clouds was crouching and getting ready to pounce. His cartoon about the crash of the Shenandoah, on September 3, 1925, was more conventional, but there is an interesting story connected with it. He had been about to go out that day for a round of golf in a foursome of long standing—about which he once said, "If I can't play with these boys in Heaven, I don't care whether Saint Peter lets me in or not"—when he got word that the Shenandoah had been blown to pieces in a thunderstorm at five o'clock that morning over the village of Ava, less than a hundred miles from Columbus. He had once seen the cabin lights of the Shenandoah as it drifted dreamily over Columbus in the night, like a ship out of the Empire of Imagination, and its end disheartened him. He called off his golf game, drove to his office in his car (it was a Packard his doting publisher, Robert F. Wolfe, had given him for a Christmas present), and drew the cartoon that had occurred to him. In its upper left-hand corner, the heroic figure of a warrior in armor, labelled "The Elements" and carrying shield and broadsword, stared down in contemptuous triumph at the broken figure of winged Man, lying in the right foreground.

Billy Ireland preached and practiced a simple theory of his own about newspaper cartooning: "If you can make a man laugh, you can spit in his eye." For three and a half decades, he made a constantly increasing audience laugh, but he would spit in a reader's eye only when he wanted to alert him to a public danger or a civic nuisance, or to enlist him in some cause near to his own heart. His drawing pen became an influential instrument in his city and his state. He was largely responsible for restoring the log cabin in which U. S. Grant was born to the President's birthplace near Point Pleasant, Ohio; the cabin had been on vulgar display for a long time at the State Fair Grounds. He led the campaign to put the quail on the songbird list in Ohio, and he was on hand and joined in the whistling of the bobwhite song the day the legislature passed the protective bill. Billy called the quail "the little old lady in the Paisley shawl," and there is a legend that he hired a freckled-faced youngster in a tattered jacket to sit in the gallery and start the bobwhite whistling. His ridicule of the Ku Klux Klan, in the early twenties, was a significant force in the disintegration of the Klan's local Klavern. Klansmen used to stand, in full bedsheet regalia, on street corners, with lighted cigars protruding from the mouth holes in their hoods, and Billy's caricatures literally kidded them to death.

When it came to exposing political shenanigans, Billy could hold his own with the best of them, and he had a hand in the defeat of Governor Frank B. Willis when that Republican ran for a second term. Willis, a flamboyant man of gusty appetite, once committed a public indiscretion that the cartoonist, although he was a great eater himself, could not condone. The Governor ate forty-eight chicken gizzards at a picnic. The Ireland cartoons all during the gubernatorial campaign showed Willis's private car followed by a string of boxcars labelled "Chicken Gizzards." In the larger and grimmer fields of national and international politics, William A. Ireland was no Thomas Nast, but he had his outstanding successes in the big arena.

In September, 1917, he drew a cartoon called "The Leper of Potsdam," showing the Kaiser sitting in front of a hovel and whimpering, "I only murdered Belgium because I had to," while hooded female figures representing the virtues and decencies of humanity filed by in a mournful procession, averting their eyes or raising their hands in horror. It was reprinted in papers all over the country, and it brought its creator a remarkable letter from the celebrated Jay N. ("Ding") Darling, which Mrs. Ireland, who still lives in Columbus, has preserved. "Your 'Leper of Potsdam' is a wonderful cartoon," Darling wrote. "I think it is really better than any cartoon I have ever seen on any subject or at any time—and I am more or less of a fan on the subject. It fascinates me with its perfection and I cannot let it slip by without extending my congratulations." Ding, incidentally, was one of thirty newspaper artists who drew special cartoons in honor of Billy Ireland in 1924, on the occasion of his twenty-fifth anniversary on the *Dispatch*. They were reprinted in a big Sunday supplement that Billy didn't know anything about until the day it came out. He was once given a silver loving cup inscribed to "The First Citizen of Columbus" and he got many



other honors during his long career, but this homage from his colleagues was the tribute he prized most.

Another letter in Mrs. Ireland's collection is one that William Jennings Bryan wrote her husband on May 30, 1912, a month before The Commoner maneuvered the nomination of Woodrow Wilson at the Democratic Convention in Baltimore. Billy had done a cartoon predicting that Wilson and Champ Clark, of Missouri, would be the principal candidates for the nomination but indicating that it would probably go, in the end, to Bryan. He had sent the original of the cartoon to Bryan, and I will let Old Silver Tongue take it from there. "The labyrinth cartoon has arrived," Bryan wrote, "and I hasten to thank you for sending it. I have seen no other cartoon dealing with the uncertainties of the Democratic situation that equals it in conception and execution. It has faults, of course. It proves you a false prophet and the picture of me would convict you of libel in any court of justice, but with the exception of these minor defects it is a work of art. It reminds me of a motto which I once saw over the stage of a theatre, namely, 'Fiction hath in it a higher aim than truth.' " Ireland liked both Bryan and Teddy Roosevelt, but he could never see beneath Al Smith's citified brown derby to discover the Happy Warrior's character and ability. He once exclaimed about Franklin D. Roosevelt, "I think he's going to be my kind of President," but he soon changed his mind, and his last daily cartoon, published on Memorial Day, 1935, twenty-four hours after his death, called up the angry spirit of a soldier from each of our wars to protest against something F.D.R. had said about the Soldiers' Bonus Bill.

It seemed to me when I was on the *Dispatch* in the early twenties that Billy was always in his office, working on his "Passing Show" or a cartoon. The door was open and anybody could walk right in; he had learned to go on drawing when he had visitors, and there was a constant stream of them through the years—admirers, sightseers, gagmen and cutups, Ross County folks and other friends, youngsters who wanted to become cartoonists themselves, and co-laborers of established reputation in his own vineyard. He looked at all the sketches the would-be artists brought him, and his opinion was either an enthusiastic "Keep at it!" or a gentle "What else can you do, son?" In 1925, Milt Caniff, now famous for his "Terry and the Pirates" but then a freshman at Ohio State, came to Billy and asked for a part-time job in the *Dispatch* art department. "Draw something that will make me laugh," Ireland told him, "and I'll get you the job." Caniff went to his room off the campus and drew a panel of cartoons telling, in the figures and idiom of fairy tale, the story of his own life. The final panel revealed that it was up to King Ireland whether or not the Dragon of Life slew Prince Milt. Billy not only laughed at it, he loved it, and Caniff got a job working on layouts after class, at seventeen dollars a week.

Most of the artists, both comic and serious, of Billy's day were friends of his, close or casual, from Rudolph Dirks, the Katzenjammer man, and George McManus, creator of the immortal Jiggs, to George Bellows, one of his earliest fans, who gave him a lithograph, lovingly inscribed, that still hangs on a wall in the old Ireland residence, on Woodland Avenue, in Columbus.

Among his best friends in his own profession were two men who shared his genius for capturing intimate, recognizable scenes from American family and neighborhood life—H. T. Webster and the late Clare Briggs, a Middle Western boy himself, whose style and subject matter greatly resembled his own, and whose death in 1930 was one of the severest blows of Ireland's life. Billy's friends knew him not only as a brilliant cartoonist but as a wit who could hold his own in any company, and as a gifted storyteller, impersonator, and amateur actor. He belonged to the Salmagundi Club in New York, and always dropped in there, and at the Players and the Lambs, on his way to his summer home on Cape Cod. His colleagues would go out of their way to visit him in Columbus. "Billy Ireland was one of the most entertaining companions I have known," Webster wrote me recently. "I visited him once during prohibition, and Bob Wolfe, who had to be away at that time, gave Billy the key to his liquor vault. This struck me as the acid test of affection and esteem, and that we produced no noticeable dent on the stock made both of us a little ashamed. Wolfe had fitted Billy's office with a large ornate and expensive desk, but Billy kept corn in it to feed the pigeons and continued using his battered old drawing table. Wolfe was so devoted to Billy that he was always ordering him to forget his work and take trips with him." Ireland's foremost idol among American draftsmen was Charles Dana Gibson, and it was Webster who brought the two men together. "We were both ardent admirers of Gibson," Webster wrote me, "and once when a few of us, including Gibson, were asked to a dinner in Chicago, I maneuvered to get an invitation for Billy, who joined us en route. Meeting Gibson was one of the big moments in his life and he told me he was all for making Dana king of the United States."

Neither Robert F. Wolfe nor any of Billy Ireland's other friends had, as a rule, to work very hard to persuade him to take a trip with them. "The motto of America," he once said, "is 'Let's Go,' " and he was an inveterate goer. On a

SPRING, ETC.

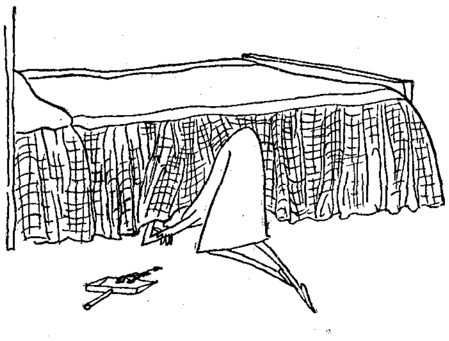
And now at last I come to it: spring,
Spring with his shoures sote,
Shoures of snowe stille in Minnesota
But spring all the same, starting all over
All of those worthy projects in grass and clover
That somehow got tabled last October.

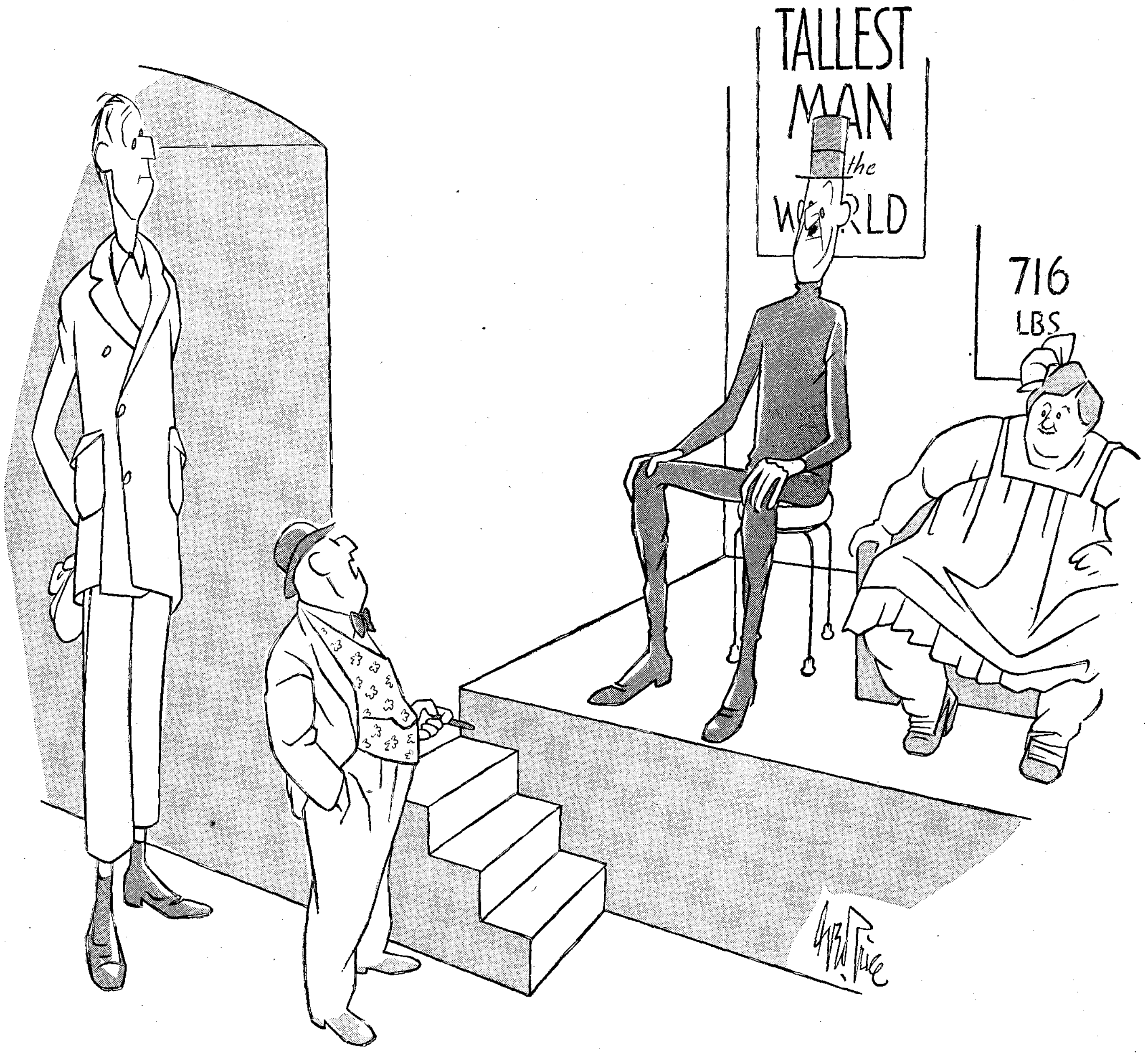
Spring in the trees and gardens, spring in the mind,
Spring in the fields and rivers, spring in the blood,
Spring, spring, spring, and then again spring,
Wet, warm, bright, green, good.

So now at last I come to it,
Long long overdue,
Come to it late by bobsled and skate, but come
To it, by golly and gum!
To it! Tu-whit, tu-who!

—Reed Whittemore

• •





"*Carmichael, I'd like a word with you.*"

• •

thousand fair Sundays, he set out early for automobile trips with his cronies that lasted all day. He liked to drive down to Chillicothe when the redbud, dogwood, and lilacs were in bloom. "I get hill hungry," he would say. If there was a maple-sugar b'ilin' or an apple-butter stirrin' going on anywhere, he wanted to be there, and he would travel to the ends of Ohio to look at a covered bridge he hadn't seen before, or watch cheese being made in a new way, or attend a county fair, or stand around for a while in an old blacksmith shop. He knew all the roads of Ohio, and they appeared in maps and sketches he drew for the "Gypsy Trail," a corner of "The Passing Show" that recorded his Sunday travels. The streets of Columbus, however, also held a deep fascination for him, and his eyes would gleam like a boy's when he looked at a steam shovel in an excavation, men in helmets using acetylene torches on a streetcar rail, a scissors-grinder sharpening something on his whetstone, a hook and ladder turning a corner, or a hyacinth on a window sill. He regarded the skillful worker in any field, from hedge trimming to watch repairing, as a fellow-craftsman, and a workmanlike job always held his attention and brought out his sincere praise. The accomplishment of a creative task, such as the erection of a henhouse or the painting of a flagpole, seemed to him to call for a celebration. He once led the merrymaking that attended the building of a birdhouse in a friend's back yard. There was a washing on the clothesline at the time, and Billy admired it, as he admired everything that was neatly done. He promptly looked up the washwoman and said, "Edna, that's the prettiest washing out there I ever saw." Edna never forgot that, and often talked about it. It was still fresh in her memory fifteen years later, when she heard the sad news that Mr. Billy Ireland was dead.

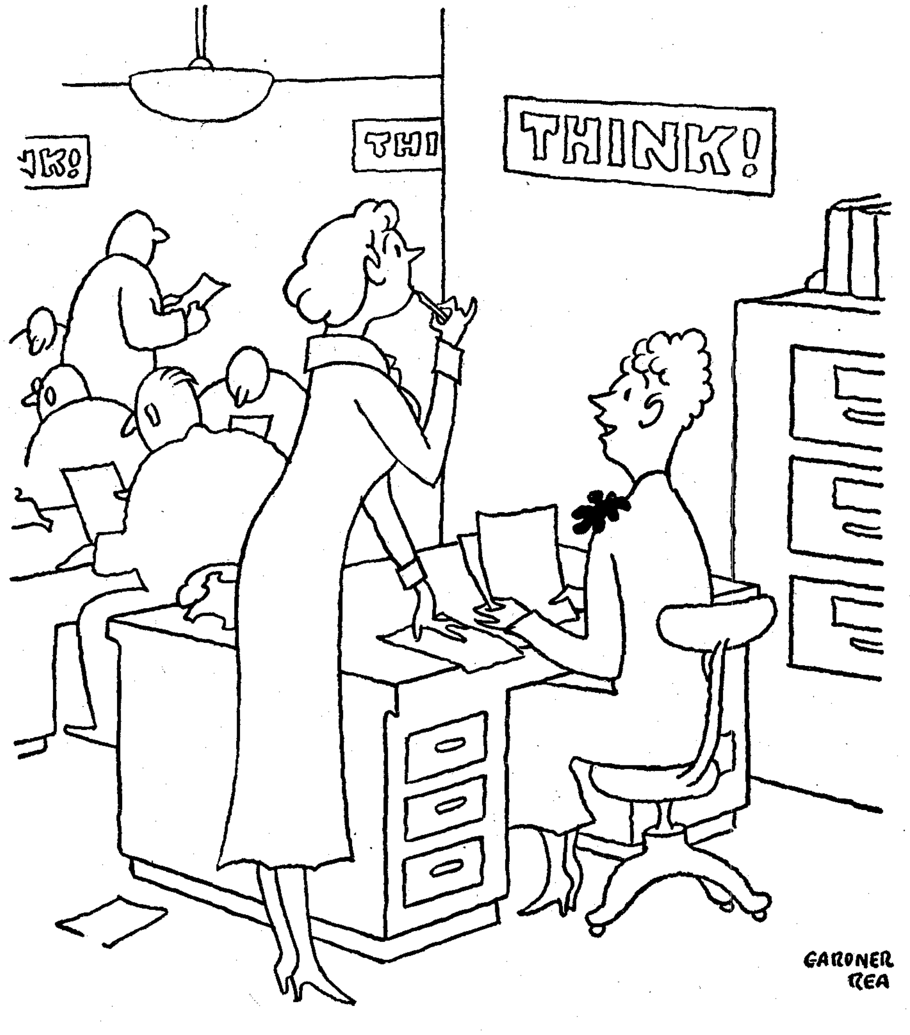
He hated illness and idleness with the ardent impatience of the outdoor man and the ceaselessly creative artist, and he refused, with amiable stubbornness, to go to a hospital for a necessary operation when he developed an exophthalmic goitre during his forties. His friends were worried, and pleaded with him, but he wouldn't listen. Then his publisher, a man used to getting difficult things done, led a friendly conspiracy to trick Ireland into the operation. Dr. André Crotti casually suggested one day that an oxygen treatment would be good for his patient and Billy agreed to submit to that. The next morning, as the oxygen was being administered, it was gradually replaced by an anesthetic gas. When Billy's "lamps went out," as his old friend Hazard Okey puts it, he was carried downstairs to the dining room, which had been swiftly and secretly converted into a makeshift operating room, complete with a battery of nurses and technicians. To Dr. Crotti, a distinguished thyroid surgeon, this was just one of hundreds of goitre operations, but he must have been a little uneasy as to how his friendship with the cartoonist would come out of it. The friendship survived without a scar; Billy was bewildered, but grateful for what had gone on behind his consciousness, and he took it as a good joke on himself.

William A. Ireland died in his sleep, at his home on Woodland Avenue, one night in late May, as his favorite season of the year was coming to a close. He had suffered several minor heart attacks, but he had had no intimation that he was going to die, fifteen years short of his threescore and ten, and his friends were glad of that. The bereaved Columbus *Dispatch* devoted most of its front page, under an eight-column headline, to its great cartoonist, and there was a deep layout of photographs of him, six columns wide. One of them showed him with John T. McCutcheon, of the Chicago *Tribune*, at some tree-planting ceremony; in another, he was seen riding in the cab of a locomotive and wearing an engineer's outfit and his best Sunday "Let's Go" smile. It was a souvenir of the day he had been the honored guest of the Pennsylvania Railroad on one of its Middle Western trains, and had been allowed to handle the throttle for a while as the locomotive hit a clip of seventy miles an hour.

Billy Ireland's church was the American outdoors, with its far-flung congregation of folks, but though he rarely went to indoors church, and used to say "I'd rather see the sun shining on trees and streams than elbowing its way through stained glass," he was an Episcopalian, too, and there were formal services at his home. So many people came to the funeral that hundreds could not get inside the house. The ones that stayed outside were careful not to trample the double row of iris in bloom that lined the walk to the front porch. Hazard Okey, a deacon of long standing in the outdoor church, waited in the front yard, and when a catbird in a bush began to sing, he opined, "Billy's probably hearing that bird and not what the parson's saying in there."

Billy Ireland had wanted to be buried in Chillicothe, and he was taken there in a motor hearse, followed by an imposing procession of automobiles, of which at least a dozen were needed for his close personal friends, he had so many. The car just behind the hearse was the red one of the chief of the Columbus Fire Department, and Billy's friends commented that the idea of the swiftest and most impatient motorcar in town leading the procession to Chillicothe would have made the chief's old friend smile. He was buried on a green slope of Grandview Cemetery. The redbud and dogwood and lilacs had long since gone out of bloom, but the sun was shining and the day was pleasant, and the flowers of June were coming into blossom. His grave overlooks the town of Chillicothe, the valley beyond, and Mount Logan and its adjacent hills. More than a hundred years before, this very scene had inspired the artist who designed the great seal of the state, which shows a benevolent sun rising between the hills and shining upon the proud symbols of Ohio's agricultural wealth. Billy Ireland loved that seal and its story, and often talked about it. It represented for him not only his beloved Ross County but his Middle West and his United States of America. A dozen publishers, including Hearst and Pulitzer, had tried to get him to leave Ohio for New York or Chicago, or some other big city, but Billy always turned them down. "I'm a buckwheater, and I belong in buckwheat country," he wired the owner of one newspaper, and to another he sent this simple message, "I want to live within burying distance of Ross County." The Gypsy Trail of the boy from Chillicothe had come to its end, many years too soon, but in the right weather and at the right place.

—James Thurber



"Don't worry about it. They're only meant for the men."

•

"There will be a special meeting of a new group at the office Saturday afternoon," Fanny told me, out of earshot. —*The Herald Tribune.*

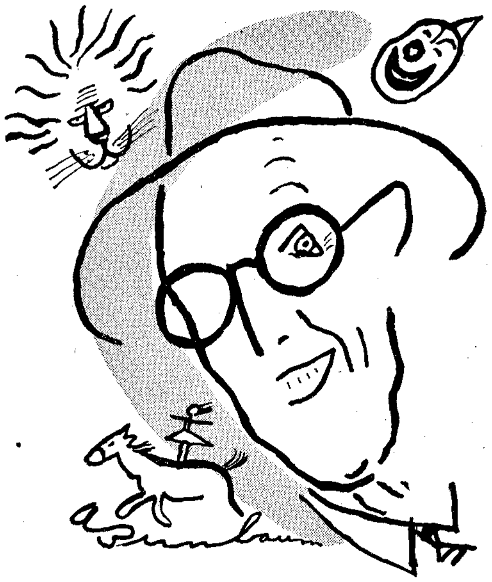
Smoke signal?

PROFILES

BOSS OF THE KINKERS—I

AROUND the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus, Pat Valdo, the personnel director, is in a uniquely unenviable position. Aimed at his head, like a shower of plutonic lava, is the abuse of two hundred and fifty fine but volatile performers of twenty-seven nationalities. Some exceptionally noisy movies have been built on the theme of the harried Broadway producer quivering to the whimsical spasms of his eight or ten players; Valdo, treed by his hundreds, is a sight to wring anguish from any but the sourest heart. Throughout the workday, he mops at his glistening face with an oversized handkerchief, he darts about on small fake errands to divert attention, and frequently he glances in pretended horror at his wristwatch and disappears altogether, returning when he feels stronger. To make his plight worse, Valdo is on insecure footing in any language but English and often has only the dimmest notion of the nature of his flock's beefs. "*Amigo! Amigo!*" he will cry to a Spanish swinging ladder who wishes to be removed from the circus-train compartment of an occupationally fragrant lion tamer. "You and I—*amigos*? Frands, *hein*? What is trouble? For God's sake, where's Bob Dover?" Dover was formerly Valdo's interpreter, a man equally at ease in Latvian and Cape Dutch, but he recently visited his home town, and his draft board, happy to see him available, clapped him into the Army.

While Valdo's responsibility technically involves only the performers, he somehow manages to wind up with the problems of nearly everybody in the Big Show's population of fourteen hundred. It is his peculiar misfortune that he has rich confessionary gifts. Though nervous, he applies the magic balm, maintaining peace in a gigantic precision enterprise that cannot thrive on war, and he is content to stagger along with his burden of borrowed trouble. "If they tell it all to me, especially if they scream at me, it makes them much happier," he says. "And anyway it's only a case of chickens coming home to roost." In times past, Valdo himself, as a famous clown, wire walker, juggler, and ringmaster, unloaded his woes on someone higher up; his graduation to personnel director switched the psychiatric stream. During performances, he establishes himself in a canvas chair just outside the big top, where he can watch every act enter and emerge. He is poised for mishaps. Valdo has what might be described as absolute circus pitch, and while the crescendo inside mounts—the hoofbeats, the applause, the whistles from the rings, the fast-changing music—he waits in torment for the broken tempo that tells of a flier fallen or an animal handler injured. At such a time he is a demon of quick decision. Springing out of his chair to appraise the situation, he leafs through the acts massed in the entrance somewhat like a juggler handling cigar boxes. "Gabrielles—take the middle ring!" he will cry. "Never mind the cues! Clowns! You, clowns! Where the hell are the clowns? We've got a hundred clowns with this circus and none of them are ever within reach." It is an enduring complaint of the clowns that Valdo uses them as a cure for everything, the way some people take aspirin. His shrill "Clowns, get out there and *do* something!" is a staple of Ringling crises—no doubt a harkback to the personnel director's long career in whiteface. He was so nostalgic one afternoon in Indiana when a rider was thrown and trampled that he snatched up a stray hen, as an emergency prop, and sprinted into the arena himself, only to trip over an elephant tub and come to his senses.



Pat Valdo

AT the Ringling winter quarters in Sarasota, Florida, Valdo's life is different but no less confused. He puts in a full day in his office, in the low frame administration building on the swarming grounds. As the performers report in from vacations, from the various Shriners' circuses, for which Ringling supplies some of the personnel, and from night-club and other engagements, Valdo receives them, and assigns them to their quarters and to seats in the cookhouse. The winter months, while financially a drain, are decisive ones for the circus. The letdown after the season just closed has been abysmal, and the task of picking up the pieces and building a new show requires, besides managerial genius, an almost mystically expert approach to the cast. In the latter department, Valdo reigns supreme in the circus world. To his charges, he is an authentic old "kinker," or performer, and his decisions, even when they go counter to somebody's wishes, are accepted as valid. Now in his middle sixties, nearly bald, six feet tall, and in lean, hard shape, with a gentle Irish face not unlike that of a sad-faced clown, Valdo starts his office mornings with three cups of black coffee at the nearby winter-quarters concession stand, dodges several hopeful inquiries from other customers, and returns to his desk. There he awaits his callers as troops in the First World War probably awaited the charge from across no man's land—anxious but resigned.

On a routine day this past winter, Valdo's first arrival was Oscar Konyot, who had come to Ringling's from Italy with a new lion act the week before. "Well, Oscar," said Valdo to the lion tamer, a quick, tanned, stringy man, "did Dick Miller get some pictures?"

"Three lionesses in love this week," said Konyot. "Very dangerous. That Sayda, she tear my head off." Konyot was dressed in hunting clothes and carried a 410-gauge shotgun, which he laid carefully on the floor.

"Let it go, then! Forget it!" cried Valdo, springing up in agitation. "What we need most here is a mauled lion tamer."

"Maybe Sunday for the pictures," said Konyot. "Right now, there is perhaps somebody can show me about the rabbits."

"What rabbits?" Valdo asked. "This circus doesn't carry any rabbits."

"I find a small stream where I think rabbits cross in early morning," Konyot went on, "but I sit behind bush two hours and—nothing."

"You want to *shoot* rabbits?" cried

Valdo in disbelief. "A *lion tamer*? Aren't you getting enough to eat around here?"

Konyot shrugged. "I keep busy," he said.

"We have a canvasman named Peters that used to be a nut on hunting," said Valdo. "Maybe he'll show you. You know Bob Reynolds, the boss rigger? All right, ask him to point him out."

Many circus people think that Konyot will be badly mauled before this season is over. His lioness Sayda, the smartest member of his eight-lion troupe, has mauled him nine times so far. His left hand is crippled as a result of a male lion's slap. All wild-animal acts make Valdo painfully uneasy. "I prefer them mixed," he says. "Lions and tigers, or leopards and tigers—along those lines. Clyde Beatty used to say he had the lions in there to protect him from his tigers. Make it all one kind of cat and their thoughts turn to the tamer. Specially tigers. Clyde also used to say he could tell when the tigers were planning to kill him by a look in their eyes. Well, I see where they killed one of his assistants the other day in Chicago. Me, I like a nice horse act. They're pretty and they're safe, except when they kick you. They used to kick hell out of me when I was a clown."

After Konyot left, the office receptionist stepped through Valdo's doorway and said, "I've got some bad news. A wire just came in that Miss Mara fell last night in Detroit."

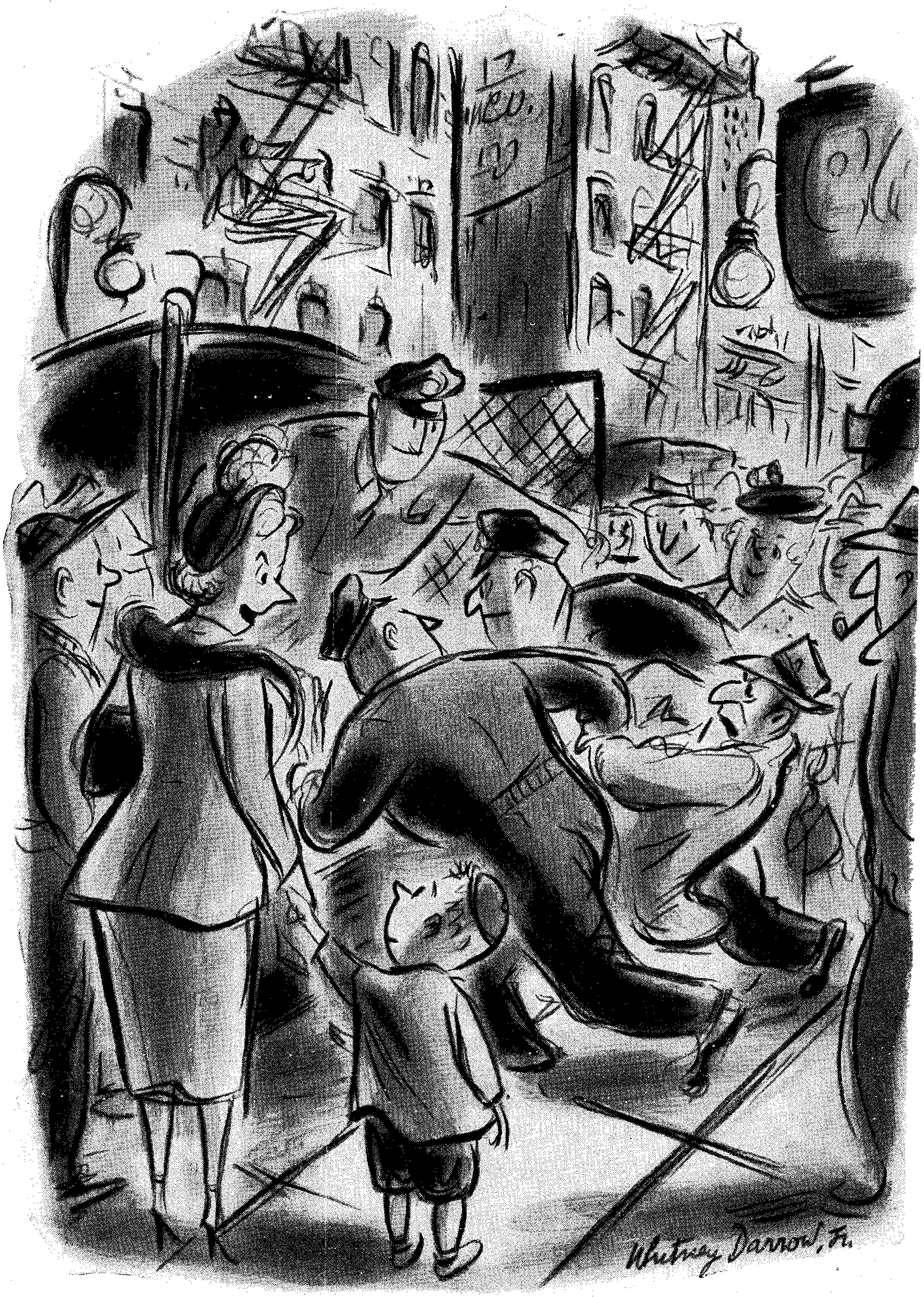
Valdo leaped out of his chair, jammed his hat on his head, and ran to the door. Then he apparently decided he had no place to go and came back. "At the Shriners' circus? How bad?" he asked. "She going to be lost to the program?"

"We haven't found out yet," the receptionist said.

"I knew it! I knew it!" he cried. "I *told* that girl to work with a net. She's been off time—anybody could see it—and she was due to take a buster. Case of greenhand nervousness." He turned to the receptionist. "Get the details as soon as you can," he said.

Later in the day, Valdo learned that Miss Mara, a single trapeze, was not seriously injured and would be kept in the Ringling program. "But with a net," he said to a visitor. "These first-of-May guys—that's circus talk for novices—are always a little off time until they've had some seasoning under the big top. This girl's frightened with a new act, but she'll shape up all right."

Between the receipt of his first intelligence about the fall and the cheerful dispatch on Miss Mara's recovery, Valdo


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Because he was naughty, dear."

Fleurs de
Rocaille
POUDRE DE CARON

A glow of subtilty to enhance your complexion

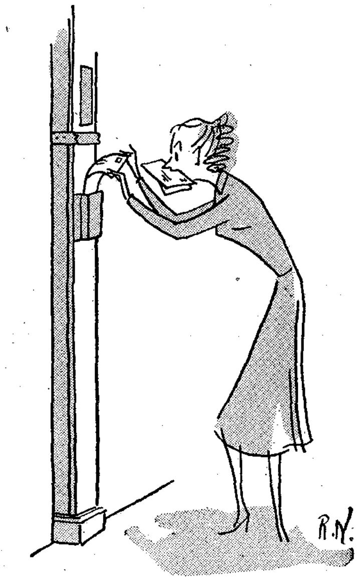
© Caron. 1952

disposed of several vexing problems. A woman from a national picture magazine turned up and demanded eight elephants, as well as eight showgirls who could be photographed riding them and wearing some costumes in which the magazine was interested. It was a difficult assignment, causing Valdo to spend more than half an hour on the telephone. The elephants were reported agreeable, but the girls invented excuses. In the long catalogue of four-footed mounts, elephants stand alone in the matter of discomfort to the jockey. Their odd, swinging gait, especially at speeds in excess of low gear, has a wrenching effect on the stomach, and the spiny hairs on their back feel like porcupine quills. After a great deal of cajolery, Valdo started eight girls, along with the fashion expert, toward the elephant kraal. Then he took a call from Roland Butler, the circus's public-relations director.

"Now, there's some *good* news," said Valdo after they finished talking. "Butler's got one of his old assistants back for the season, an excellent fellow." The acquisition was one of those windfalls that brighten the lot of personnel directors at unexpected times. The man had been serving as press agent for a small Passion play in the Carolinas, and had run into complications with his cast. Both Judas and King Herod were drunks, and one of the twelve disciples was suspected of working the crowd as a pickpocket. In exasperation, the agent had decided to quit and return to the circus, which had been his first love anyway.

The subject of circus personnel presents a curiously sombre and reluctant field for exploration, and one that has been slighted by historians. Employees seldom leave Ringling's for long; once they have been established as "circus," they are on the payroll—with occasional brief, unexplained lapses—practically for life. They become, in some subtle way, a responsibility of the owners. In the past, the Big Show has been an assembly place for cranks and misfits, for the antisocial, the restless, and a vague, disconsolate band to whom the fugitive bustle of one-night stands supplies the familiar opiate of running away. The circus offers perhaps the most enjoyable haven extant for those who seek a life of detachment and anonymity. It is not considered good form to ask a roustabout where he is from; if he answers at all, he is apt to say, "From the old John Robinson show," or "Sells-Floto, and before that, Hagenbeck-Wallace." This trade philosophy of mind-your-own-business, suspect in any society, has helped foster the public impression (aided by numberless books and movies) that circuses are still catchalls for jailbirds and thugs. But the day of the tough guy on the circus lot is over, and Ringling's in particular has striven to convey to its clients a feeling of domesticated gentility. Almost alone among circuses, the Big Show has never gone in for "grift," a professional generality covering all forms of petty thievery and flimflam gaming, with prior reference to "playing the nuts," or the shell game, and "tossing the broads," a kind of three-card monte. The grift concessions ("flat-joints"), from roulette to ring-the-kewpie, have always been associated in the minds of most circus people with a moderately unscrupulous species of citizen.

Under the watchful eyes of even the sternest personnel man, workers of questionable habits sift in now and then, as they do in any business. It was once discovered that a porter with the Ringling show, a former clergyman, enjoyed the ambiguous distinction on his native Mississippi heath of having shot one of his parishioners from the pulpit. Little had come of the incident in a legal way, since the congregation had agreed that the victim had arisen to voice a decidedly minority view of a perfectly clear passage from Saint Luke, and the episode had been written off as an inaccurate piece of criticism followed by an accurate rebuttal. With Ringling's, the porter functioned brilliantly for a while and then reverted, going in, at the end, for pilfering. He removed the brass plumbing from several railway cars, stole a coffin from a roustabout who had saved up for it for years, and then foolishly lifted John Ringling's



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bathtub. His sins were uncovered and he was restored to the clergy. Circus men of his type have always been offset by patricians dislodged in the centrifugal swirl of upper society. An ill-adjusted scion of a distinguished toothpaste family was a groom with Ringling's for five years, leaving in the early nineteen-forties, when a newspaper learned his identity. His colleagues hated to see him go, not only because he had become genuinely circus but because he always distributed his salary among them. A brother of Dorothy MacKaill, the once-famous movie actress, is a respected Ringling roustabout, and the late, sainted female leader of a great and confident religious cult was formerly a palmist, or mitt reader, with the Doris Brothers' Show.

Caste lines in the circus have never been uncompromising. To be sure, circus families of long standing, like other show people, are jealous of their billing; also, they are sometimes loath to appear in the "grand spectacle"—the spangled, mid-show procession that now establishes the annual theme of the Ringling presentation. But even the most aristocratic family of aerial artists, for example, can scarcely afford to act snobbish toward its rigger. The lives of the artists—"fliers," the circus calls them—depend on his affectionate concern for their act. In the circus, opportunity awaits the industrious in about equal measure. As Lincoln rose from his Kentucky hut, the lowliest manual worker can shift his station from the obscure land behind the ring rims to the lighted center. Applause is a persuasive catalyst, affecting the dreams of normally contented men. Ringling folk are fond of the case of the Great Billetti, who had been a rigger called Bill. Under the big top, he served ably with the equipment, and in his hours off he rigged a wobbly and makeshift wire and practiced continuously. The time came when he demonstrated before the managers, who promptly elevated him, both figuratively and physically. The title of the Great Billetti was furnished by Roland Butler, who has never been found wanting in promotional emergencies, and the newcomer was advertised as "The Latest Sensation from Europe," exact community not revealed. Easily adapting himself to the strange new land of Butler's choice, the Great Billetti enjoyed many fine seasons of public acclaim; then, as he aged, he ungrudgingly lowered his sights. Currently, he is a rigger called Bill again, sunny and cheerful in his old role, ready with

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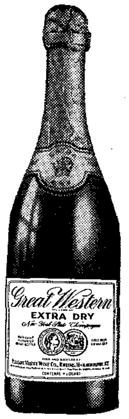

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his clippings, helpful to the acts that supplanted him.

AT the end of any routine day, Valdo has one drink and talks shop with his wife, Laura, whose circus heritage antedates his by three generations. Her father and her father's parents and grandparents were famous Danish wire walkers, and her mother's people were equally famous English bareback riders. Mrs. Valdo, a small, chic, uncommonly self-effacing woman, was herself a performer, in both her parents' specialties, from the time she was nine years old until the middle nineteen-thirties. Valdo's heritage, far from being connected with the circus, is tied up with cigars. His father, William J. Fitzgerald, owned the largest union cigar factory in Binghamton, New York, and for a space hoped that his son, Patrick Francis, would someday follow the ancestral custom of providing the nation with smokes. It was hope wasted. From his earliest school days, the boy had show fever, a disease that may abate but never dies. It was a curious attachment, since among the Fitzgeralds the theatre had never before been in serious contention with nicotine, and the family of his mother, Mary Murphy, had produced only one performer in past generations, a blackface comedian named Neil O'Brien.

Comedy was apparently instinct in Valdo—or Patrick Fitzgerald, as he was then known. Binghamton was refreshed and fortified by the staunch efforts of his parents to keep him in school. He deserted the classroom frequently to become a sceneshifter for repertory companies that played the town, and he was a familiar figure scuttling under the side walls of visiting circuses. On one regrettable occasion, he played hooky to take a job leading ponies in a circus parade, only to find that the parade went by both his home *and* the school. He was collared and put to the books. Not long afterward, a vaudeville star gave him a few pointers on juggling, and his school situation deteriorated rapidly. It was the argument of his teachers that Fitzgerald carried the business of practicing too far, or into the classroom. The other students, who were steady and tractable, and are mostly still living obscurely in Binghamton, were disconcerted by the youngster who lounged absently at the blackboard and filled the surrounding air with chalk, erasers, inkwells, and purloined apples. When he reached the tenth grade, his parents agreed on a compromise: he would be permitted to quit school and take a job in the drugstore of a cousin; show business was ruled out. The cousin's need for help was desperate; a mild eccentric, he spent much of his day sweeping the Binghamton streets. Patrick's career among the plasters and tonics was a singular chain of catastrophes for a juggler. He seemed incapable of steering clear of the overblown bottles in the pharmacy windows, and the breakage, deductible from his weekly wage of four dollars, left him in financial thrall to the relative. The child plotted escape.

As in the cases of Bobby Clark, Art Concello, and other circus performers who eventually became famous, young Fitzgerald got his real start at a Y.M.C.A. The old Adam Forepaugh Circus came to town, and with it a family of Gallaghers, billed as "The Judges"—jugglers and acrobats, a couple of them distantly related—and he made their acquaintance at the youth center. Circus people, despite their sensitive jealousies, have a recklessly unselfish attitude toward developing new talent with which to compete. The Gallaghers noted a smoldering fire in the boy's eye, his all-round coördination, and the specific dexterity with which he manipulated some skinned-up Indian clubs, and they decided to give him a hand up. With his earnest consent, they circulated rumors of a budding new talent in Binghamton, and a few weeks later, when the Walter L. Main Circus arrived, he slipped neatly into one of those last-minute vacancies so cherished in the Hollywood story conference. Glamour was largely lacking in Fitzgerald's case. A pivotal candy butcher had been detained by authorities down the line for hawking a product based on sawdust and repre-

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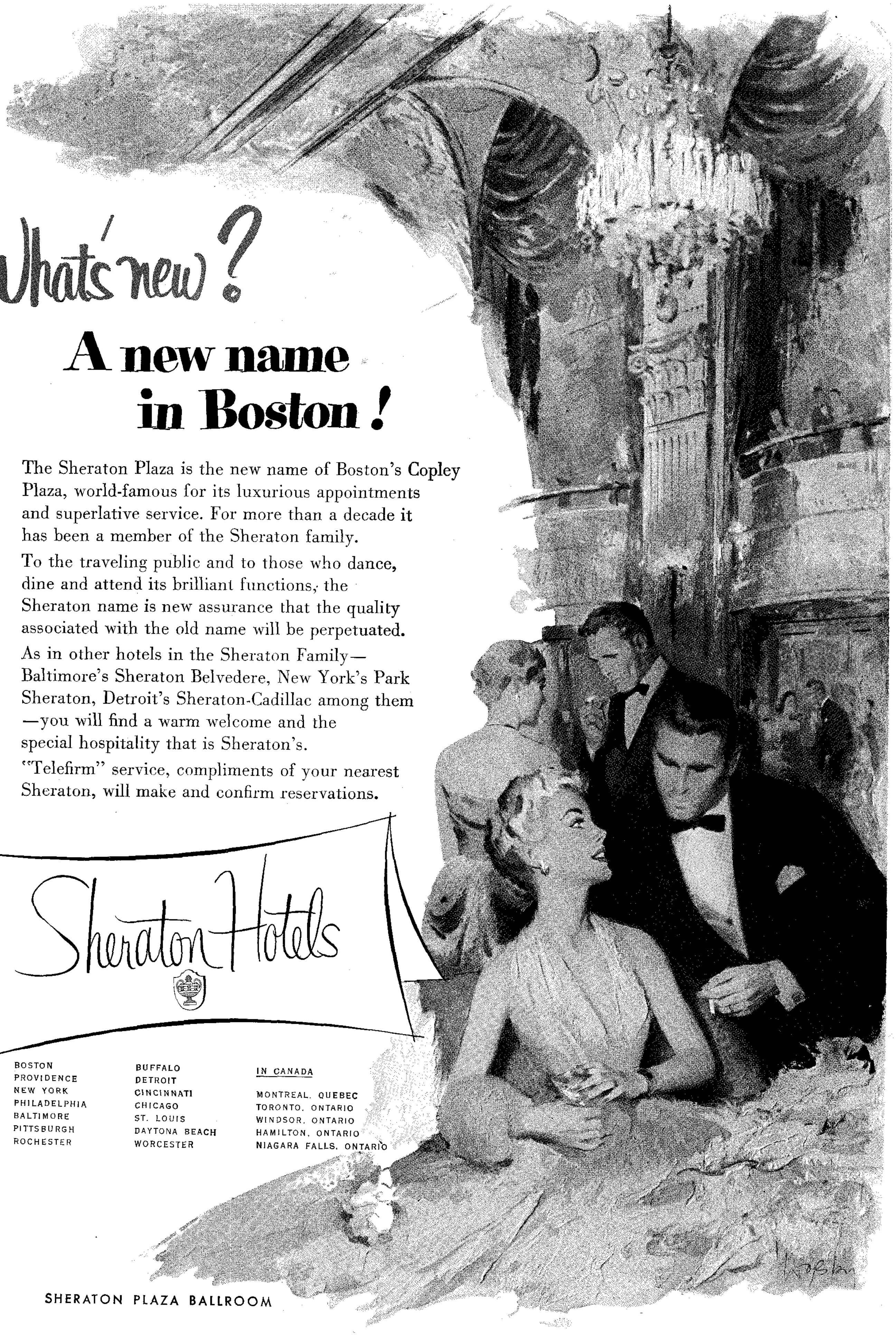

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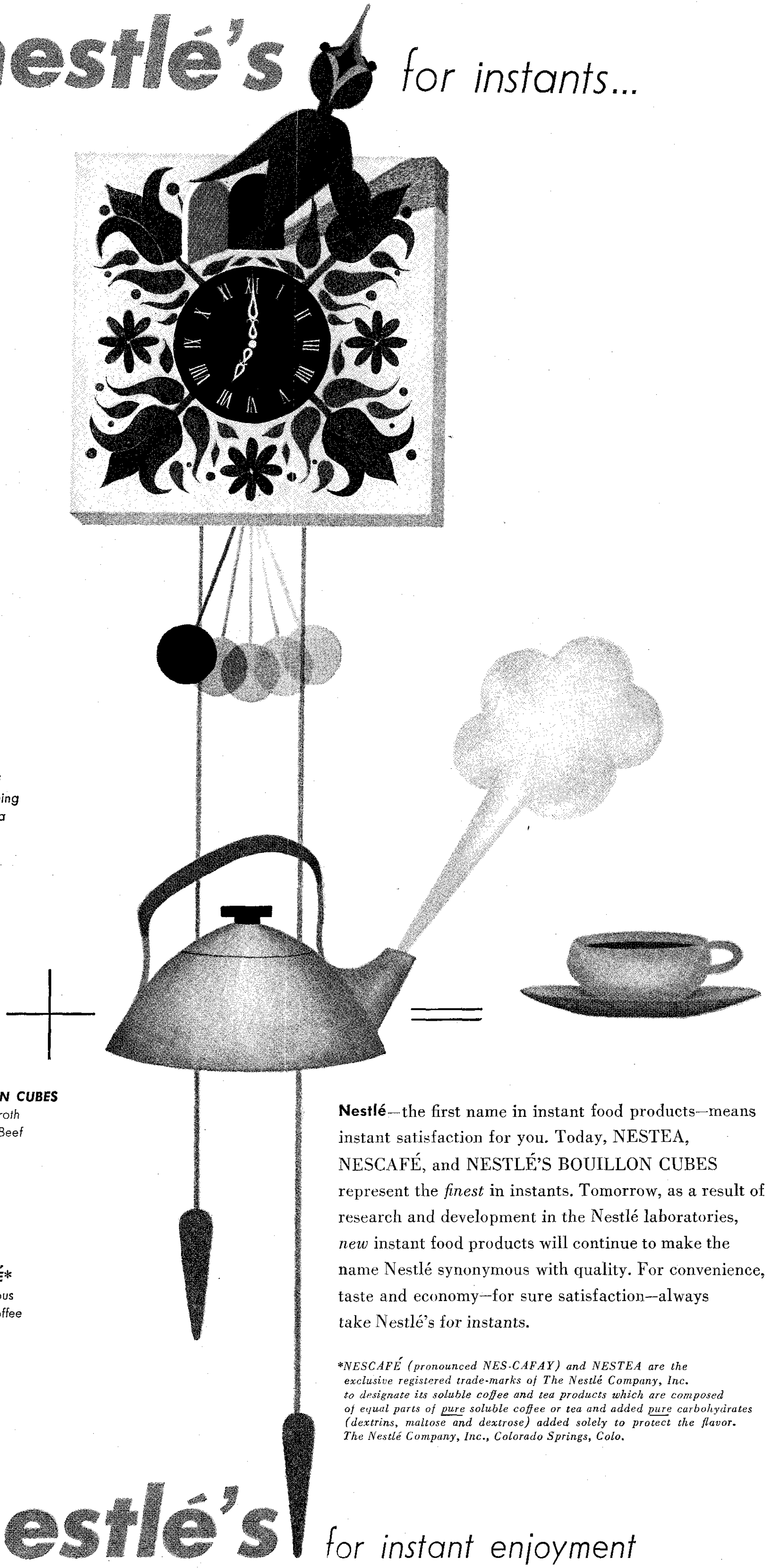

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sented as fudge. Hastily slapping on a light makeup, the boy sprang into the stands and made good. He stuck to orthodox fodder, and the stuff went like wildfire.

Eastern manufacturing families of the time (1902) were loath to lose members to circuses, which were in mediocre repute, and various of the Fitzgeralds visited the Walter L. Main Circus in an effort to remove Patrick. But the die was solidly cast; he remembers today listening to the pitch, or spiel, of an uncle who is now a well-known architect, and then quietly selling him a peanut cluster and a leaky balloon. When, in a few months, the boy got a job with the John Robinson show as an apprentice clown, at ten dollars a week, the cigar issue was closed forever.

THE life of a new clown is far from soft. He is obliged, in the circus phrase, "to take the water"—meaning to serve as butt for all jokes of violence. He is smacked with the double-bladed paddle, bowled over in chases, and, justifying the phrase, doused down the front with water, by means of a funnel in the belt band. According to old-timers, Robinson's new apprentice absorbed abuse with a zest that has possibly never been matched. He performed, in short, like somebody who had been rescued from a cigar works, and the older clowns poured it on. The damper his legs, the happier he seemed. On the advice of a paternal clown named Stelling, the youngster changed his last name to Valdo, the origin of which has always mystified him. He has tried it backwards and rejected "Odlav" as a possibility, unless Stelling was Russian. In any case, "Valdo" fitted snugly into programs, and Patrick soon felt at home with it. At the same time, he settled down to the study of his craft, and he began to develop several gags that are hardy circus perennials today. For instance, he struck up a sort of fore-and-aft friendship with a midget, who agreed to fill a role that might be viewed as ignominious by many artists. Valdo dressed himself like a woman and made up his smaller partner as an oversized bustle. Out on the tanbark, fanning furiously, or engaged in some other feminine activity, Valdo would suddenly hoist his skirts and run rapidly around a curve, while the bustle, in the person of the midget, carried on in a straight line. Circus crowds found the gag funny, and still do, in the repertory of imitators.

Valdo soon became known in clown

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circles as a fellow who kept his hands and his mind exhaustingly busy. He developed into a master of makeup, using for his own clown character a handsomely drawn white face with wide red lips and black eyebrows. "Pat was a beautiful whiteface," a circus veteran remembers. "A real striking job. What we call a picture clown—he photographed good, that is." Off duty, Valdo would sit dreaming up new gags (all clown stunts are "gags" to the circus) and then set to work building whatever props were necessary for their execution. It was Valdo who thought up probably the best-known clown act of all time—the midget fire brigade that rushes in and swarms over the burning building. Eddie Johnson, an old-timer in Butler's press department, feels that for the fire-department gag alone a statue of Valdo should be erected in some handy public park, visible to strolling children. "I doubt if there's an adult in America who hasn't, at some point in his childhood, laughed at that gag of Pat's," he says. In addition to Valdo's ingenious brain waves, his manual dexterity became widely known, and it continues to baffle friends. He is a fine amateur pickpocket, extracting objects like watches, wallets, and handkerchiefs from the pockets of his audience. Unlike his counterparts in professional circles, he returns these finds, though occasionally with a sigh. In the first few years of his clowning, Valdo, ever preoccupied, devised a red wig that, when a string in his pocket was pulled, stood up and spun like a whirligig. Nobody has been able to explain why the sight was funny, but it was.

In 1904, his fame spreading, Valdo was hired by the Ringling Brothers Circus, an advancement that would be considered a coup by any clown. Nervous in his new job, he determined to work out something that John Ringling, the real boss of the show, could be proud of. Accordingly, he bought some pigeons and a popgun that smoked when it fired, and began operations on a new gag. The idea was to release a pigeon, run around aiming at it with the popgun, shoot, and have the pigeon flutter down and sit unconcernedly on the gun barrel. Out of anxiety, he explained it all to Mr. Ringling, who said, "It won't work. And if you collect a lot of boos, I'll fire you." On the night of the tryout, at Madison Square Garden, Valdo was horrified to find that his pigeon cage had become unlocked and all the birds except one, a wild and haughty Johnny-come-lately, had decamped. Nevertheless, he pranced out under the lights, loosed the survivor, and went through the gyrations with his popgun. The pigeon mingled with the fliers, explored the rafters, flew down to the boxes and perched on John Ringling's shoulder for a second or two, and then finally made its way to the gun barrel. Everybody laughed, and Valdo retired to his dressing room with intimations of a tight squeak. Later on, he continued the pigeon act, but he made it a rule to train every bird carefully for at least a month, using a haul-in thread tied to one of its legs.

From a hand balancer, Valdo bought a dog that had been picked up trotting along a street in Somerset, Kentucky, and set in motion another gag that has become a cherished staple of American circuses. This one turned out to be surprisingly easy—owing, Valdo thinks, to the simple, natural story line of his plot. By appealing to the dog's true instincts, he was able to persuade it to leap up, after a series of monkeyshines, and bite him in the seat of his trousers. The stunt was a national favorite. Nearly everybody enjoys seeing somebody else convincingly bitten by a dog, and Valdo's purchase, name of Prince, was a born actor. Carrying on with Prince, he conceived the idea of converting the animal into a miniature elephant. Elephant-dogs today are also staples of clowndom; Charlie Bell, one of Valdo's Ringling clowns, has them in his current bag of tricks.

IN the winters, between circus runs, Valdo began taking vaudeville engagements, starting at the Liberty Theatre in Pittsburgh. His salary was twenty-five dollars a week, out of which he had to pay his room and board and travel expenses, besides an agent's fee of fifteen per cent. (The advertised fee was only ten per cent, but it was customary for newcomers to hand over fifteen, in order to get extra attentions.) One winter, Valdo joined the No. 2 company of "Polly of the Circus," a popular Broadway play of the period. Depressingly enough, his part consisted of dashing out onto the stage and being bitten in the seat of the trousers by his devoted friend Prince. The circus seasons came and went, and he shifted from show to show in accordance with the attractiveness of the offers. In 1911, he got forty dollars a week with Barnum & Bailey, which had not yet combined with Ringling, and in 1912 he was raised to fifty with Hagenbeck-Wallace. However, he recalls 1910 as his banner year, because it brought both romance and professional changes. In the cook tent of Barnum & Bailey, he was seated at the same table as Laura Meers, an acknowledged young beauty of the circus world. Badly smitten, Valdo took to toying with his food, and then to essaying small, feeble remarks about the weather. It was tough going; each time he directed a comment at the girl, her father, Robert Meers, the wire walker, growled like a member of an animal act. It was in this unsettling situation that Valdo consented, as in a dream, to spend the winter months with the horse troupe of Orrin Davenport in vaudeville.

The act, in Davenport's opinion, needed an agile clown who could entertain on the ground and hop on and off the ring stock to spice things up. "In the long history of circus people," Roland Butler recently said, "there has never been a horse performer with less innate talent than Valdo." Try as he might, Valdo could never get aboard without incurring a lively risk of fractures. Mostly, he bounced off the horses' sides; occasionally, however, he made it to the saddle area, only to skid on over the horse entirely. Equestrians agree that certain mortals, otherwise skillful and competent, are doomed to be forever bluffed by horses. It was apparent that Davenport's mounts, recognizing a setup in Valdo, declined in subtle ways to coöperate. As he charged across the ring, sweating with concern, they would shift the tempo slightly and present a bony shoulder for the inevitable crash. If he seized a horse by the tail, it was apt to give out with a mild warning kick. At length, in a business conference of desperation, Davenport and his new feature decided to capitalize on these misfortunes. In

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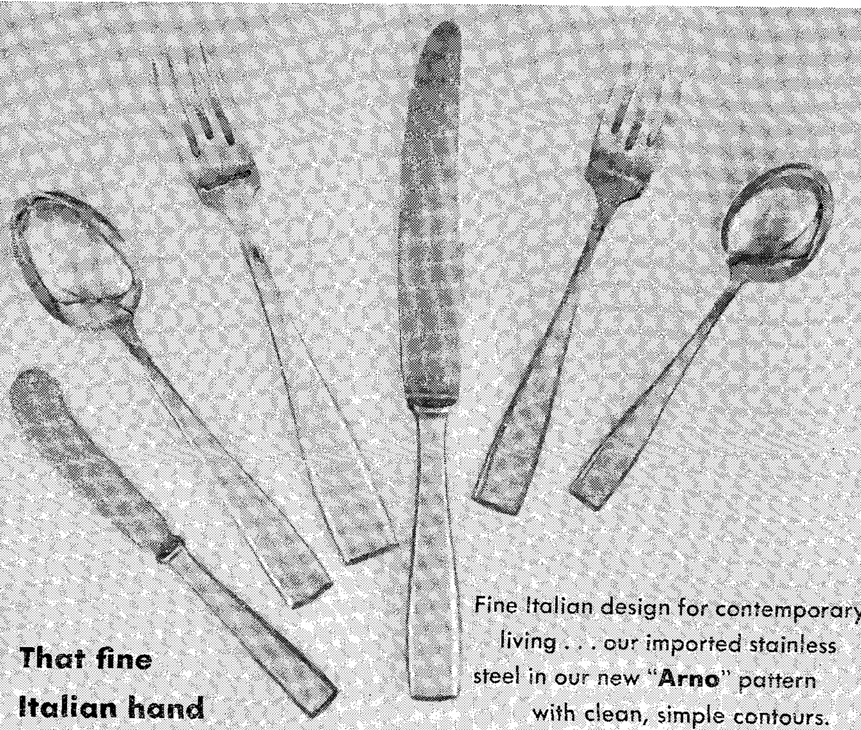

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the future, Valdo would pose, without effort, as the clown who had trouble with horses. He would ricochet off a few sides, and then Prince, promoted from trouser-biting, would run on and mount in his stead. The gag worked, and the act improved in popularity.

Meanwhile, Valdo's courtship proceeded at a snail's pace. All the Meers liked the ambitious and genial clown, but they appeared to consider him the sort of fellow who might break up a family act at a moment's notice. The umbrella-equipped shadow of Robert Meers stood in perfect balance between the young couple. Late in 1911, possibly to get his daughter out of Valdo's sight, Meers took the act to Hagenbeck-Wallace; two years later, when he returned to Barnum & Bailey, Laura joined Orrin Davenport, now also with Barnum & Bailey, as a bareback rider, and the year after that Valdo and Laura were married. Actually, the departure of one member from a circus act rarely causes a crisis. As a rule, some likely apprentice is lifted into the family circle, and things proceed about as smoothly as before. Meers filled his vacancy, and the newly wed Valdos advanced the Davenport troupe to the coveted center ring. The domestic and professional life of the young Valdos excited the admiration of everybody who knew them. Pat was in no way piqued by the fact that his bride, a member of the weaker sex, was able to skip lightly across a ring and ascend to the back of a moving show horse. Mrs. Valdo, for her part, regarded her husband with affectionate seriousness, in spite of the fact he was always clowning.

Like most newlyweds, the pair encountered rough spots. Indeed, they ran into hurdles that might have seemed insurmountable to persons of lesser fibre. Outstanding among these was Valdo's agreement, a few seasons after the wedding, to join with his wife and her brother Fred in what was essentially a wire-walking act. The change worked no hardship on either the Davenports or the Meers, since Pat and Laura had of late been trying various combinations, as circus acts will, and were no longer rigidly identified with any particular act. For one thing, they had taken to throwing boomerangs, whittled by the manually accomplished Valdo in such a way that they would do nearly everything except sell tickets. They would rise up into the crowd and float back, describing perfect circles. A special one whose construction remains his professional secret

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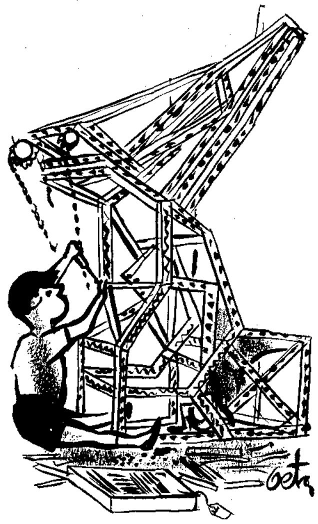
would whirl up, come back, and turn a corner.

For Valdo, variety is the essence of the circus, and it was because of this feeling that he consented to go wire-walking. All his instincts rose up against it. He was, and still is, an exceedingly nervous man, and, in the style of most nervous persons with sufficient courage to go ahead, he was prey to vivid and bloodstained fancies. Walking a wire is not child's play, as he was able to verify when, supported by Fred and Laura, he climbed the ladder for his first appalled glance at what is without question an idiotic thoroughfare. Several weeks of practice, and a number of slips and falls, were behind him when he traversed the wire the first time. The standard umbrella and balancing pole, and other aids, were put into play to give him a feeling of stability. As far as Valdo was concerned, the pièce de résistance of the act was the point at which, "blindfolded," he made his shivering way across the chasm and en route stepped over brother-in-law Fred, who was lying on the wire. To some of the audience, it appeared that Valdo was in fact proceeding without vision; others got the correct impression that one frightened eye was peering through the bandages. Valdo had stated quite emphatically that he would not walk the wire otherwise. Also, he said that, come hell or high water, he would cross the wire exactly once each performance. It was so agreed, and the act of Valdo, Meers & Valdo graced the newly combined circus of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey in the untroubled summers after the First World War.

One day in 1923, Charles Ringling made a revolutionary request of Valdo; he asked him to put on formal attire and assist Fred Bradna, the ringmaster, or,



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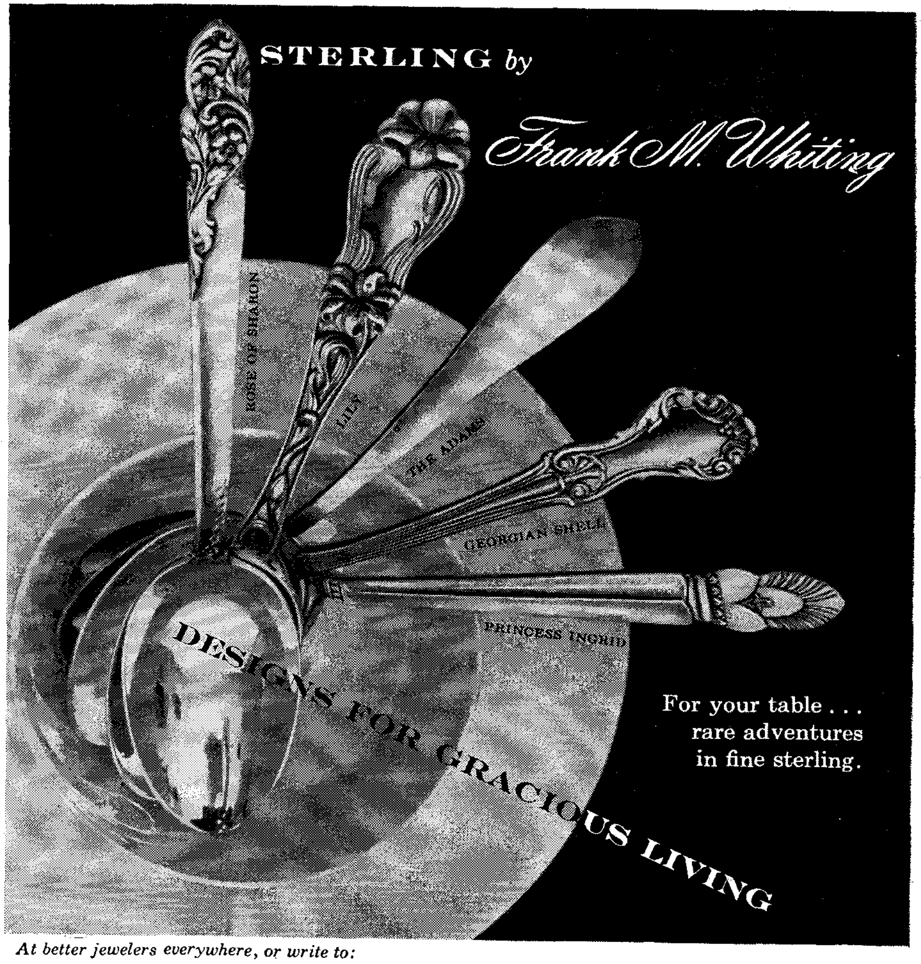

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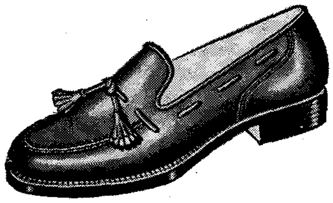

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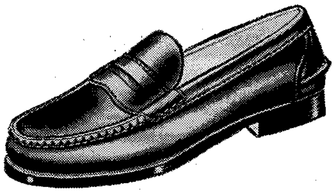

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as the circus prefers to call it, the equestrian director. Vibrating with doubt, Valdo ran to his wife and told her the news. To his amazement, she replied, "I'd do it. It ought to be good experience for you." On mature consideration, Valdo himself began to see that anything might be worth while that would get him down off the wire. The office of ringmaster in a great circus requires a very special temperament—a bland, imperious, and even complacent superiority to the shocking foibles of the human race. Bradna, perhaps the best-known ringmaster in history (retired now, and reigning as patriarch of the circus world), was richly endowed with the singular talents of his trade. He had been a cavalry officer in the French Army and had handled intractable animals and human beings with equal finesse. His appearance under the big top was majestic, authoritative, a little hypnotic. He is believed to be the only equestrian director on record to have ordered the queenly Lillian Leitzel back to her dressing room for a pair of clean tights. In the same spirit of management, he once fired a stingy musician for repeatedly stealing fish from the seals. Bradna is revered by circus people as the only man on the payroll whom John Ringling ever treated with deference.

Valdo, a fellow of humor and sensibility, was distinctly skittish in the role of assistant ringmaster. As Bradna moved about with an easy, theatrical flourish, Valdo jumped up and down like a jack-in-the-box. If an acrobat missed his footing, Bradna presented the audience with a diversionary smile; Valdo, the chances were, was creating a diversion of his own by trying to leap, tailcoat clad, into the gap. All in all, the assignment pulled on him rather heavily; nevertheless, he continued to serve, supplementing his new duties by going ahead with his wife in their old act, until 1929, when the Big Show bought nearly all the smaller circuses on the market. In the interim, he had become, through an evolution slyly engineered by the Ringlings, undoubtedly the world's foremost expert on circus employees. He was asked to study not only the Ringling artists but those of each subsidiary, and keep them all placed in order of skill and appeal. On one occasion, he reshuffled the entire Ringling roster of clowns, who, in the opinion of the owners, had grown rusty. After an evening performance in Jacksonville, toward the close of that year of 1929, John Ringling called Valdo into his private car and said, "Pat, we want

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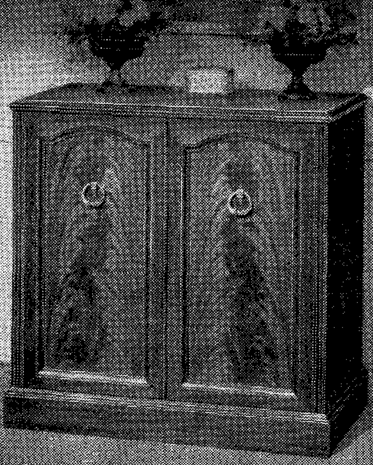

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Valdo removed his tailcoat and gave his makeup box to a young clown. His graduation to circus management was accomplished without the traditional torment of a retiring artist. The first night in his executive job, he stood, in street clothes, in the performers' darkened entrance and felt a slight touch of Pagliacci as the ring spots went up and the music approached the familiar cues. Then the rush and tumult of actors going on swept past him, and his thoughts returned to business. According to his dependent following, they have never strayed very far afield in the years since then.

—Robert Lewis Taylor

(This is the first of two articles on Mr. Valdo.)

•

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Our Presidents

First stands the lofty Washington
That noble, great, immortal one
The elder Adams next we see,
And Jefferson comes number three,
Then Madison is fourth you know
The fifth one on the list, Monroe;
The sixth, then Adams comes again
And Jackson, seventh in the train
Van Buren, eighth upon the line,
And Harrison counts number nine
The tenth is Tyler in his turn,
And Polk, the eleventh, as we learn,
The twelfth is Taylor in rotation,
The thirteenth, Fillmore, in succession;
The fourteenth, Pierce has been selected,
Buchanan, fifteenth is elected;
Sixteenth Lincoln rules the nation
Johnson, seventeenth, fills the station
As the eighteenth, Grant two terms serves
Nineteenth, Hayes our honor preserves;
Twentieth, Garfield becomes our head;
Twenty-first, Arthur, succeeds the dead
Then Cleveland next was selected
Twenty-third, Harrison's elected
Twenty-fourth, Cleveland is recalled;
Twenty-fifth, McKinley twice installed;
Twenty-sixth Roosevelt, strenuous, firm
Taft, twenty-seventh, serves his term;
Twenty-eighth, Wilson held the place;
Harding yields to death's embrace
Coolidge follows in his stead,
Hoover's next the nation's head
Roosevelt called in time of need,
A second term—defends our creed.
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THE THEATRE

TO MARRY OR TO BURN

LIKE "Point of No Return" and countless other plays, novels, short stories, and other forms of entertainment to which I have submitted myself during the past thirty years, "The Brass Ring," by Irving Elman, which opened and closed last week at the Lyceum, discussed the great American literary dilemma of whether a man should devote himself to financial success and a respectable life in the suburbs or to art and carousing of one kind or another. The protagonist in this case was one George Westman, residing in an unspecified community and occupying a fairly important position in his business, which was also unspecified, though I caught the word "debenture" from time to time. His family consisted of a wife, who was reasonably contented with her surroundings; a daughter, who wished to go to New York and write, in spite of persistent rejections from periodicals like the *Ladies' Home Journal;* and a son, who at the opening of the proceedings was about to take a position in his father's office.

There were various supernumeraries, including a young woman to whom the businessman had been attached a quarter of a century earlier, and who, by the ingenious employment of a platform and a gauze curtain, was made to appear to him occasionally as a symbol of what might have been; a brash young executive who had triumphantly reduced the technique of big business to a matter of transferring small pieces of paper from an "incoming" to an "outgoing" basket, but had been less successful in his courtship of the daughter; a young secretary, pregnant by the son but reluctant to resign herself to the kind of life that marriage with him would mean; and a vice-president of the firm, obliged to retire for medical reasons, who had no idea what to do with the rest of his life, since he had no real interest in anything except making money.

The cast also included George's father and mother, who turned up in a somewhat unintelligible dream sequence at the beginning, which more or less explained how he got the way he was; the girl of his dreams as she was when he met her again, who proved to be of such a bloodcurdling aspect that he realized things might have been a good deal worse after all; and a railway conductor with certain supernatural overtones. All these characters were useful in projecting Mr. Elman's message, which I took to be essentially that of "Point of No Return," and they were sometimes involved in moderately funny and touching fragments, such as the business of the incoming and outgoing baskets, a few domestic interludes that were valid enough, and some scenes of young love demonstrating that the author is capable of handling sentimental dialogue with both feeling and restraint. On the whole, though, I'm afraid that "The Brass Ring" was just pretentious and disorganized—another incomprehensible error of this incomprehensible season.

Sidney Blackmer, Carol Goodner, Bethel Leslie, Douglas Watson, Conrad Janis, and Patricia Benoit had the leading roles, and Miss Leslie and Mr. Watson went to the extreme length of playing two parts each. I thought everybody, including the director, Stanley Gould, did everything possible for Mr. Elman's tangled script, but these two are my candidates for conspicuous heroism beyond the call of duty. Elfi Von Kantzow's revolving set struck me as a little ponderous, even for a structure that required three interiors to be visible almost simultaneously, but I guess it served its purpose. John Barrows' incidental music was excellent. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

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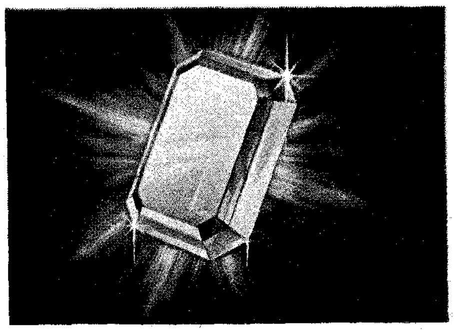

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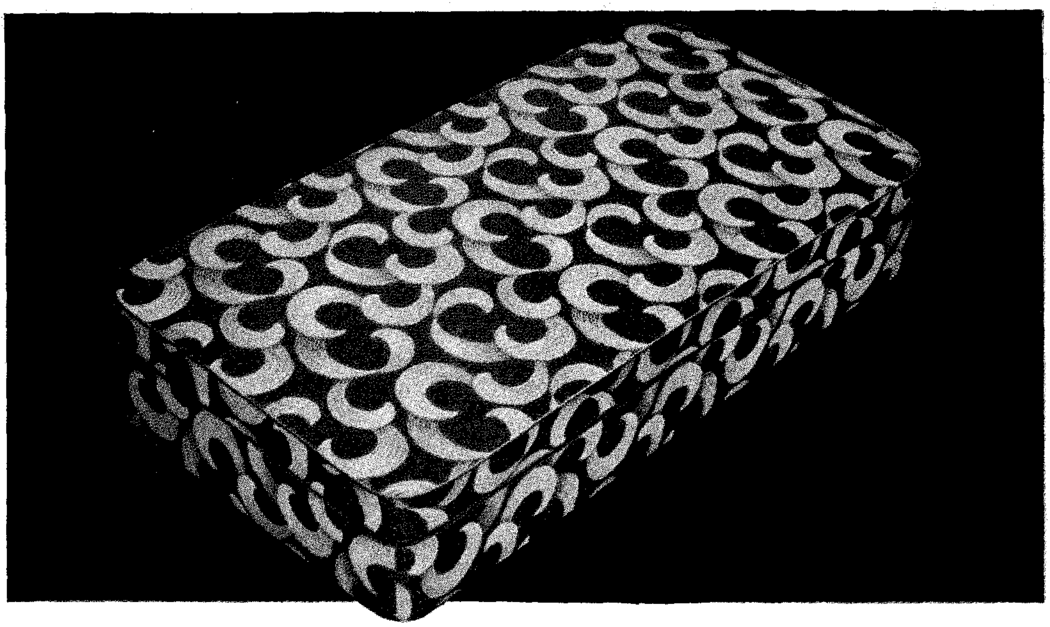

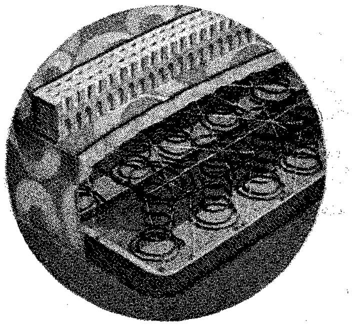

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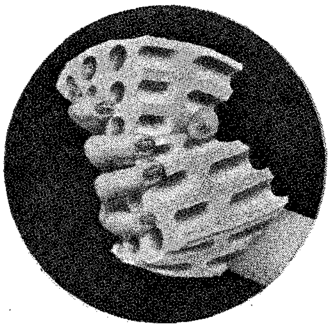

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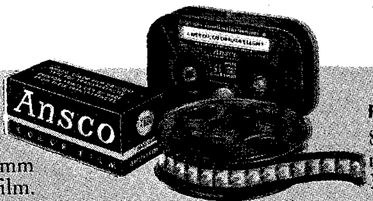

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THE SKY LINE

Schools for Human Beings—I

SINCE the war, the Board of Education has been putting up a series of new schools all over the city, some of them planned as early as 1943. They are among the happiest signs of architectural decency and civic sanity the metropolis can show, for they are almost the only new buildings that seem aware of the human scale, and they recognize the importance of that scale in the many activities a school now harbors. This is all the more remarkable because the New York City Housing Authority has been heedlessly galloping in the opposite direction, and because the Board of Education itself, when, in 1939, it built the Joan of Arc Junior High School, on West Ninety-second Street, seemed about to compound the congestion of New York's huge skyscraper housing projects by creating equally congested skyscraper schools. These new ones have sprung up in many parts of the city—from Fresh Meadows to Harlem, West End Avenue, and South Brooklyn—and certain features characterize all of them: They are free-standing, no more than three stories high, set back from the building line on three sides, and usually protected, as far as light and air are concerned, by a playground. Sometimes, indeed, a school and its playground occupy a whole block. None of these schools is quite as handsome as the best ones in other cities—those designed by Kump or Neutra in California, by Saarinen or Perkins in the Middle West, and by equally competent school architects working in smaller towns nearer home. But the elements of good planning and sound design are obvious in them, and it will need only a little further exercise of the educational administrator's imagination—and a little extra money for the aesthetic imponderables—to produce schools as good as they can possibly be.

Since these new schools are all pretty much of a piece, I shall discuss in detail what is architecturally one of the best of them. This is Public School No. 33, just south of Chelsea Park, which is at the northeastern corner of the superblock bounded by Ninth and Tenth Avenues and Twenty-sixth and Twenty-eighth Streets. I was attracted to the neighborhood because it is in itself a sort of architectural museum. A block north of the school, and across Ninth Avenue, rises the baroque green copper spire of the Church of the Holy Apostles. Straight to the north, set in the park, is the funereally decorated Health Center, done in seedy undertaker's modern, and west of that looms the grim and toothless ghost of the original P.S. No. 33, a now abandoned four-story building of grimy buff brick and classic brownstone trimmings, with a Dutch gable on one side and a formidable wall surrounding the even grimmer extension to the west. Nearby stands a public bath and gymnasium of the gaudy terra-cotta period, circa 1910. West of this whole architectural hodgepodge rise the hulking structures of Elliott Houses, one of the most overcrowded and dismal examples of public housing in the city—though, I hasten to add, a paradise compared to the evil tenements they replaced.

The park and the half block allotted to the new school are now in a sense a unit, for the city has closed Twenty-seventh Street from Ninth Avenue halfway to Tenth, and installed a walk that extends all the way to Tenth beside the surviving western segment of Twenty-seventh Street. The possibilities offered by this site have been exploited with good effect by the architect, Mr. Eric Kebbon. The school, which fills only a part of its lot, has a ground plan roughly in the form of a Saint Andrew's cross. The northeast and southeast arms of this cross abut on Ninth Avenue, and the main entrance opens on the triangular courtyard between these arms. The end wall of the northeast arm bears, in bold aluminum lettering, the name of the school, flanked by equally bold limestone seals of the Board of Education and the City of New York. To emphasize the public nature of the structure, the stairwell to the right of the main entrance is in a tower embellished by a clock whose hands and numerals are also of aluminum. The northeast wing is two stories high, the other wings are three stories, and the clock tower is four. The stairwells at the ends of two of the wings likewise jut above the main roofline. As a result, there is a continuous dynamic movement of the planes of the building as one walks around it—and, miraculously, one *can* walk all the way around it—that is entirely lacking in buildings conceived as uniform slabs. This dynamic quality has not been exploited to the full in this case, but at least a beginning has been made. (How effective an aesthetic re-

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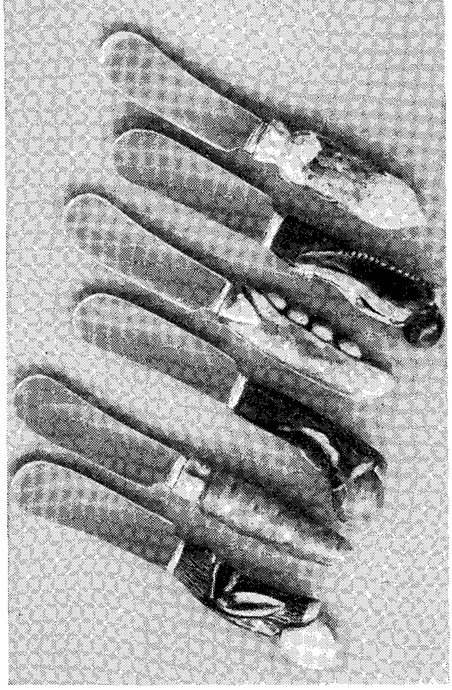

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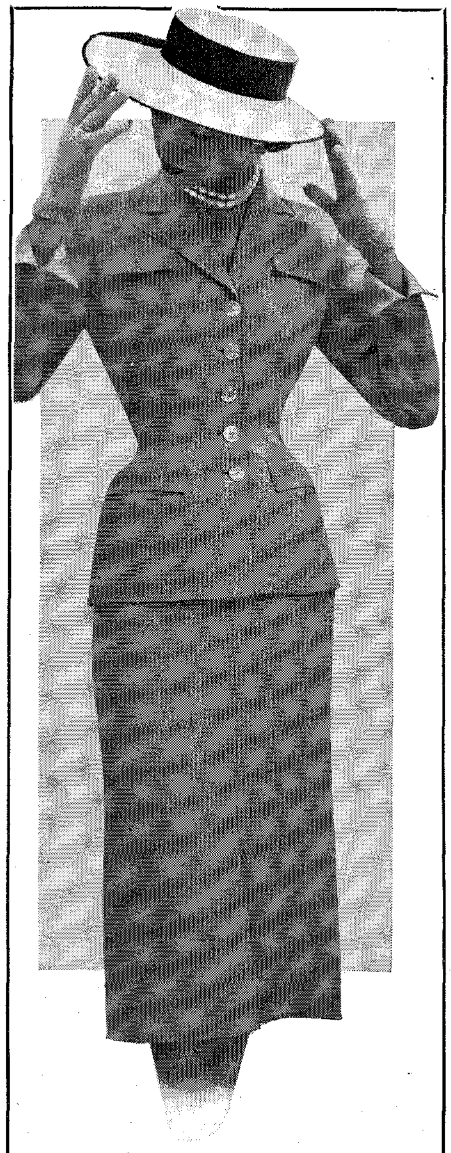

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source this is was amply demonstrated by the recent exhibition of Frank Lloyd Wright's model of the S. C. Johnson & Son research building at the Museum of Modern Art.) Like most of the new schools, P. S. No. 33 was designed to house from twelve to fourteen hundred pupils, which is about what the older vintage held. But because the new buildings are only three stories high and are set back from the building line, they look much more genial and intimate than the high, crowded buildings of fifty years ago.

The lively quality of the plan and elevation of the Chelsea school is, unhappily, weakened by some of the details. The stairwells are lighted by a great vertical panel of glass brick above the entrances. Since the brick façades are severe to the point of bleakness, glass panes, in solid colors or in geometrical patterns, could have been used to advantage here. The deep-yellow glass that the Dutch often employed in their old churches creates a wonderfully golden interior; such glass, too, would have given the windows of the auditorium a rich contrast to the magenta curtains that drape them. Furthermore, a livelier color scheme could have been used for the window trim and the doors, whose dull buff or green too easily succumbs to the inescapable grime of the city. The instincts of the school children are here superior to the current habits of architects; the cutout figures and the paintings done directly on glass that the pupils have used to decorate the lowest panes of their classroom windows give these façades an animation that is otherwise lacking. Here the client has something to teach the architect who is willing to listen.

BUT it is in the interior that the greatest architectural innovations have been made in the city's new schools, and to realize how great these are one should think back to the sort of schoolhouse that was "modern" forty or fifty years ago. Squeezed between tenements on either side, it was usually five stories high, done mostly in limestone, and terminated in turrets that had, like the main entrance, vestigial Gothic traits. The ground floor was a dark space called the "indoor yard," a dismal hall that served only as a play area at recess and as a marshalling area where those who came early to school forgathered to be regimented into ranks by monitors before marching to their classrooms. (Oh, the dreary minutes between gongs!) The main stairs, sacred to visitors and teachers, led to the prin-

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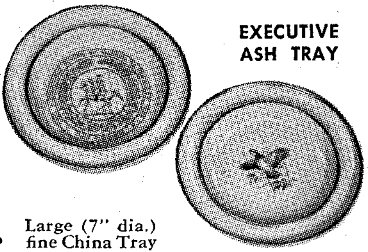

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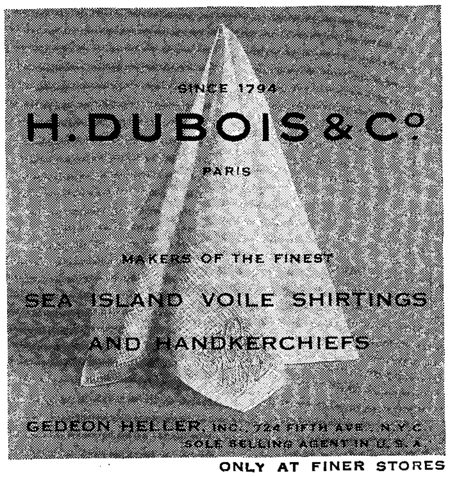

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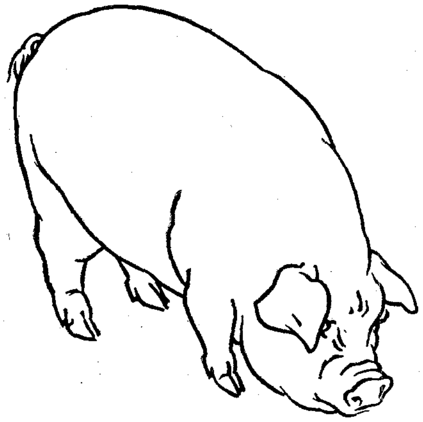

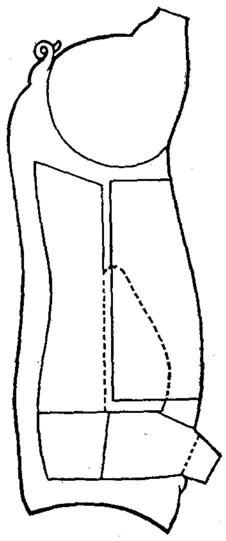

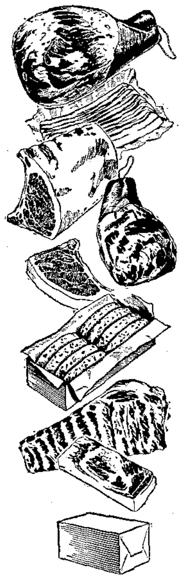

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cipal's office, usually on an upper floor. The lavatories and the drinking troughs were mostly in the basement, a throwback to primitive days indeed. There was no auditorium; instead, six classrooms on an upper floor were laid out in a double row and separated from each other only by folding doors, which made them visually but not orally private. For morning assembly, these doors were opened to disclose the principal's platform and the Bible lectern at one end. None of the building was usable for any after-school or adult activity except the indoor yard, and that was generally used only once a year, as a polling place. If there was a gymnasium, it usually occupied part of the top floor, and the heavy thump of calisthenics was all too audible on the floor below. Even when they were new, these schools were dismal and depressing places, and not a little frightening to the very young by reason of their immensity. Economically, they were a combination of wastefulness and makeshift; architecturally and educationally, they completely lacked the human touch.

The new schools are the result of a remarkable change in educational and municipal policy during the last half century, and particularly in New York during the last twenty years. The first innovation was the provision of a real auditorium and a spacious, ground-floor gymnasium. Then came the convenient transferal of the clothes closet from a special room or a cage in the corridor to the classrooms. This was followed by the school cafeteria, which was started during the depression of the nineteen-thirties to provide milk or school lunches for undernourished children. Then came various rooms to take care of new services and specialized activities—now a "cardiac room" with reclining steamer chairs for students with bad hearts; now a room for children with defective eyesight, with illumination whose intensity is maintained by an automatic device that operates when even a passing cloud decreases the light. But there are still some members of the school community who have been overlooked. No school that I have yet seen has made any provision for housing comfortably the volunteer guardians (usually parents of the children) who stand at the entrances to check on people who wish to enter the building and guard against the ever-present threat of vandalism. They have neither a sentry box nor a concierge's window to protect them in cold weather.

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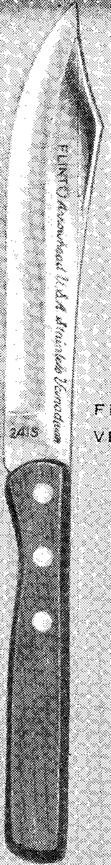
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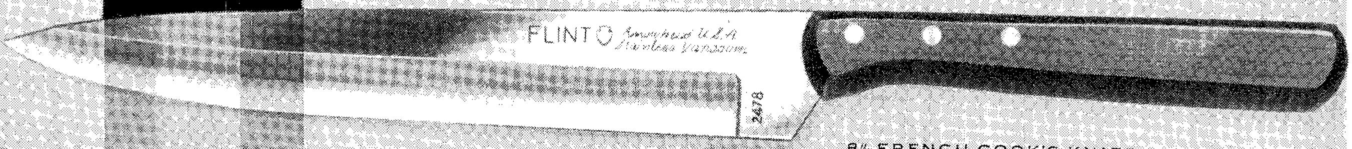
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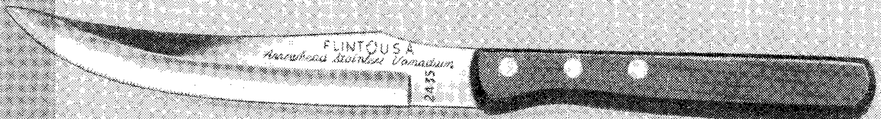
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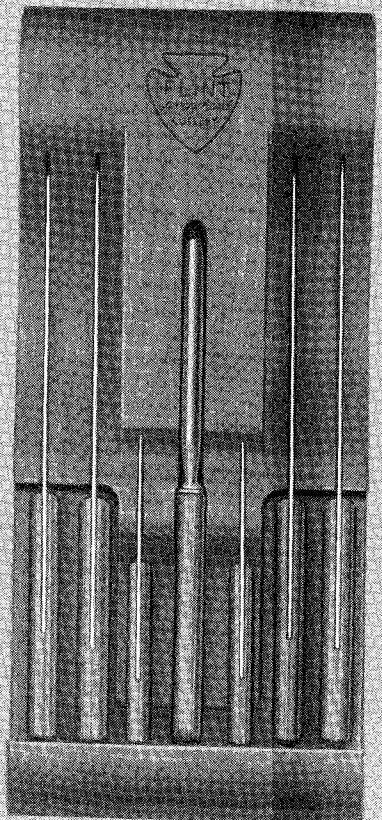

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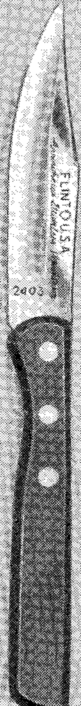
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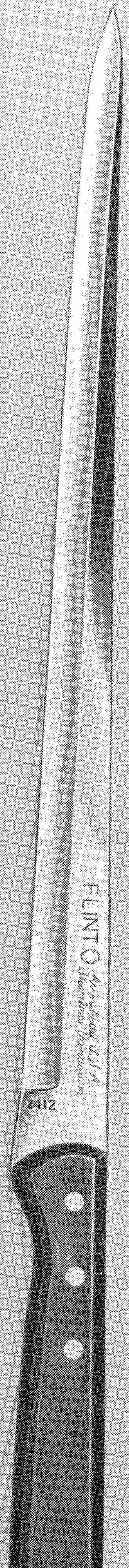
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One, two... what shall we do?

We have two subscribers who don't like us. The first fellow came in the other day and said Nation's Business is full of swell stuff, but needs dressing up.

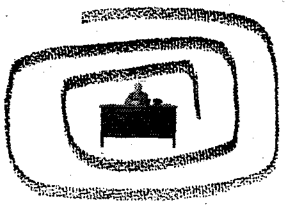
He began with the front cover. No zip, no glamor, no come-on. We should learn from . . .

We interrupted to suggest Screen Secrets and True Romances. Well, no. He would agree that a beauteous babe might not belong on the cover of a magazine for businessmen, but something between big bosoms and big shots like on other books.

He tore the inside art apart, too. Dull, unimaginative, he said. Nothing to pull the subscriber into the really good articles. "Why doesn't your art editor have some fun? Sure, articles need to be serious, informative, important. So dance and sing in the way you handle them."

Then almost on his heels came a letter from Dissatisfied Subscriber No. 2. He wrote: "Your format is too frivolous. Businessmen who must, in the nature of things, be both studious and serious, don't need garish color to give them their facts and strengthen their reasoning. Juvenile cartoons have no place in a magazine for business."

And here's big old us, right smack in the middle. Truth is, we'll never be able to please either of these birds. Guess all we can do is keep trying and take heart from the three, four thousand renewals that come in with eighteen dollar checks week after week after week after week after . . . Nation's Business, *a general magazine for businessmen,* Washington 6, D.C.



(*Advertisement*)

the change in educational policy, leading to increasing emphasis upon the pupil's participation and upon constructive tasks in art and science, and less attention to verbalisms and abstractions—doubtless, in some cases, too little attention. One of the most marked changes is in the relationship between the young and their teachers; there is much less formal discipline and more affection on both sides. A good part of all this is reflected in the architecture of the new schools. It is not yet fully reflected, though, because educators, building administrators, and architects are still not always able to speak the same language.

BEYOND the main entrance of the new Chelsea school is a wide lobby, paved in terrazzo, its walls covered from floor to ceiling by pleasant large green tiles. This generous hall is separated from the narrow ones that give access to the classrooms by fire doors, which also serve to shut off the rest of the building at night, when the auditorium and the gymnasium, opening on this hall, are used for adult activities. The gymnasium is a spacious, well-proportioned room, with windows set high in the walls, a sound-absorbing ceiling of fibre blocks, and tiled walls in a warm tan. Up-to-date showers and dressing rooms are provided. A nurse's room for physical examinations, and even an isolation room, with a cot, for children who come down with a serious illness during the day, are also provided. The auditorium, which seats four hundred, has not merely a fully equipped stage but dressing rooms in the basement. This equipment might seem lavish if the school's daytime needs alone were considered, but a basic principle of these new buildings is that they shall be available for adult use at night, and not simply for balloting or registration for ration cards, either. To this same end, the teachers' lunchroom can be used as a meeting place for neighborhood committees and groups. In short, the new schoolhouses are neighborhood centers as well as educational buildings, and they are designed to house a wide gamut of social activities, with a minimum of expense. Another characteristic of the new order of things is that the administration office and the principal's office, both far busier places than they used to be, are on the ground floor. The principal is no longer a dim, distant, forbidding, frowning deity, and the growing volume of human traffic his office handles, as his human relations

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and scholastic duties multiply, is thus expedited.

To get space for all these new activities without extra expense, the architects of the latest batch of schools have eliminated the indoor yard. That gain is no small one, even though (particularly in inclement weather) it raises the problem of what is to be done with children who get to school before the teachers have opened the classrooms. The provisional answer most principals have been driven to devise consists of asking the parents to hold on to their young ones till the last possible moment, and to put all early birds in the auditorium until the teachers arrive. A better solution than this must be worked out. The introduction of the cafeteria creates another traffic problem. If an attempt were made to serve lunches to everyone, there would be hardly enough space for any other activity in the whole building. As it is, P.S. No. 33 feeds only a third of its population—four hundred and thirty young souls—in shifts between eleven-thirty and one. The only practical answer to this problem is to provide a multi-purpose room opposite the lunchroom, and even that raises the secondary problem of disposing of all the tables and chairs and putting the room to rights after lunch—a duty small children can hardly perform themselves.

In No. 33's classroom wings, the innovations are no less conspicuous. The low ceilings of the corridors and stairwells are covered with acoustic tile, and the walls are lined halfway up with glazed gray tiles. In first cost, these tiled walls may be expensive, but in final cost, considering the expense of cleaning and painting plaster walls, they are an economical as well as a pleasant choice. The classrooms may seem narrower than the old-fashioned kind, but that is because they are actually longer. Clothing cupboards, bookshelves, and exhibition panels line the wall opposite the windows, while in the rear there is a drinking fountain, as well as a sink with running water—a hitherto unknown luxury now indispensable in teaching art and science. Until recently, most classrooms had benches and desks lined up in rows and anchored to the floor, one of the Dickensian Gradgrind and McChoakumchild's early inventions. In the new schools, the tables and chairs (two children to a table), made of wood and tubular steel, are movable, and the teachers are encouraged to rearrange the classroom to fit the requirements of the lesson. (Some of the older teachers, poor dears, are still a little uncertain about how to use

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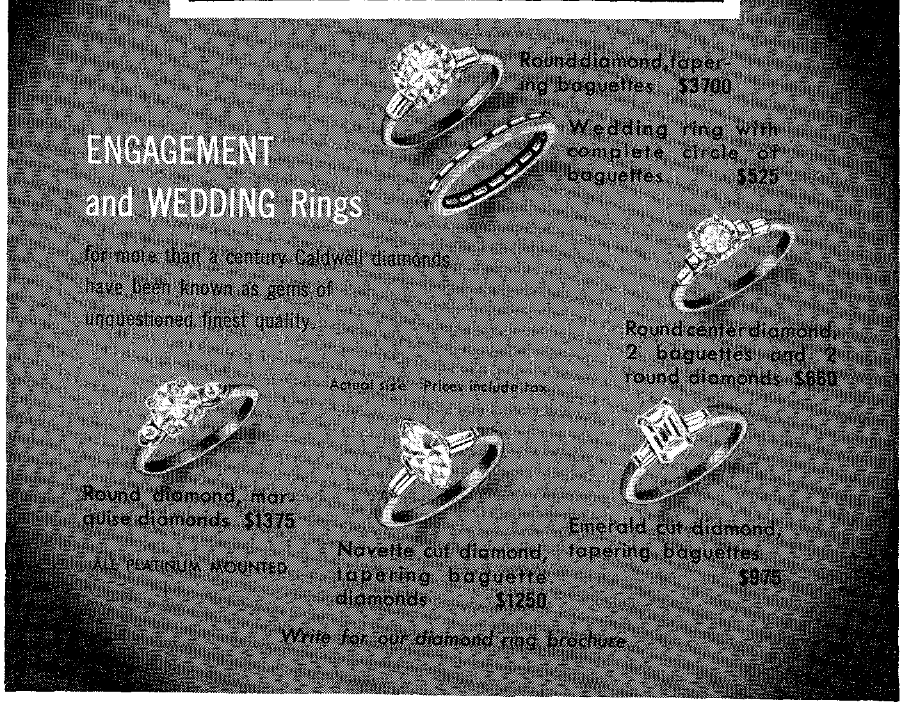

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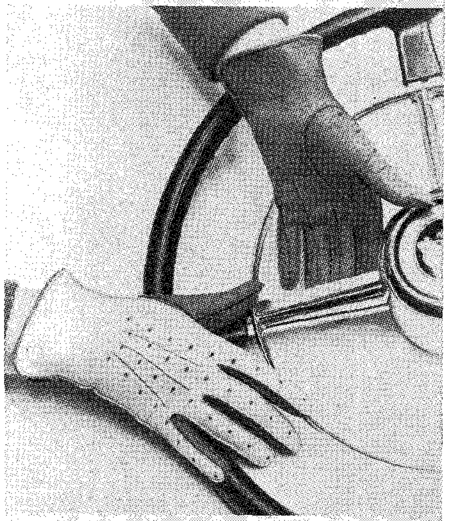

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HORMEL ONION SOUP

the new freedom.) In the painting of the interiors, old habits, unfortunately, still prevail. Once one has abandoned the notion that buff is the sole respectable color for classroom walls, there is no good reason to fasten on a single shade of green. Indeed, there are many good reasons for using more than one color.

I HAVE left to the end one of the most charming features of the Chelsea school—the provision of glass-panelled showcases in every corridor for exhibiting the children's paintings, sculptures, and craftwork. These cases give the corridors a liveliness they would otherwise lack. The idea could be carried even further, and the main lobby, with its ample wall space, could become an exhibition hall with movable wall screens, which could be devoted to paintings, and perhaps with niches for the exhibition of sculptures and ceramics. The fact is that architects have not yet caught up with the lessons of sound modern education, whose emphasis is on experiment and creative effort. There is nothing so deadly to the imagination of youth as a finished and perfect building. And if the architect leaves more room for art, there may be less temptation to vandalism. On this I intend to say more at a later date. As for the Chelsea school, not the least merit of Mr. Kebbon's design is the hope it gives for something even better in the future.

—LEWIS MUMFORD

•

THE MYSTERIOUS EAST

[*From the Mita Campus, Keio University, Japan*]

Overs of music have been set upon Menuhin who will, at last, be here at the end of September.

His splendid technic and lofty faith for music which are about to place this youth on the throne in the famous violinists world, for the latter half of the 20th century, following Frutz, Kreisler's, too famous name, are well-known to us through records, newspapers, books and so on.

Since the Japanese people have not been visited by a great violinists since the appearance of Misha Elman, it should truely be a great occasion.

The characteristics of his performances are that they have completely affluent tones, hold tunes straightly, forwardly and wisely, and express them strongly from the surfaces.

We have Joseph Rosenschtok here again who should conduct accompaniment for him in "Concert No. 5 in a major Morzart K389." "Concert in E. Minor OP. Mendelssohn 64." "Sonta un-accompanied in a Minor, J. S. Bach" The will have us deeply impressed as unparalleled in history.

Anyway, his wonderful technic should be nothingless than fascinating.

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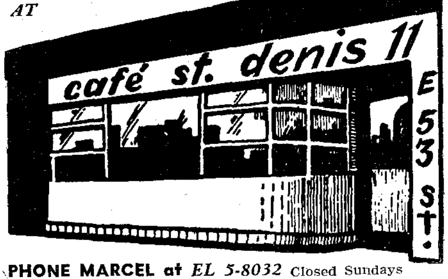

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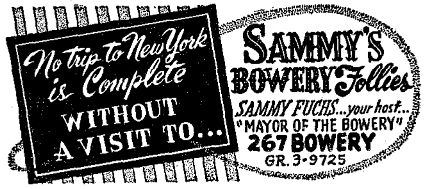
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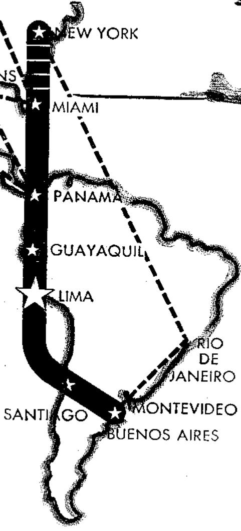

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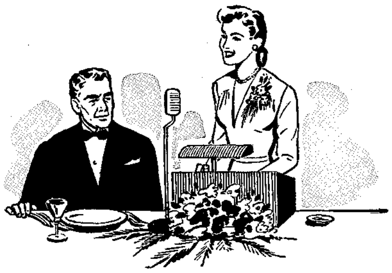
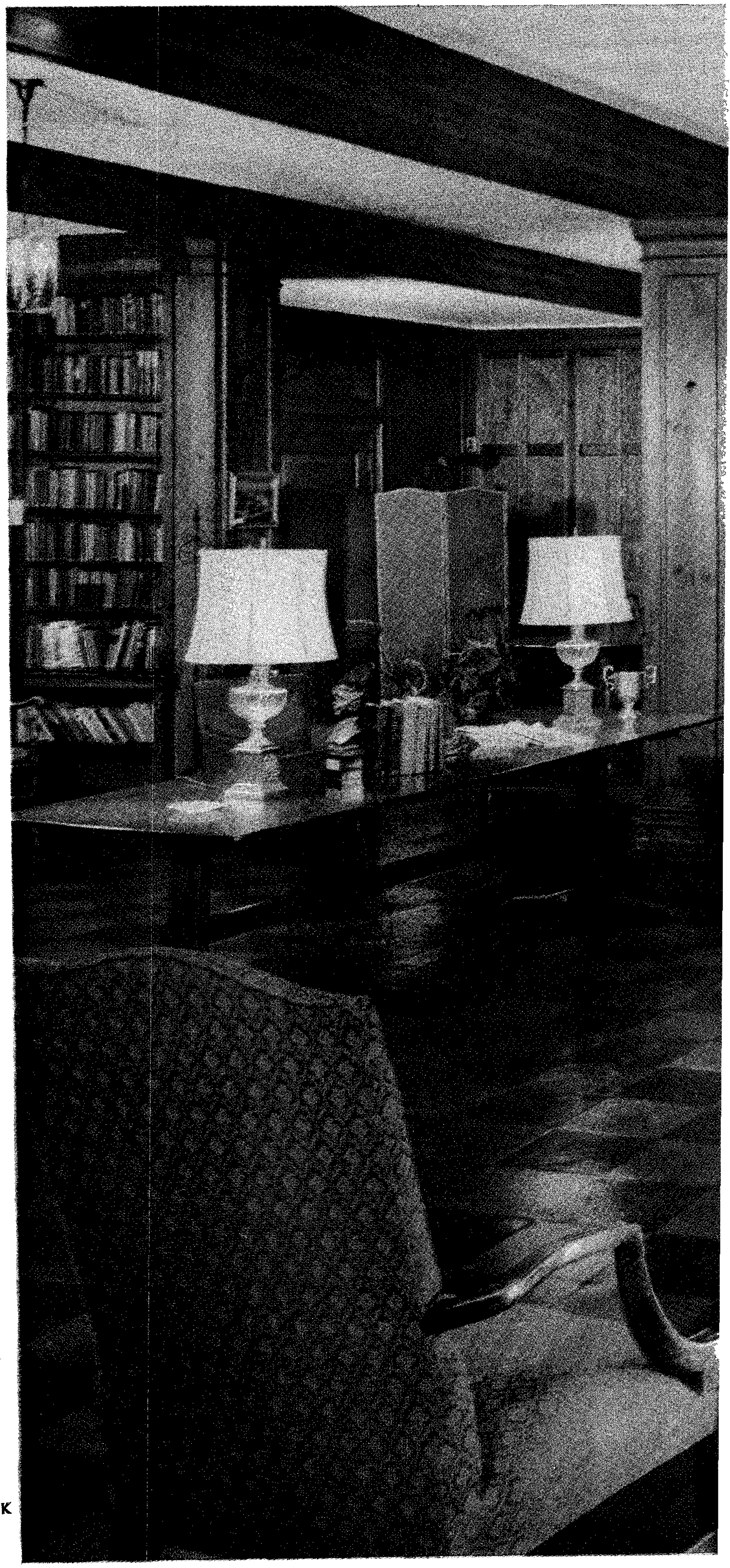


Wherever people of influence
and decision gather
Newsweek *is in the picture*



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Newsweek

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THE COOK AND THE BOOK

I THINK that of all the men I have ever known the one my wife dislikes most is an eccentric sea cook she has never met. Her feeling is understandable, because for a long while I could not resist holding him up to her as an example. Immediately after the war, we lived in an apartment with an exceedingly small kitchen, and just before supper it usually got pretty crowded. While trying to prepare the meal, my wife would be stepping over our three children, who invariably insisted on playing underfoot, and she would also be contending with me, intent upon mixing cocktails and quite often accompanied by a few friends. At such trying times, my wife was likely to suggest that we needed a place with a big kitchen.

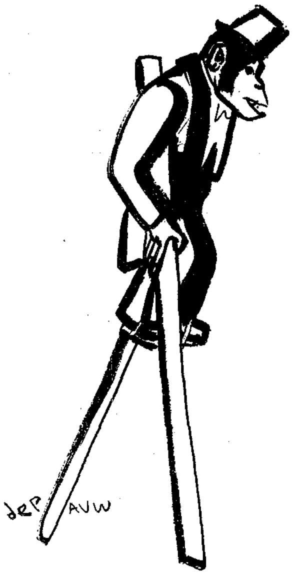
"I can't understand it," I would say. "The galley aboard my ship was no bigger than this, and every day Cookie prepared three meals in it for thirty-seven men."

"I'll bet they didn't keep getting in his way," she used to reply.

"No," I would concede magnanimously, "but he had other difficulties. His galley wasn't stationary. Much of the time, it was rolling thirty or forty degrees. And the food he prepared! I haven't eaten such food since the war!"

"Other women have husbands who *complain* about Navy food," my wife would say.

After a while, I learned better than to keep talking about Cookie, but I find I can't forget him. He simply refuses to be forgotten, and the reason, I think, is that Cookie was far more than just a magnificent cook. He stands in my mind as the only artist I have ever known who achieved almost complete immunity to the workaday aspects of the world around him.



I first met Cookie in 1943, when, as a Reserve lieutenant, I assumed command of a small supply ship that was at Seattle being made ready for duty in Alaskan waters. Cookie, who, with the thirty-two other enlisted men and three officers, had already been aboard some time, was over fifty years old and of indeterminate national origin. Most of the time, he talked perfectly good English, but when he disapproved of the person he was addressing, he lapsed into an outrageous and somehow insulting accent, for which it was difficult to discipline him, since he could always plead that it was natural to him and he fell into it unconsciously. His history, as he told it, seemed made up in large part of obvious fabrications and exaggerations, but after knowing him for more than two years I began to suspect they were true. During his early youth, he said, he had come to the United States from some part of Europe—he was always vague about what part—and at an early age had become an expert and highly paid hotel chef. In 1941, he had been the head chef in one of the best hotels in San Francisco. Shortly after Pearl Harbor, a high-ranking admiral had dined at the hotel and had tremendously enjoyed a stuffed and rolled flank of beef with béchamel sauce, one of Cookie's specialties. The admiral had sent for Cookie, complimented him, and asked him if he'd ever considered joining the Navy. Cookie had replied that he'd never even remotely thought of it. The admiral had then asked him if he'd ever considered that he might be drafted into the Army. If that happened, the admiral had said, Cookie would probably be a private and would have to charge up hills with a bayonet, but if he joined the Navy, the admiral could get him a rating as first-class cook. The admiral would also see that Cookie was assigned to his personal staff, for duty in the United States. The admiral had been so convincing, Cookie said, that he put aside his chef's apron that moment and joined the Navy.

Cookie's official service record lent support to his story, for it showed that he actually had started his naval career as a first-class cook on the staff of a shore-based admiral. It also showed that he was incapable of conforming to naval discipline. According to both Cookie's own story and his service record, he had, during his first few months in the Navy, been confined to his base for thirty days for assaulting a chief commissary steward, been put in the brig for drunkenness, and been reduced to second-class cook for insubordina-

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P. S. Also in the current Holiday are Emily Kimbrough, Ludwig Bemelmans, Clifton Fadiman, Joe McCarthy, Christopher LaFarge.

tion. As Cookie told it, he had found himself surrounded, on the admiral's staff, by men who held high ratings and had spent years in the galleys of ships and shore bases but who, by Cookie's standards, knew nothing about the art of cooking. Cookie had resisted their advice—sometimes forcibly, as in the case of the chief commissary steward. The officer toward whom Cookie had been insubordinate had been trying to inspect Cookie's galley—an impertinence, Cookie felt. As a result of these and other troubles, the admiral had washed his hands of him, and he had been transferred to another base. There he had got into so many difficulties that he was assigned to the little ship, bound for Alaska, which I was to command. By that time, he had been reduced to the rating of third-class cook, and was as unrepentant as a man can be.

COOKIE didn't take long to impress me with the fact that I had a highly unusual cook aboard my ship. It was a converted fishing vessel, and both officers and enlisted men had to eat in the forecastle, which adjoined the galley. Except when officer guests were present, the whole ship's company ate at the same time. The galley was ten feet long and eight feet wide. Two hours after I first went aboard the ship, I unsuspectingly sat down to dinner at the officers' table. The other officers were served by the enlisted men assigned to that job, but to my astonishment Cookie emerged from the galley to set before me one of the fanciest-looking dishes I have ever seen—a small but thick steak embellished with an arrangement of delicately browned little potato balls, asparagus tips with hollandaise sauce, and eggplant Columbia. The other officers and the enlisted men got hamburger instead of steak, asparagus, but without the hollandaise, and plain eggplant. However, the hamburgers were covered with mushroom sauce, and after two years of standard Navy fare I was as surprised by this splendor as I was embarrassed by being served something even more special.

"What's this all about?" I asked the executive officer. "Why do I get different food from yours?"

"Just eat it," he said. "I'll explain later."

After dinner, the executive officer and I went to my cabin. He gave me a brief outline of Cookie's history. Then, with dignity, he told me that up to then *he* had been getting special dishes. He had repeatedly told Cookie to stop it, but Cookie, while appearing to acquiesce,

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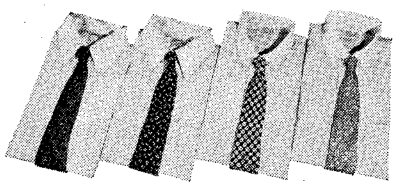

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had gone right ahead, adamant in his belief that the highest-ranking officer aboard deserved better food than anyone else. "If I were you, I'd just accept it," the executive officer concluded. "All the rest of them are getting better food than they ever got before, so they don't mind it."

"I'll speak to him," I said, and when the executive officer had gone, I sent for Cookie.

I expected an obsequious man, one who was anxious to curry favor. But when Cookie arrived in my cabin, he was wearing—and did not take off—a chef's high, white, cylindrical hat. I guessed it was one he had worn when he worked in hotels. It was not a Navy model and it created a very odd impression. He looked me in the eye and said, "Was your dinner satisfactory, sir?"

"Best food I ever ate," I said unhesitatingly, and then went on to explain that I thought my having special food would injure the morale of the ship's company. Cookie seemed very understanding. He agreed with me, and left. I decided that the executive officer could not have tried very hard to escape the fancy dishes, and was quite smug until the next morning, when I got a chicken-liver omelet and the other officers and the men got French toast. I knew I shouldn't eat the omelet, but the herbs in it had such an enticing aroma, and it seemed such a shame to waste it, that I polished it off. Then I called for Cookie.

"That was an excellent omelet," I said, "but you must never do it again. After this, give me the same as everyone else."

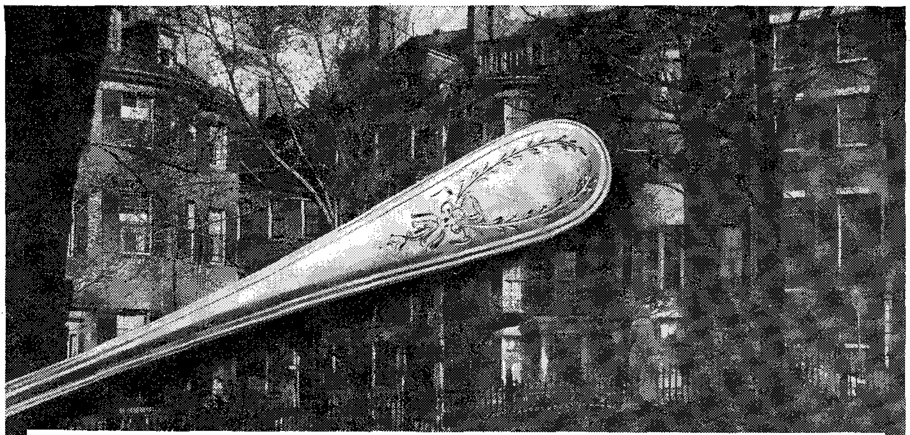
"Of course, sir," he said.

For lunch that day, I had lamb chops. The others had lamb hash, beautifully prepared but not to be compared with the chops.

"I don't quite know what to do about this," I said to the executive officer.

"I still don't think you ought to do anything," he said. "If you do, he'll be insubordinate, and you'll have to discipline him, and we'll lose the best damn cook a ship ever had."

FOR the next few days, I accepted my privileged dishes, and during that time half convinced myself that they represented a simple respect for authority. Then I discovered that Cookie was in search of a patron who would condone his follies and protect him. I first began to realize this a day or so after Cookie returned late to the ship from liberty one night. The next morn-



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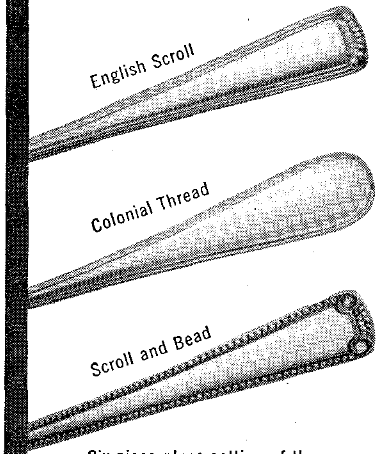

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ing, I reprimanded him. He took it very well, but he was even later coming in the following night. I restricted him to the ship for five days. For two days, everyone aboard the ship had food rarely seen except in the most expensive restaurants, and I had veritable banquets. Then, on the evening of the third day, Cookie sneaked ashore without permission.

"What do you think we should do?" I asked the executive officer when he told me Cookie had gone.

"It's a pretty serious offense," he said. "If we gave him any sort of court-martial, we'd have to take his record into account, and he's had so many convictions that we'd be almost obliged to transfer him ashore for disciplinary action. Then he'd be replaced by a regulation Navy cook and we'd have chipped beef and beans again. It doesn't sound like a very good thing to say, but if I were you, I'd just pretend we didn't know he'd gone ashore. When we get up to Alaska, there won't be any place for him to go. Meanwhile, I'd just let him alone."

"We can't do that!" I said indignantly. "If we make an exception of Cookie, *all* the men will be taking unauthorized liberty."

"I don't think so," the exec said. "I think the men feel that Cookie is providing unusual services and should have unusual treatment."

I said I'd think it over, and I ended by deciding to do as the exec had suggested. He turned out to be right about the men. The whole ship's company coöperated in overlooking Cookie's transgression. When he came aboard, outrageously late, the next morning, the officer of the deck studiously did not notice him, and the quartermaster neglected to log him in. As he had not been logged out, there was no record of his unauthorized liberty. No one talked about his absence. The other men seemed to become, if anything, more scrupulous than usual about getting back from liberty on time. Thus Cookie established an unwritten rule: He was beyond discipline as long as he excelled at his work.

THE job of outfitting the ship for the long voyage progressed slowly. About a week before we were to sail, Cookie stalked into my cabin with his chef's hat on and said, "Captain, I want eight hundred dollars."

"Eight hundred dollars!" I said.

"From the welfare fund," said Cookie.

"The welfare fund has exactly seventeen dollars and twenty-five cents in it," I replied. "What in the world have you done? What do you need eight hundred dollars for?"

"I don't want it for myself, sir," Cookie said. "I want to buy a few condiments and some other things I will need in my work. I understand we may be in Alaska two years. The Navy supplies good basic food but very little of what I need to make it palatable. There are a number of things I can't do without."

He showed me his list, which filled a notebook. I read the first few items—there were spices I had never heard of—and said I'd try to get the money. Cookie nodded and went out.

I considered taking up a collection, but it didn't seem right to ask the enlisted men to contribute from their scant pay, so the other officers and I painfully made up the sum. Because it seemed that I was going to get more than my fair share of the food, whether I wanted it or not, I reluctantly wired my wife for extra funds, and paid a disproportionate amount.

WE sailed for Alaska a few days after Cookie's extra supplies came aboard. I was a little afraid that he would be seasick, for he had never served on a ship, but he soon proved to be immune. Even in the worst weather, when few of us could eat at all, we were served wonderful dishes, and my portion always had some added flourish. I remember that one time we had a tomato cheese soufflé and a dessert of Moorish cream and New Orleans pralines. The day we arrived in Alaska, Cookie, without a smile, served everyone baked Alaska.

Away from ports, Cookie was, with some exceptions, a model sea cook. The exceptions were that he would not stand for anyone inspecting his galley (by far the cleanest part of the ship); that his attitude toward his superiors was one of complete independence; and that he had a secret supply of liquor, which enabled him to stay perpetually in a state of incomplete sobriety. I was worried, and felt that I ought to take some action. I suspected that some of the eight hundred dollars we gave him had gone for liquor, and that one reason he resisted inspection of his galley was that it was stowed there. Also, I feared that it might be a source of trouble among the other men, who, of course, had none. Apparently, Cookie began to fear that I might insist on inspecting his galley, for one cold night, when I had spent many hours on the bridge, I sent for coffee, and presently Cookie himself came up and handed me a steaming cup. I tasted it, and there was liquor in it—so much liquor that I felt better after the first swallow, and it was all I could do to hand the cup back to him.

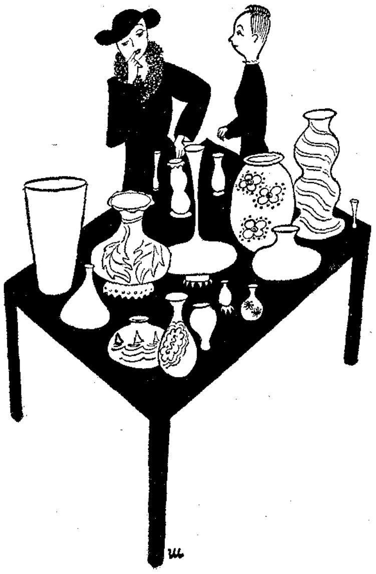
"I want straight coffee," I said. "There'll be no liquor aboard this ship."

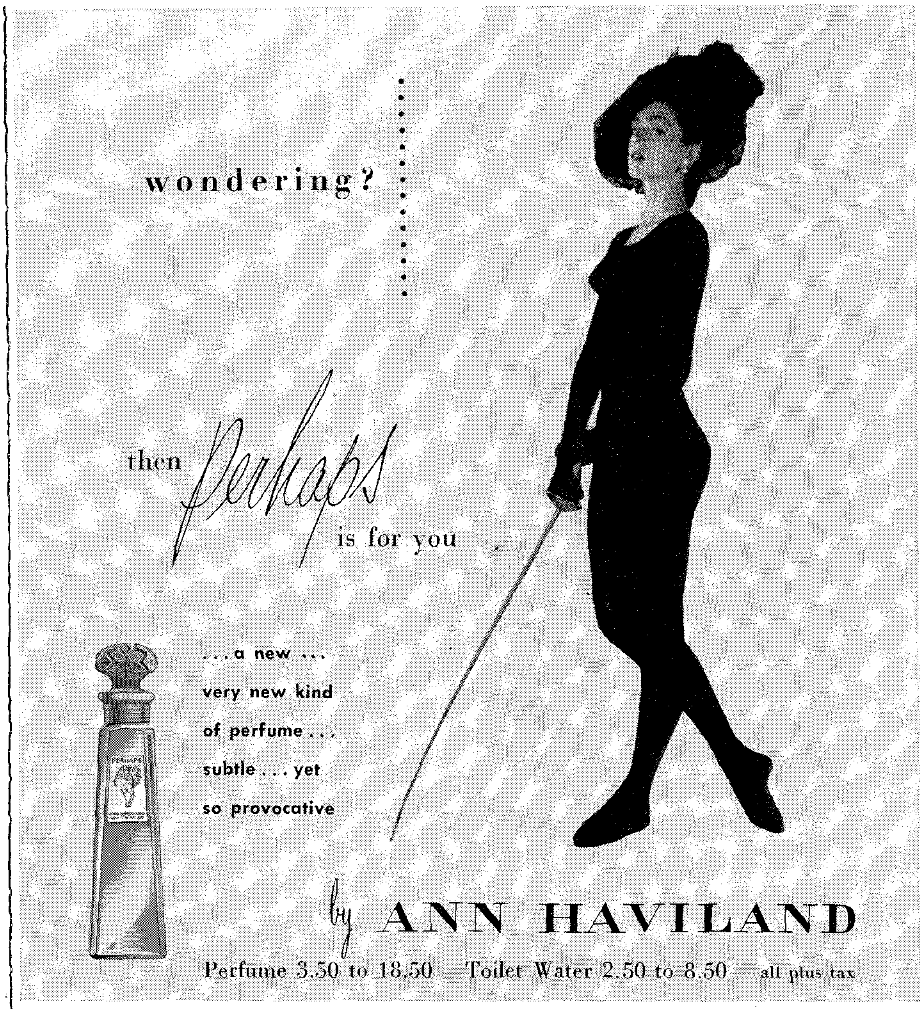
"Of course not, sir!" he said in shocked tones. "You are mistaken. There's no liquor in that. I just added a few spices, a special mixture of my own. You look so cold, sir, I thought it might do you good."

The wind sent a chill through me, and I reached for the cup. "All right, damn it," I said. "Give it to me before it gets cold."

I enjoyed that coffee thoroughly, but I knew I was compromised and could never, with good conscience, discipline Cookie for having liquor aboard ship. Thereafter, he gave brandy in hot coffee or tea to any officer or man who seemed to be suffering severely from the cold, and we all appreciated it tremendously.

THE duty in Alaska was arduous, and as the months went by, most of the men began to show signs of fatigue, but Cookie seemed impervious to wear. He acquired one curious habit, however. When the weather got rough, he put on a life preserver. It was odd to see him wearing, in his tiny galley, a bulging, carefully buckled life preserver and his chef's tall hat, but no one ever laughed at him. If the weather was rough enough for all hatches to be battened down, the huge fuel-oil range in the galley drove the temperature of that cramped compartment up to a hundred and ten, and the life preserver must have made Cookie fantastically uncom-

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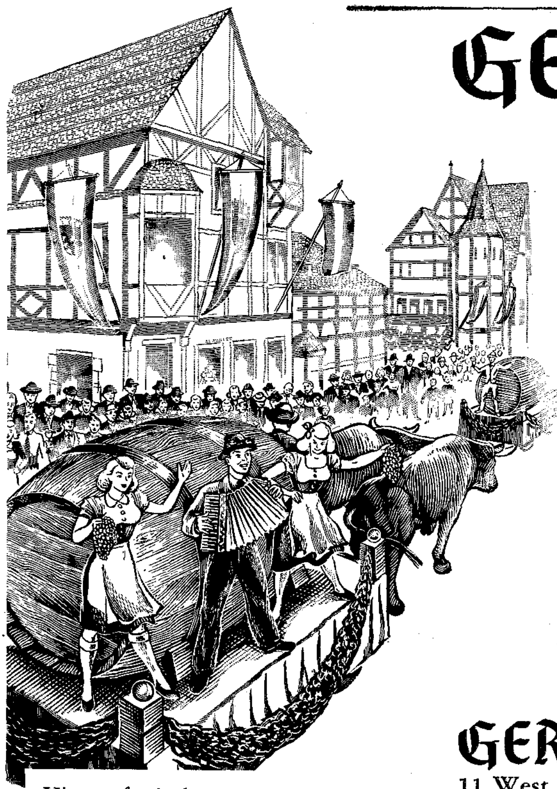
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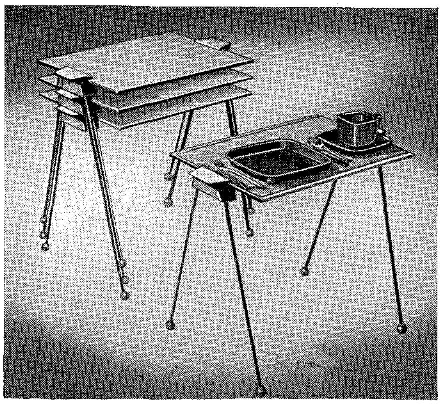

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fortable, but he kept it on for days at a time during storms, and still the quality of the food never suffered. I am sure Cookie realized that if he were to be plunged from that fiery galley into the icy sea, his life preserver would do him little good, but seemingly it was reassuring to him. As the months went by, he occasionally put it on even in calm weather, and finally I realized that it had become a symbol of security to him, necessary during internal as well as external disturbances.

AFTER we had been in Alaskan waters for about a year, we got orders to take a Naval Air Force commander, who was searching for a suitable place for a new airstrip, on a tour of the coast and some outlying islands. I wasn't enthusiastic about the assignment, because we had no suitable quarters for high-ranking guests and I was afraid that the presence of brass aboard our informal little ship would put a strain on all of us. I had no choice in the matter, however. My fears were confirmed when the commander turned out to be a stiff-backed Academy man who seemed offended at having to sleep in a makeshift bunk in the wardroom and who watched every operation of the ship with a supercilious eye.

"I didn't know we *had* ships where officers had to eat in the forecastle," he said in surprise, as we sat down for our first meal together. His astonishment increased when Cookie, who always felt required to play host to persons of authority, appeared and greeted him. Although it was a calm day, Cookie had his life preserver on, and his chef's hat was set at a rakish angle. Even at some distance, I could smell whiskey on his breath.

"That man is drunk!" the commander said to me, staring incredulously at Cookie, who, having bowed graciously to us, was now standing by the galley door.

"I don't think so, sir," I said. "Just try his food."

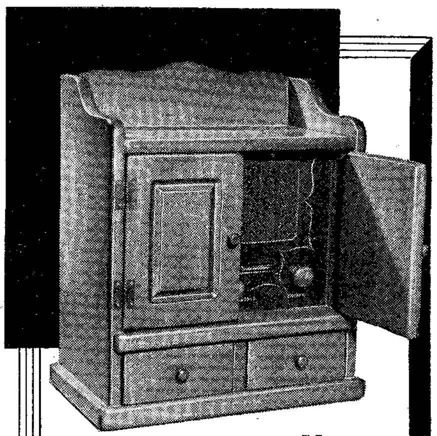
"Why does he dress like that?" the commander asked indignantly.

"I suggest we discuss it later, sir," I said in a low voice.

Then, to my horror, Cookie spoke up. In the outlandish accent he used when he wished to express extreme disapproval, he said, "No, sar, this *comminder* wishes to discuss me now."

"Cookie!" I said. "Go back to the galley. We'll take this up later."

"Captain, sar," Cookie persisted in a horrible, distorted voice, "this *comminder* inquires about my dress. Does he



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wish first to discuss my hat or my life preserver?"

"Cookie!" I said. "Go back to the galley!"

"No, sar," he insisted. "The *comminder*—"

"Go to the galley!" I shouted.

"All right, sar," he said. He turned and waddled into the galley, the life preserver giving him a kind of fat-man dignity.

I was so embarrassed that I sat staring at the table, unable to think of anything to say. We waited a long time for our food. "Aren't you going to discipline that man?" the commander asked at last.

Before I could answer, Cookie reappeared. He had taken off his hat and his life preserver, and the plates he set before us contained what I had never yet seen aboard that ship—cold liverwurst and canned peas, scarcely warmed. I had been about to tell the commander that I did not want to discipline Cookie, and I had expected to use the food as a reason, but I had no evidence now. Besides, to say this would have been to admit that I liked good food better than good discipline, which didn't seem quite a suitable explanation. "I guess I'll have to do something," I said wearily. "I'll take some action on it in the morning."

THAT evening, I thought the matter over, and the next morning, after a bad breakfast, I summoned Cookie to my cabin. I explained that there were certain rules he would have to follow, implying that I meant them to hold good only while the commander was aboard, and said that he would have to be disciplined for his insubordinate attitude the evening before. I then told him that he was restricted to the ship for five days. As the ship was destined to visit nothing but barren islands for many months, it did not seem to me to be an excessive punishment, but I had not counted on Cookie's pride.

"Sar," he said, still using his horrible accent, "so you want me to live by the book."

"Yes, Cookie," I said. "We all have to abide by the naval regulations."

"All right, sar," he said sadly. "I will live by the book. I will live by *two* books—the Navy Regulations and the Navy Cookbook."

My heart sank, but I said, "All right, Cookie."

That night, we all had glutinous chipped beef on rocklike toast and a melancholy, pasty mess of baked beans. Bologna and Spam turned up on suc-

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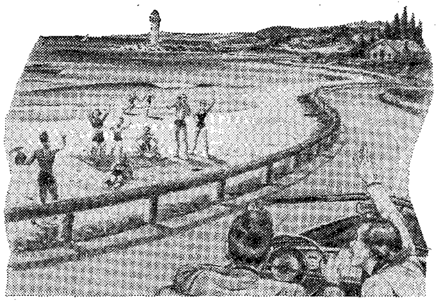

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ceeding nights. The commander, of course, did not find these dishes different from what he was accustomed to, and he was delighted by the change that had come over Cookie's conduct. He was always sober. The chef's hat and the life preserver did not appear. The outlandish accent remained, but the commander had no way of knowing it was not natural, and Cookie kept saluting and snapping to attention whenever he saw him.

Fortunately, the commander did not stay with us long. The night he left, we all had steak, and mine had a special garnishing of mushrooms and French-fried onions. The steak was followed by what had become Cookie's specialty for holidays—baked Alaska. Cookie's accent left when the commander did, except that he always referred to him afterward as "the comminder."

"You know," the exec said to me once, many weeks later, "the thing I liked best about Cookie's fight with the *comminder* was that the commander never knew what he missed. It's remarkable what a little discipline can do!"

—SLOAN WILSON

•

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along the string you spin it from,
if you so wish. What strange thoughts
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this wheel devises in the mind,
all in a moment of time, until
it wobbles and begins to whine
and finally, with an odd lunge,
eccentric and reckless, it skids out
and stops into its skeleton.

—HOWARD NEMEROV

•

None of the weekly stories on high-rating "Man Against Crime," starring Ralph Bellamy, is factual? They are fiction through and through, but their basic ideas are founded on actual cases gleaned from newspapers and court files?—*The World-Telegram & Sun.*

Oh?

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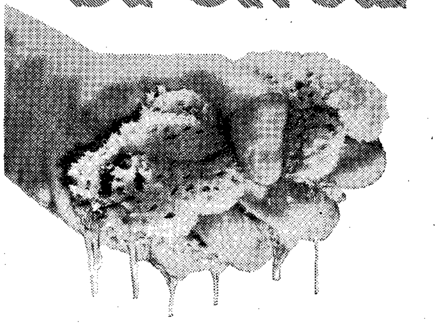

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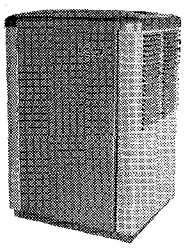

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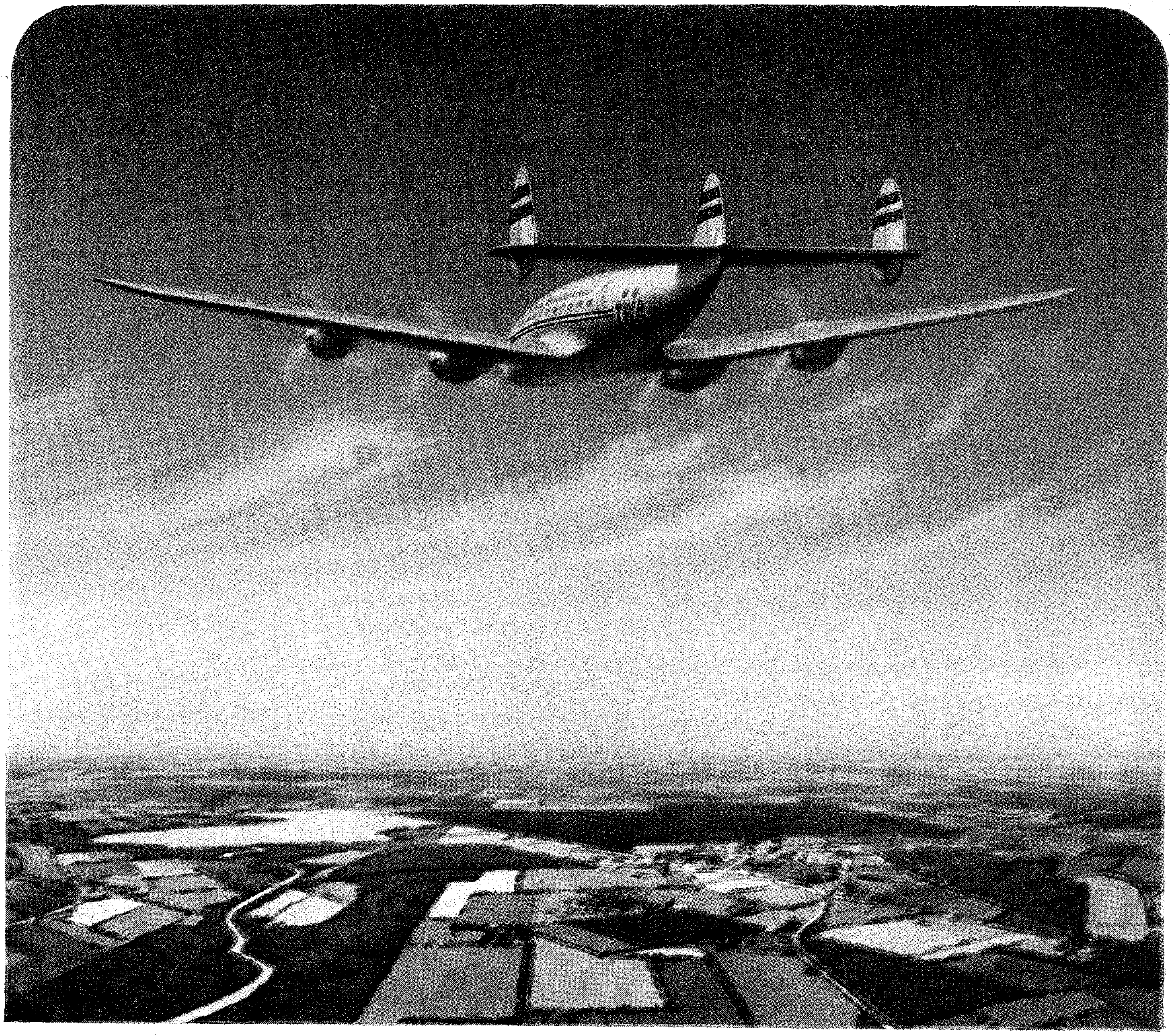

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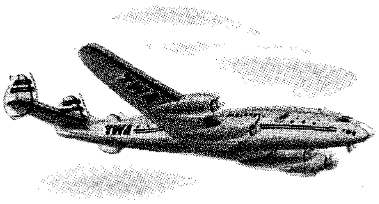

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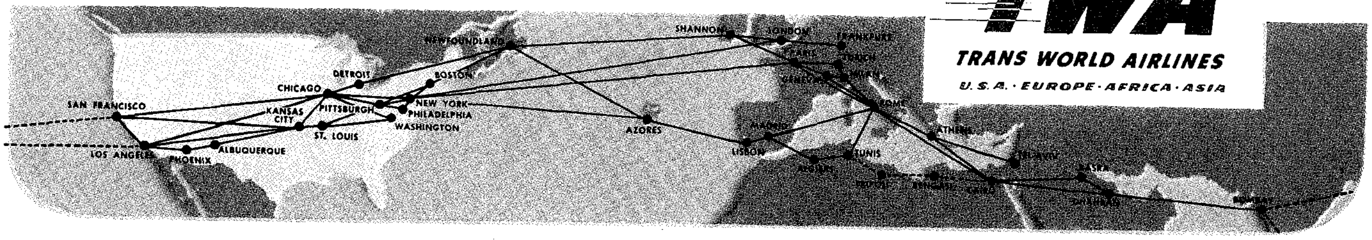
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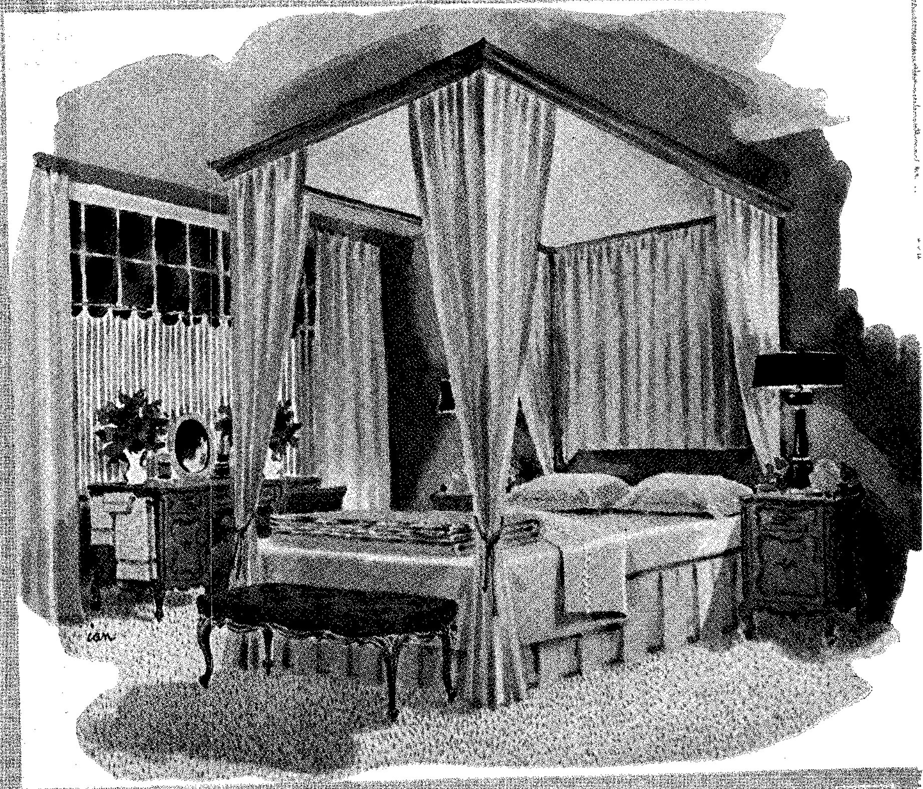

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THE RACE TRACK

All Things Considered

THERE seems to be rather a difference of opinion as to what was the best race last week. A lot of people insist it was the Experimental Free Handicap No. 2, at Jamaica on Saturday. Blue Man won, and a pretty exciting affair it was. Worshippers of speed, and of Calumet Farm runners, think the honors should go to the Phoenix Handicap, because of Hill Gail's performance in the race at the Keeneland track, in Lexington, Kentucky, last Thursday. They may all be wrong. I suggest that the race of the week was a little number called the High Quest Purse, in which Tom Fool beat Primate, Cousin, Armageddon, Master Fiddle, and One Throw at Jamaica on Monday. The High Quest the race was named for, in 1938, was a good colt who had the bad luck to be running at the same time as Cavalcade and Discovery. He did win the 1934 Preakness, though, and that's enough to justify naming a race after him. But let's get back to business.

Several weeks ago, I reported that Tom Fool, who was then at Aiken, hadn't been training well. It's a pleasure to note that I was mistaken. (Obviously, my man at Aiken was a bad judge.) I was greatly impressed by Tom Fool's appearance last week. In fact, it's been a long time since I've seen a Greentree racer so well turned out. If he just keeps that way, everything will be hunky-dory. But I have to qualify my endorsement. I have a notion he's a miler. This may seem too airy a dismissal of the colt when his stable has such high hopes for him, but right now one guess is as good as another. He ran his six furlongs brilliantly the other afternoon, but he'll have to go a mile and a furlong in the Wood Memorial at Jamaica this weekend. As for Primate, he has developed into a big, handsome animal, of a type entirely different from Tom Fool; he has the make and shape of the racers you see in old English prints. I venture to say Primate has the longest body of any three-year-old in training. Still, I was a little disappointed in him. He looked so fit, but even under the hardest sort of drive he couldn't gain on Tom Fool in the last furlong. Of course, I would have been delighted if my choice, Cousin, had won, but I wasn't downcast when he didn't. Anyway, he's my horse for the Wood Memorial.

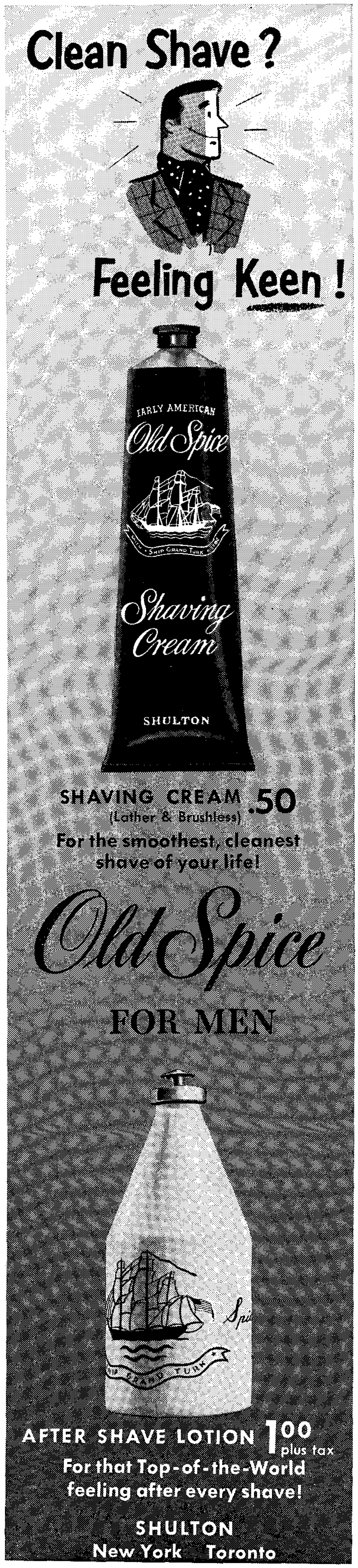
TRAINERS being the copycats they are, I wouldn't be surprised if the carrot man, as they call the fellow who sells green fodder to the stables, were swamped from now on with orders for Swiss chard. It seems that Blue Man eats quantities of the stuff, and that that's what makes him run. For all I know, it may be worth trying. No doubt about it; Blue Man turned in a spectacular performance in the Experimental No. 2. He was last but one leaving the starting gate, and for more than half of the mile and a sixteenth he didn't appear to have a 50–1 chance, though he was slightly better than even money in the betting. Then he settled down, went around his field like a hoop around a barrel, and won by more than a length from Master Fiddle. Sky Ship was third, and not a very close one. Naturally, Blue Man would have had a big following for the Wood Memorial, but his stable forgot to enter him in the race.

IT must be admitted that anything Hill Gail does these days is worthy of attention. Any first-class three-year-old can give a second-class four-year-old ten pounds and a beating, as Hill Gail did to Dark Teeter in the Phoenix Handicap, but running six furlongs in 1:10⅗ over the Keeneland racecourse, which is deep and sandy, is certainly an achievement. Of course, Hill Gail will be a very short-priced favorite for the Blue Grass Stakes out there next Thursday—too short even to bother putting in a parlay. Calumet's luck seems to be on the upgrade again. Last weekend, it won a division of the Ashland Oaks with a filly named Real Delight, and earlier in the meeting showed a two-year-old named Bubbley, who horse watchers predict may be another Wistful, or perhaps even another Twilight Tear. That, though, is a large order, mates. —AUDAX MINOR

•

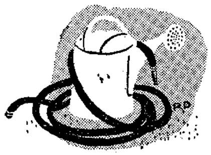
PRICES: (Tax incl.) NIGHTS & MATINEES: $1.50, 2.50, 3.00, 3.50, 5.00, 5.50, 6.50. Tickets admitting to everything (including seats).—*Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey adv.*

Talk about comfort!



ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

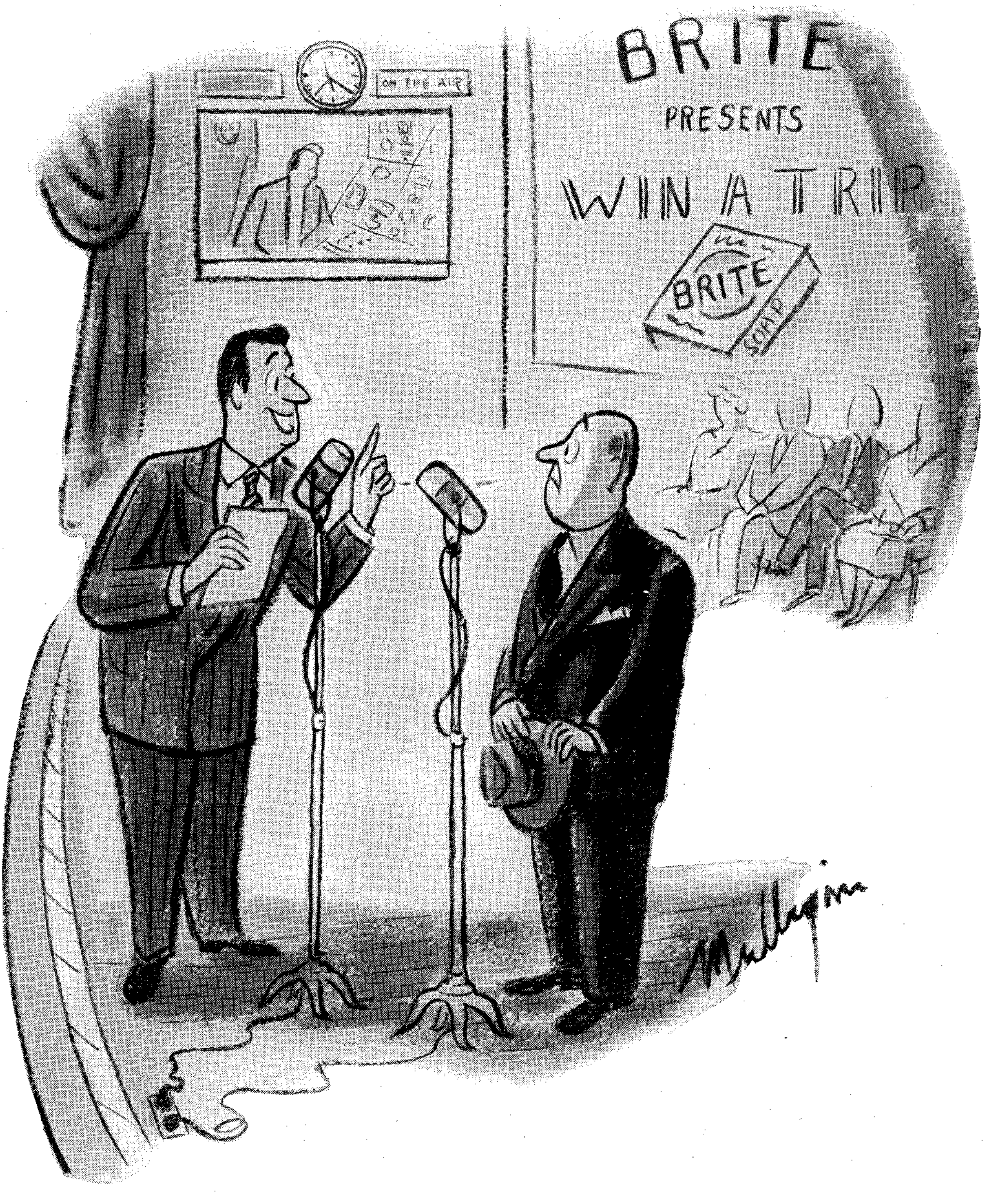
ABOUT THE HOUSE



LORD & TAYLOR'S furniture department has long been so dedicated to the formal and more elegant life that its new line of space-saving chairs and tables, by the Italian designer Peccorini, makes you wonder whether the shop is beginning to care about—or perhaps believe in the existence of—the kind of customer who has to store extra chairs in the cupboard and convert a dinner table into a desk between meals. It seems more probable that Lord & Taylor chose this good-looking collection because they admire it—as well they might—and that it's just the good luck of the crowded householder that the imports happen to save space. In any case, the folding chairs in this group will cause a lot of people, harassed by the difficulties of seating an occasional big party without permanently cluttering up their homes with a forest of furniture, to bless the Italian designer.

There have, of course, been presentable *stacking* chairs on the market right along (and what help *they* are in solving the problem of life in an apartment with standard-size closets is more than I have ever been able to figure out), but as far as I know, Signor Peccorini is the first designer to make a folding chair that doesn't look like something brought in for a funeral or an election-board meeting. He has achieved a chair that folds up as flat as a pancake, and he hasn't sacrificed anything in the way of grace or ease—or even sturdiness. The chair is made of fine Italian walnut, like the other Peccorini pieces, and has loosely slung strips of saddle leather for the seat—a novel and highly effective touch. There is nothing about the chair that suggests a social emergency, and, owing to its unusual seat and its slightly tilted back, it is considerably less stiff than the conventional armless side chair. It costs $59. There is also a Peccorini folding chair with curved arms and a solid leather seat ($99), but it is nowhere near as comely as the armless model; it is, however, so wonderfully comfortable that its less pleasing lines might well be overlooked.

The designer has put his talent for compression to work on tables, too, and a couple of them are so unpretentious and charming that they should be as attractive to the householder looking for decorative furniture as they are to somebody who is cramped for space. The more delightful one is built along the lines of the old-fashioned gate-leg, but it has a modern cast of countenance and is far easier to open and shut than any old-style gate-leg. It is twenty-six inches high, forty inches long, and only nine and a half inches wide when folded; it expands to a width of twenty-nine and a quarter inches, providing the serviceable kind of board that seemed almost to disappear from the face of the earth with the advent of the stumpy coffee table. It costs $99. The other table I particularly liked begins as a slim and handsome serving cart, without the smug character common to such wheeled contraptions. Its drop leaves are semicircular, and lift up to form a round top, thirty-one and a half inches in diameter and big enough for two or three people to lunch or breakfast on comfortably; when the leaves are down, the top is fifteen and a half inches wide. The cart is set on oversize casters and



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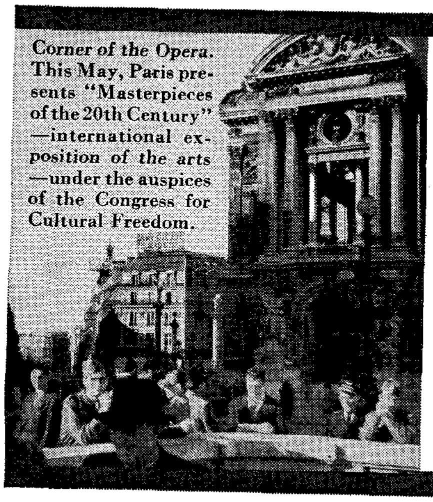

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has a narrow lower shelf; $119. There are several other pieces in the collection—all constructed of beautifully grained walnut and all appealing in one way or another. My only criticism of Signor Peccorini's work is that he has given the walnut too high a polish.

ONE would be hard put to it to think up even a single criticism of the large drop-leaf dinner table by Edward Wormley (we are still at Lord & Taylor); it seems to me exactly right in every detail. It is made of dark walnut, hand-polished to a soft glow, and there is no bleach or stain to mar the perfection of the natural wood. (I'm getting to be a terrible bore in my one-woman crusade against tampering with the color of fine wood.) When the table's two drop leaves are opened, it is six feet long and five feet wide, and when they are closed, it is a narrow console or side table, only a foot and a half wide; the price is $420. A Wormley folding table of dimensions more suitable to most apartments is also on view at L. & T.—a bleached-mahogany item with nice, clean lines but without the distinguished appearance of the walnut piece. When closed, it is seventeen inches wide and fifty-four inches long, and it makes a good place to put books, magazines, and lamps; it opens up to a width of thirty-four inches—ample for seating six people. It costs $195.

THE Charak Furniture Company, 444 Madison Avenue (50th), has a mahogany reproduction of a Regency drum table, with four graceful legs set in a center pedestal, that makes a beautiful and formal piece (thirty-eight inches in diameter) on which to set a lamp or some bibelots, and that stretches out into a dining table six and a half feet long. The flaw in this arrangement (if it is a flaw) is that the extension is accomplished by means of old-fashioned leaves; people who have a butler's pantry for storing such things, and all that a butler's pantry implies, would scarcely be interested in the space-saving advantages of the table in the first place. However, anybody who has storage room for the leaves (there are three of them, each thirty-eight inches long and thirteen inches wide), and the kind of living room that requires a combination lamp-and-dining table, would do well to investigate this cleverly constructed piece, which costs $495. Another first-rate extension table at Charak presents no storage difficulties; it is thirty-two inches square, or about the size of a

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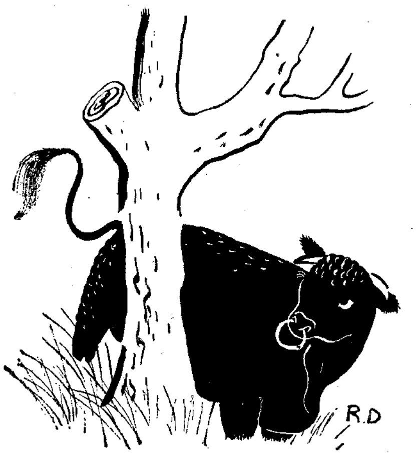
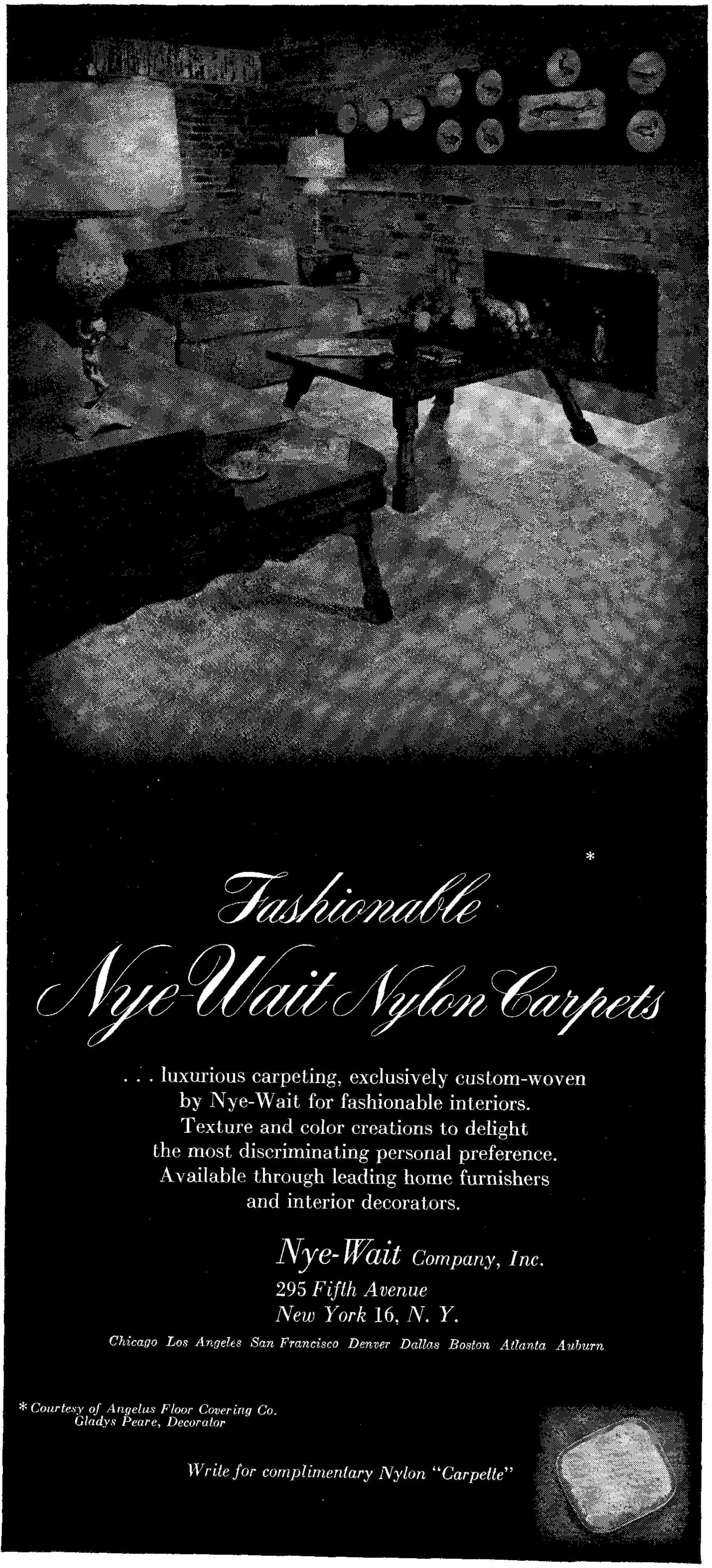
card table, and there is a leaf at either end that slides out, to give it an over-all length of sixty inches. The table is made of African babinga in a natural finish—the wood resembles raw mahogany—and its extremely simple design would fit into almost any setting. This one can also be had with a brilliant polish, which I think is a serious mistake; either way, the price is $325.

IN the stimulating exhibition of contemporary French applied design called "Paris 1952," which is currently to be seen at McMillen, 148 East 55th Street, there is a folding desk, designed by Maxime Old, that is just about the most extraordinary piece of cabinetwork imaginable. Here, now, is something to which the decorators and dealers can apply—probably for the first time with any appropriateness—their favorite adjective, "amusing;" whether you like it or not, the folding desk will almost certainly make you smile. The price tag, though, which says $1,500, will probably wipe the smile off in no time. This impressive thing is constructed like a combination drawing board and folding easel; a beautifully made and detachable box—it looks very much like an outsize paintbox of the kind that holds tubes of paints and a palette, and it has the same sort of handle—is mounted on the easel. One side of the box is covered with green leather and opens out to form a work surface, which is lined with red leather; the interior, also lined with red leather, is fitted with tiers of receptacles, in which letters, paper, and all the paraphernalia of the writing table are kept in plain sight and easy reach—an obvious advantage. Leaving aside the *looks* of the desk, which are admittedly unconventional, there can be no two opinions about its meticulous craftsmanship, which is apparent in every line of its delicate pearwood frame and in the exquisite use of the red and green leath-

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ers. Indeed, it is this respect for materials and this concern for detail that help make the entire collection at McMillen so praiseworthy.

As you may suspect, I have brought up this odd, space-saving bit of furniture mainly to get my foot in the door of the French exhibit, where there are objects of much more serious interest to be seen. This is the first applied-arts show of any size and scope that has come from France since the war, and, of course, it is of considerable importance as an indication of what French designers and artisans are up to. The indication is, on the whole, very heartening, although the show has its ups and downs. Easily the best things in it are the tapestries and rugs, all woven at the Aubusson factories in designs that bring an exciting new vigor to the old technique. Some of the lacquer work—on screens, tabletops, and ornamental panels—is exceptionally decorative and just about as fine technically as such work can be, and there are various ceramics that are remarkable in both design and technique. On the other hand, numerous pieces of furniture in which wrought iron plays a prominent part (these are some of the most expensive items exhibited, and are given places of honor) seem to me to be sadly uninspired. Even the wrought-iron pieces, though, have some striking feature or other that almost redeems the whole. For example, a large dining-room table with a singularly pompous iron base has a dark-green lacquer top of breathtaking beauty. This one was designed by Gilbert Poillerat. A notable departure from the general unimaginativeness of the ironwork is a pair of small *guéridons* (round tables of the sort the French use so effectively to hold a large vase of flowers or a single lamp) with white marble tops, each of which is almost covered with an inlaid star of gray marble. These lovely things, also designed by Poillerat, are sixteen inches in diameter, and they are supported by a sheaflike arrangement of slender wrought-iron reeds caught together at the middle by a narrow gilt ring—a base of delicacy. The tables, which would lend particular distinction to a hall, are $350 each.

The French exhibit also contains a collection of leather furniture, very dashing in style, that was designed by a group calling itself Artistes Artisans Associés. The liveliest example of this work is a bookcase (seventy-seven inches high, thirty-nine inches wide, and fourteen inches deep) built something like the stacks in a public library; the frame-

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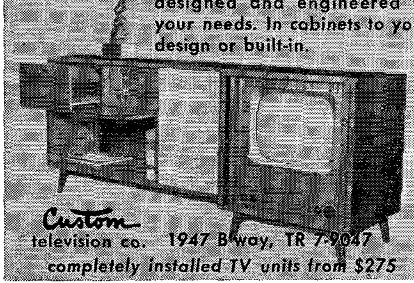

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work is made of metal rods, which are covered with black saddle leather hand-stitched with white thread, and the shelves are rather widely separated troughs of natural elm. The effect is altogether pleasing, and for making the books easily accessible and the titles clearly visible, there couldn't be a more practical arrangement. The bookcase was designed by R. H. Pinchon, and it costs $575. Two other arresting leather pieces are a large desk and a commode. The desk has a spacious elm top, which is set on a frame of steel tubing covered with hand-stitched tan saddle leather, and three leather-covered drawers, which look like the top ends of a couple of magnificent Mark Cross suitcases, even to regulation suitcase handles, for pulls. The commode is built in much the same way, with the same suitcaselike drawers. The desk is $500 and the commode $650. The luggage aspect isn't in the least eccentric, although it may sound as if it were; both pieces have a good deal of dignity, and would look very fine indeed in a man's room.

—S. H.

•

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(The White Book of Rydderch, which preserves the earliest Welsh myths, tells of Rhiannon, daughter of Hefydd the Old, and her coming to Pwyll, Prince of Dyfedd. She had three birds who could sing the dead to life and the living to death.)

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In my own way
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And the light falls, lightly.

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Make such sweet music
No man who hears
Can be a warrior
For eighty years
And the light falls, lightly.

Across the meadows,
Through woodland shadows,
By night or day
In my own way
I go my errand
And the light falls, lightly.

So follow me slowly,
O my dear pursuer,
Only remember
In my own way
I go my quest
And the light falls, lightly.

—Rolfe Humphries

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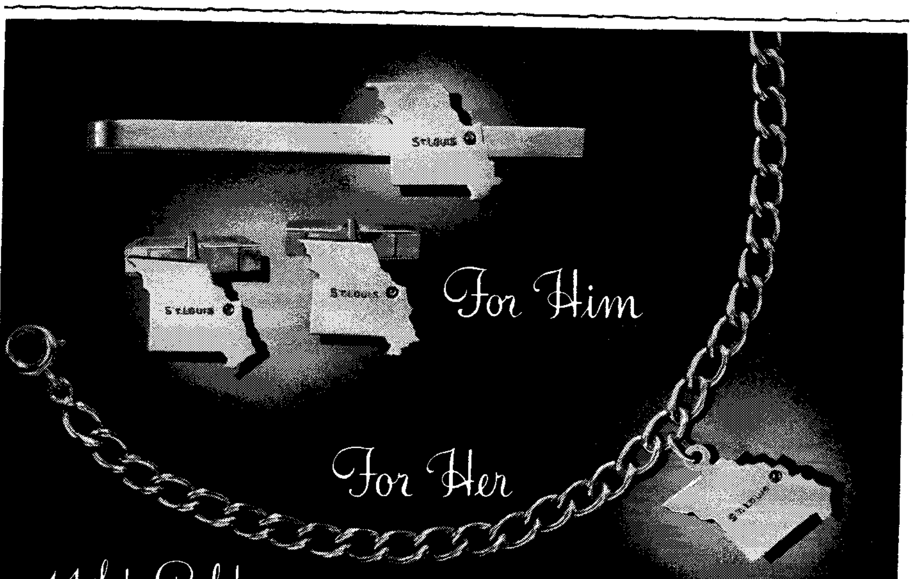

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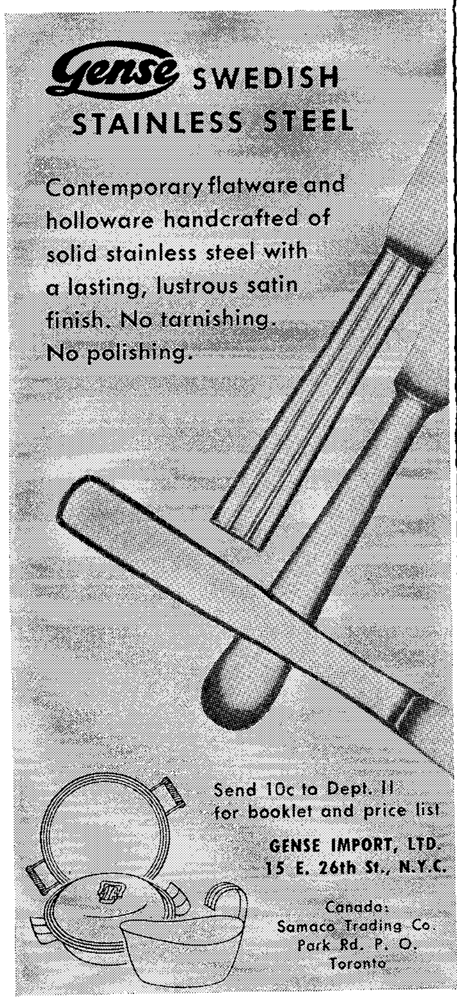

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Cowboys, Communism, and Sex

ABOUT the cheeriest item I came across last week was a Western film called "Bend of the River," in which James Stewart and Arthur Kennedy perform most capably as a couple of tough customers in transit to Oregon with a party of migrating farmers. For a while, it's hard to figure out which of our men is the true hero of the piece, but it presently becomes clear that it's Mr. Stewart, since he remains virtuously engaged in getting the farmers settled while Mr. Kennedy is whooping it up with a gang of miners who have been unstrung by the discovery of gold around Portland. Based on a novel written by Bill Gulick and adapted by Borden Chase, "Bend of the River" is one of the few pictures of this type to make an effort at authentic characterization; except for Stepin Fetchit, who does his usual shuffling routine, practically all the actors have roles demanding a bit more skill than is customary in cowboy-and-Indian enterprises. As the headman of the farmers, Jay C. Flippen behaves as if his knowledge of the soil had not been gained by digging around in a window box, and as a gambler, Rock Hudson has the air of smooth and gentlemanly competence proper to his occupation. As a couple of farm girls, though, Julia Adams and Lori Nelson may be just a trifle too chic to be as bucolic as they'd like us to believe.

HAVING produced a passable Western, Hollywood immediately lowered its sights to take up the problem of Communism in a picture called "My Son John," in which Helen Hayes, Dean Jagger, Van Heflin, and the late Robert Walker participate. As directed and, in part, written by Leo McCarey, this affair is apparently bent on proving that Americans ought to cut out thinking, obey their superiors blindly, regard all political suspects as guilty without trial, revel in joy through strength, and pay more attention to football. To string this nonsense together, Mr. McCarey has assembled a parody of an American family, consisting of a gentle, if not overly intelligent, mother; a Legionnaire father, whose theme song is "If You Don't Like Your Uncle Sammy (then go back to your home o'er the sea);" two sons with a proper respect for the gridiron; and, as a counterbalance, a black sheep, who acts suspiciously like a Communist and undeniably like an intellectual. I couldn't make out which was his greater offense in Mr. McCarey's eyes.

IN contrast to Mr. McCarey's mewlings, the ideas in the Italian film "Tomorrow Is Too Late" are sensible, though perhaps not entirely surprising. The theme of the movie has to do with sex education among adolescents, and it is developed carefully and sensitively. Against the old method—maybe it's not so old, at that—of letting youngsters learn about life as best they can, "Tomorrow Is Too Late" proposes that a system of sex education be included as part of a general education. A pedagogical friend of mine tells me that this is a burning issue in a good many schools in this country, so perhaps the idea is not as elementary as it sounds. Anyhow, whether you have any interest in the matter or not, "Tomorrow Is Too Late" should provide you with a fair amount of entertainment, since it includes some charming scenes with a crowd of likable children, and has the talented Pier Angeli and Vittorio De Sica in its cast. —JOHN McCARTEN

•

She remembered suddenly what Honus Kelly had said to her: "Don't ever show them you're scared." —*Page 36.*

. . . she saw the two Indians still watching her with muskets cradled in their arms. "Don't ever show them you're scared." —*Page 37.*

"Don't ever show them you're scared." Honus Kelly had said to her. She felt herself begin to shake and, to keep erect, leaned her shoulder against a tree. —*Page 39.*

. . . the roaring ceased and her head partially cleared. "Don't ever show them you're scared." —*Page 40.*

"Don't ever show them you're scared." There was no one to see her now. The tears came unchecked to her eyes. —*Page 42.*

"Don't ever show them you're scared." There was no one to see her now. She wept silently. —*Page 46.*

"Don't ever show them you're scared." She had a brief thought of Honus Kelly. —*Page 53.*

—*From "In the Hands of the Senecas," by Walter D. Edmonds.*

We're *all* beginning to remember Kelly.

•

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[*Headline in the Herald Tribune*]

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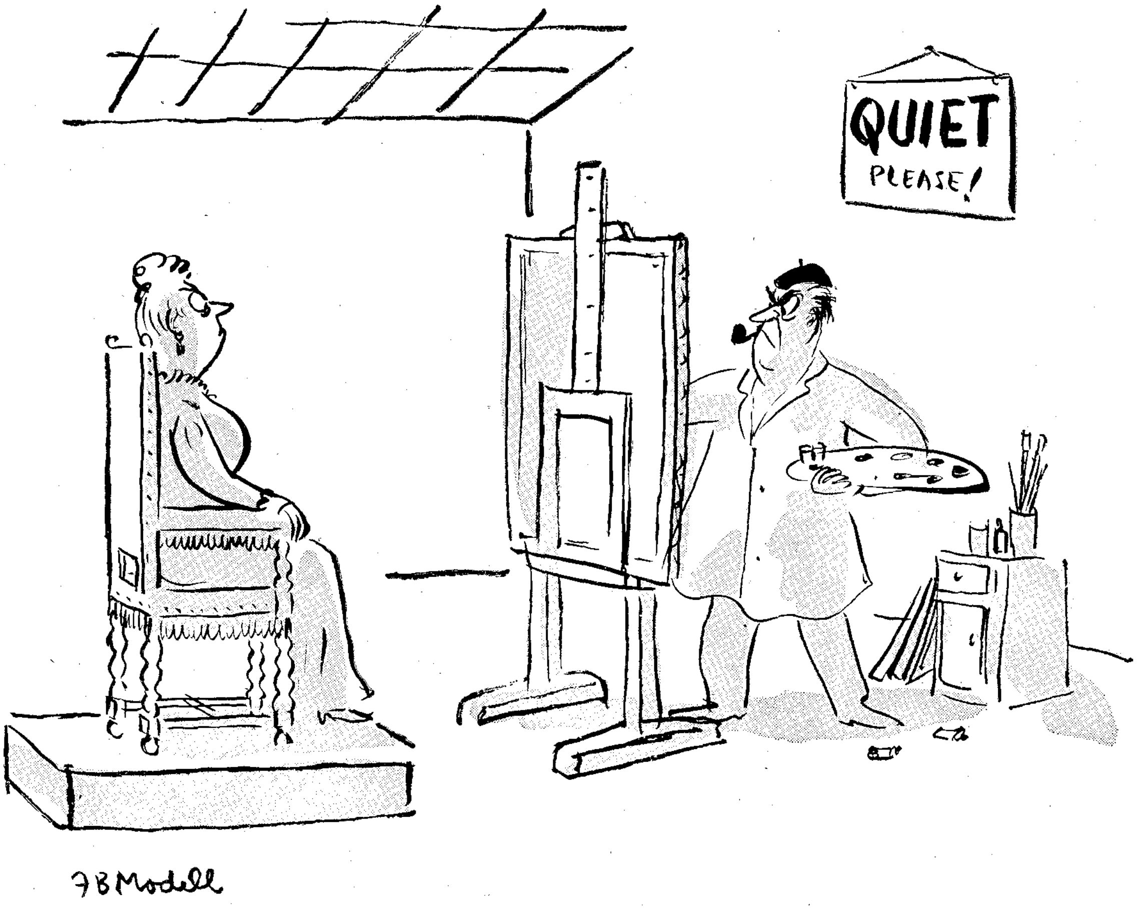
THE KIBBUTZ

A BAFFLING and troublemaking phenomenon of this century—the mutability of socialism—is symbolized in Israel in the type of agricultural village known as the *kibbutz*. (“*Kibbutz*” is a Hebrew word that means “settlement;” its plural is “*kibbutzim*;” the members of such a community are “*kibbutznikim*.”) In its original conception, the *kibbutz* represented an almost pure and ideal socialism. The *kibbutz* movement was founded early in the century by Zionists who regarded themselves as pioneers in a land that would one day, they felt sure, be a Jewish state. Part of the motivation for the establishment of *kibbutzim* in the harsh hills and swamps of Palestine, on lands untended for nearly two millenniums, was to show to Jewry in the Diaspora that the country of its forefathers could be brought back to flower; part of the motivation was to create a political fact that would affect the future of Palestine—Jewish land settled by Jewish farmers—and part of it, too, was to test a dream of socialism. In the early *kibbutzim* there was no private property whatever; all the things a member used—the land he tilled, the house he occupied, the clothes he wore, the food he ate, the cigarettes he smoked, the books he read, the violin he played—belonged to the community and were his only to borrow or consume by allotment. Each member of the *kibbutz* gave according to his ability and received according to his needs. There was absolute equality of work and of the sexes. No one was exploited by anyone else; the concept of hired labor was anathema. Even the children belonged to the community; they slept, played, and were schooled in central children’s houses, and visited their parents for only a couple of hours each afternoon. The settlement was governed by its whole membership, which assembled in general meetings every week to discuss its problems. The membership elected various executive officers each year, but rotated them to make sure that no one would get the feel of power.

The *kibbutz* of today, inheritor of these forms and ideals, is suffering a mortal crisis. Recent history has brought tremendous pressure to bear on the *kibbutz*, and so has the fact that the *kibbutznikim* are human beings. Paradoxically, the *kibbutz*, which was initially dedicated to the creation of a Jewish state and to the attraction of immigrants to the Holy Land, has been terribly strained precisely by the realization of the state and by its fantastic immigration. Like a wild creature entering a new environment, the *kibbutz* has had to adapt or die. Its socialism has changed—in some ways matured, in some ways been corrupted, in some ways aped capitalism. It has subtly metamorphosed into several new things, as various as the socialisms of Sweden, Yugoslavia, the Soviet Union, China, and Britain. The movement is politically fragmented. It still has many remarkable, idealistic features, but it has changed.

The *kibbutzim* made a great contribution—a wildly romantic and much-storied contribution—to the foundation of the State of Israel. Many of the newer ones were established for strategic reasons just before or during the fighting against the Arabs. On the night of October 6, 1946, in what came to be called Operation Negev, eleven groups of settlers drove in trucks to previously chosen sites, erected stockades and watchtowers, and dug in to defend eleven brand-new outposts of Jewry in the great southern desert of Palestine, the Negev, whose sky is iron and whose earth is brass. The settlers fought the bitterest kind of fight there against both Arabs and nature. Similarly, in 1948 a number of *kibbutzim* were scattered, as if by a wide-swung hand sowing seed on rocky soil, across western Galilee and Samaria, so that the partitioners of Palestine would have to take into consideration thereabouts that which is nine-tenths of the law. Some time ago, I visited ‘Urim, in the desert of the south (one of the settlements of Operation Negev), and saw there in the dust a lawn—a round plot of desperate grass, surrounded by little boxlike homes, a tidy children’s house, a spanking new “cultural house,” a dining hall prefabricated in Western Germany, and a group of barns, sheds, and shops. Fields lay outside this circle, and in them lush green patches of sorghum, corn, and truck crops exploded out of the dry loess. Later, I visited Sa’sa’, which had been placed for strategic reasons on the great spine, as rough as a dinosaur’s back, that divides western Galilee from the



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Jordan Valley. Every field at Sa'sa' contained a hundred thousand small stones. The *kibbutz* had six tractors, but in such soil machine cultivation was almost impossible, and the clannish rocks had to be cleared by hand, in baskets; experts were advising the young modernists of Sa'sa' to revert to mules and wooden plows. There is no water at Sa'sa'; its *kibbutznikim* fetch water every day, for drinking and for irrigation, from a well several miles away, in a cubical steel tank, which they hoist on and off a truck. The populations of 'Urim and Sa'sa' (the average age is about twenty-three) undergo incredible hardships. A young Canadian Jew at 'Urim said to me, with conviction, "Anyone who can succeed here can succeed at anything anywhere in the world." An American *kibbutznik* at Sa'sa' said, "The government asked us to come here for defense reasons. We couldn't very well say, 'We'd like to go somewhere easier, please.' " The job these young settlers gave themselves to begin with—helping found the Jewish state, and extracting vitamins from dust and calories from stones—has been extended, by the very fact of their success in doing that job, to something that looks like infinity; their job now is to help Israel survive.

At the present time, the *kibbutz* is one of four main types of agricultural settlement in Israel. First, there is the ordinary farming village, where individual farmers own their property and work it, just as they do in America. Then there is a hybrid type, of which there are a number of variants loosely grouped under the generic name *moshav*, combining the principle of private ownership of home and land with differing degrees of collectivization—coöperative marketing of produce, pooling of farm equipment, and joint maintenance of village services, for instance. The third type is the *kibbutz*. Finally, there is a new kind of place—the *ma'abara*, or transitional settlement, consisting of temporary housing into which the mass of recent immigrants to Israel is being crammed. This type is being placed by the government, so that the immigrants may have employment, alongside established settlements of all three of the other sorts, and also near big cities.

It is the arrival, close at hand, of the *ma'abara* that has presented the most obvious threat to the social order of the *kibbutz*. The property owners of the ordinary village and of the *moshav* have been eager to hire the hands of the raw immigrants. The *kibbutznikim*, living in a society where no one employs anyone else, have held back—even though they badly need manual help. Their efforts to persuade the immigrants to join up as members of the *kibbutz* have failed dismally. A tremendous proportion of the immigration is "Oriental"—from the ghettos of the Middle East and North Africa—and to this element the highly intellectualized life of the *kibbutz* is utterly foreign. Most of the rest of the immigrants are graduates of the concentration camps of Europe, and this group has had enough regimentation; it finds the communal dining halls of the *kibbutz* reminiscent, and even frightening. The authorities, obliged to be ruthless in obtaining employment for the flood of immigrants, have exerted force on the *kibbutzim* to hire people from the transitional settlements; they strongly urge that a percentage of the loans for new buildings and roads in the *kibbutzim* be spent on the hiring of immigrants. The government has offered to put up as much as half of the wages of immigrants as a straight subsidy, so that the loans would go farther. Without the buildings and roads, without the loans, without extra hands, the *kibbutzim* would perish. Moreover, the *kibbutznikim*, who were truly pioneers in their country, have seen the danger that their settlements might become isolated, self-centered enclaves, cut off from the destiny to which they once contributed so much; they might turn into something like socialistic monasteries. One by one, the *kibbutzim* have given in; they have begun to hire. The effects on them have been quick and great. The basic tenet of the *kibbutz*, of the absolutely classless society, has

broken down, especially since the *kibbutznikim* have realized how superior they are in most of the essential accomplishments of an agricultural life to the raw and depressed immigrants. The *kibbutznikim* have suddenly come to see themselves not merely as exploiters but as an élite group—something they certainly never wanted or planned to be. They are also relatively affluent. The European immigrants regard them as prosperous and invidious kulaks. "Even a *kibbutznik* can handle a shovel," a *ma'abara* immigrant working in a field belonging to a *kibbutz* in the Samarian hills said sarcastically a few months ago, when a *kibbutznik* who had been supervising a squad of immigrants pitched in for a while.

IN the early days of the *kibbutz* movement, the most precarious time for a settlement was its period of capital investment: the first three or four years, when its buildings were being put up, its irrigation was being devised, its fields, orchards, and vineyards were being planted, and its livestock and poultry were being bought—years during which there was much outlay and almost no return. The expenditures were financed for the most part by long-term loans from the Jewish Agency, a non-governmental organization in Tel Aviv that uses funds from abroad for the development of the country. The present condition of Israel has dictated that the period of capital investment—the precarious time—be stretched without limit. With her population doubled in the last three and a half years, Israel is far from self-sufficient in food, and the *kibbutzim* have been called upon to provide not simply for themselves but for Israel as a whole. To help meet the country's needs, the *kibbutzim* have had to expand and keep expanding, and to do this they have had to go deeper and deeper into debt. Expansion has meant the procurement of additional housing, of new tractors, of seed, of fertilizer, and, above all, of the most precious commodity in Israel, steel water pipe. ('Urim depends on water that is piped from wells twenty-five miles away. There are so many settlements along the pipeline above 'Urim that the *kibbutz* can get water for its fields only in the middle of the night. The *kibbutz* is so short of pipe that the men who go out to irrigate the fields in the dark have to disconnect the smaller pipes from the mains when they have finished watering one field, carry them to the next field, connect them to the mains there, water that field—and so

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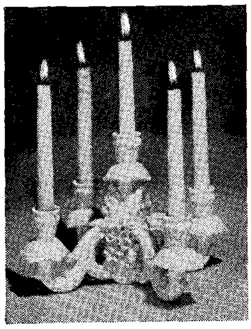

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on, until, near dawn, with a spiritlike reaction to the approach of daylight, the water dwindles to a trickle and stops.) Capital equipment has had to be bought at soaring prices, reflecting inflation in America—the source of most of it—and shortages in Israel. At the same time, the government has tried to curb Israel's own inflation by putting ceilings on food prices. The *kibbutzim*, therefore, have had to buy at rising prices and sell at fixed prices. The government and the Jewish Agency, increasingly in debt themselves, have not been able to expand their financing indefinitely. After a certain point in its history, each *kibbutz* has had to get financing wherever it could find it. To meet payments on long-term Agency loans, *kibbutzim* begin by negotiating short-term loans from banks; to meet payments on them, they negotiate still shorter-term loans from other banks; and of late, because the government has tightened credit regulations as another stop against inflation, the *kibbutzim* have been driven to really frantic procedures, including check-kiting. One harassed *kibbutz* treasurer told me that in his case the term "running deficit" was so literally apposite—he spent most of his time in Haifa and Tel Aviv running from bank to bank to keep ahead of his bum checks with yet other bum checks—that the members of the *kibbutz* had decided in a general meeting that it would pay the settlement to buy a jeep (on *new* borrowed money) for the sole use of the treasurer in outdistancing his own worthless pieces of paper. The members seemed to think that since Israel needs food, and their main business is food, they could keep the process up for a good long time—for the lifetime of a jeep, probably.

Though the main business of the *kibbutzim* is indeed food, the government's price regulations have made farming less and less profitable, and in order to get their hands on operating cash, some *kibbutzim* have been forced to develop a sideline of manufacturing. Both 'Urim and a *kibbutz* I visited in western Galilee named Gesher-Haziv manufacture door and window frames for government housing. At Sa'sa' the members make beehives, hothouse frames, and ladders for fruit picking. 'Asher, a *kibbutz* of Polish Jews, among them a number of survivors of the Warsaw ghetto, manufactures metal beds. I visited a couple of old and well-established *kibbutzim* that have built up very substantial factories: Kfar Blum, in Upper Galilee, makes clothespins by the ton, and 'Afiqim, in the Jordan Valley, has an enormous plywood plant. Industrialization has, of course, affected the *kibbutzim*. Fluidity and flexibility are being driven out, and the communities are becoming hierarchic. Making things like plywood requires high technical skills; specialists have emerged, and with them the classes of skilled and unskilled laborers. Rotation of tasks and of executive positions is gradually being abandoned, especially in the larger *kibbutzim* and more especially in the upper echelons of *kibbutz* administrations. The "cork," the member who floated from task to task, is disappearing. A managerial class is developing, and even that class is stratified; it has its executives, its foremen, its hopeful clerks. Universal human problems that existed even when the *kibbutzim* were "pure"—problems of talent, privilege, power, envy, and discipline—have been complicated by the growth of the settlements into partly industrial towns. Just as the *kibbutznikim* have become an élite class in the whole population, a super-élite group has come up within the *kibbutzim*. As soon as the talent-starved government realized this fact, it began drafting the best *kibbutz* people for government jobs, so that now some of the settlements are short of selfless leadership. *Kibbutz* factories like the one at 'Afiqim point up an ironic possibility; some of the *kibbutzim*, which started their lives as tiny, struggling socialistic organisms, may very well become the most substantial quasi-capitalistic enterprises in Israel.

SINCE the establishment of the state, national politics have become a seriously divisive force in the *kibbutzim*. In the years of the British Mandate over Palestine, irresponsibility and obstruction of British governmental policies accorded with the aims of the *kibbutzim*

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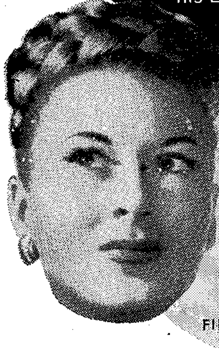

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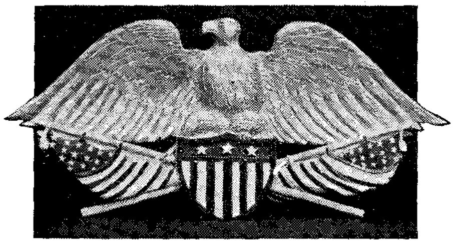

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and put them in the forefront of the Jewish fight. Today, the *kibbutzim* see that they must be responsible and helpful to the authorities if they wish to stay out in front in the struggle for Israel's survival. But what if governmental policies attack the very basis of *kibbutz* life, as they did when the government asked that the *kibbutzim* hire immigrants? The *kibbutzim* are split, and split wide, on the answer to this question. Their membership is divided between Mapai, the government party, which calls itself Socialist but actually has a fairly conservative Social Democratic complexion, and Mapam, the strongest Left Wing opposition party. The Israel Communist Party, which won four per cent of the vote in the elections last July 30th, and which stays in line with the Cominform, draws much of its numerical strength, and most of its intrinsic weakness, as far as domestic politics is concerned, from the Arabs remaining in Israel. Mapam, which won twelve and a half per cent of the vote in July, is far to the Left; it favors orienting foreign policy away from the United States and toward Russia, but it does not adhere to the Cominform, on the ground that the Soviet Union, which has not permitted Jews to emigrate from Russia to Israel, is anti-Zionist. The core of Mapam is in the *kibbutzim;* this is not true of Mapai, which draws its strength (thirty-seven per cent of the vote in July) from various elements in the country. The split among the *kibbutzim*, which had been developing ever since 1948, came to a head last year. In a *kibbutz* in the Jordan Valley, 'Ashdot Ya'akov, which had had a wonderfully valorous record during the war with the Arabs, a Mapai faction, which was in the minority, tried to quit the *kibbutz* and go out and form one of its own. The Mapam majority ruled that the Mapai people did not have the right to leave. Thereupon a very large association of *kibbutzim* called Kibbutz Me'uchad, to which 'Ashdot Ya'akov belonged, fell apart at the seams. Its member *kibbutzim* chose individually whether to adhere to Mapai or Mapam. Minorities were exchanged, like prisoners of war. Families were broken up. Some of the largest and finest *kibbutzim*, like Giv'at-Brenner, which was founded a quarter of a century ago, were so evenly balanced that for several months they could not decide which way to go; they existed during that time in uncomfortable poise, generating internal heat. The Mapai *kibbutznikim* feel responsible to Israel and to the government, and the Mapam people feel responsible

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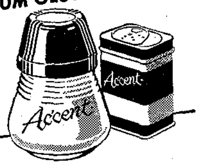

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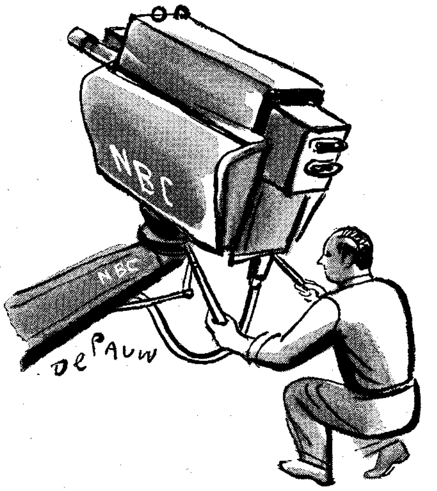
to their political commitments; the best among both seem to have misgivings. The split within the *kibbutz* movement may wreck it, because if Mapam becomes substantially more powerful, the government is likely, by commission or omission, consciously or unconsciously, to let the *kibbutzim* as a whole wither on the vine.

ABOVE all else, the *kibbutznikim*, in their effort to make socialism work, have suffered (or, more likely, enjoyed) the consequences of being human. They have found true equality easier to contemplate than to achieve. Some *kibbutzim* have laboriously achieved systems of false equality. At one *kibbutz* I visited, I received a short lecture on "the principle of the minimum," to the effect that equality exists when no one gets less than a certain amount. The *kibbutznikim* have found, too, that no rules can flatten individuals to a norm. In earlier days, the women of the *kibbutzim* used to dress themselves virtually in uniforms—blue jeans for field work and white smocks for kitchen work. Now they tend to dress as women, each to her own taste. In pure *kibbutz* theory, the books in a member's room belong to the community and can be taken from him at any time. Actually, the library in each room reflects so exactly the personality and interests of the occupant that he is, in a more binding sense than mere legal title could ever make him, the owner of the books—and evidently considers himself so. The *kibbutznikim's* rooms, as uniform as monks' cubicles to begin with, now exhibit the utmost variety of decoration and personal knickknackery. At Sa'sa', a Mapam *kibbutz*, the quarters in which visitors are usually entertained belong to a young couple who, by the exercise of a spectacular ingenuity, have made of an old, one-room Arab house a modernistic salon that might well be in Beverly Hills. Though the room is used by the *kibbutz* as a showplace, the couple are proud and seem to be envied; thus, in human truth, they own the room. The Tenth Commandment, which concerns itself with hankering, is no easier for *kibbutznikim* to obey than for anyone else. At Kfar Blum one afternoon, while being entertained at tea by several *kibbutznikim* in the room of one of them, I heard a squall between two children and saw that one little girl had let covetousness get the best of her; she had hijacked three or four marbles from a friend. What was interesting was not the normal flurry between the children but the equally normal tension this incident set up between the parents, one of whom (the mother of the robbed child) seemed to have a high regard for, and the other of whom (the mother of the felon) seemed to take a more orthodox *kibbutz* view of, private property.

Some *kibbutzim* have begun to change their whole policy in regard to the care of children. The separate houses for children were intended to free mothers for manual labor, and in some ways the system worked well. Parents were able to do their chores all day long without worrying about their children; then, in the late afternoon, they devoted two or three unbroken hours exclusively to them—probably a longer period of undiverted attention and entertainment than most American parents give their children. But the maternal instinct is not easily socialized; many mothers begrudged having their children sleep under a separate roof. Most *kibbutzim* have relaxed the rigid rule they used to have that prohibited parents from visiting the children's houses except when calling for and returning their children in the afternoons. Now it is commonplace to see parents dropping into the children's houses after lunch and at other times during the day. Some *kibbutzim*, particularly those with a large proportion of American-born members, are debating the whole theory of separate houses for children, and, of those that I visited, Gesher-Haziv has voted to discontinue them as soon as sufficient homes are ready to accommodate the children with their parents.

Another widespread modification of old forms in the *kibbutzim* is the adaptation of religious rites to fit an agricultural life more closely. For the most part, the *kibbutznikim* I met were agnostics, but, like all other human beings, they seemed to need a little cere-



mony in their lives. Their intimacy with the soil made them stress the more primitive festivals of Judaism, like Shavuot, the holiday of the Pentecost, when, pursuant to an admonition in Leviticus, the celebrants wave loaves of bread from the first wheat crop before the Lord as a "wave offering." In observation of the Passover, many *kibbutzim* have added to the traditional Haggadah—the commentary on the Exodus—accounts of their own escapes from toils. Kfar Blum observes a modernized variant of the *bar mitzvah*, the ceremony of the coming of age of boys at thirteen, at which time they are called upon to participate in the ritual of the synagogue. At Kfar Blum, both boys and girls are confirmed at the age of thirteen after they have completed thirteen "socially useful tasks," such as working an eight-hour day in the fields, taking over a group of babies for a day, producing a decorative gewgaw for their parents' room, and running errands in a nearby city for the settlement's secretariat—errands that may include paying bills or making excuses for not paying them (a task, I was assured by one member of the secretariat, that would make a man of any boy).

ABOUT eight thousand American Jews have immigrated to Israel, and most of them are *kibbutznikim*. In America, a large proportion of them were young idealists who rebelled against the standards of their middle-class parents, joined Zionist youth organizations, and were attracted to Israel by the emotional lure of the fight for a Jewish state and by the romantic idea of bringing blossoms out of the dust. The effects of Israel and socialism on them, and of them on socialism and Israel, have been marked. Coming from the American culture of books, newspapers, movies, radio, and plays, and from an atmosphere of urgent idealism—of union meetings and political activity—they have, in Israel, self-consciously tried to shed certain elements of their Americanism that they might better have kept, for efficiency's sake, and they have unconsciously clung to certain elements that they might better be rid of, for socialism's sake. Efficient plumbing, the classic symbol of the American standard of living, has often been used as the symbol of the worst in American materialism, and some of the American *kibbutznikim*, evidently brooding on this symbol, have purposefully maintained second-rate toilet facilities—generally poorer, it ap-

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pears, than those of the European *kibbutznikim*. In some predominantly American *kibbutzim*, ill-tended latrines, coupled with a total lack of fly control in the dining halls, have been a serious detriment to the health of the members and may have been partly responsible for the high incidence of polio among American *kibbutznikim* during an epidemic that hit Israel in the summer of 1950. In counterbalance to such protests over symbols, the Americans have carried over from the culture of their upbringing a deep-seated love of property. This shows itself in little ways—sometimes in rather appealing ways. The parents of American *kibbutznikim* persist in sending their children gift parcels, and one item the recipients prize very highly is American coffee. According to pure *kibbutz* doctrine, coffee received in such parcels is the property of the community; actually, it is consumed in the members' rooms during *kumsitzim*, or evening bull sessions. At one partly American *kibbutz*, the members recently had a series of ideological discussions on the coffee problem, and finally ruled that coffee received in parcels was the property of the *kibbutz*, that it must be turned in at the dining hall, but that the first member applying for it thereafter could have it to use in his room; in practice, the recipient, upon turning his coffee in, at once applied for it and got it back. American *kibbutznikim* have also had trouble shedding the success ideal. There is no place for personal careers in a community where each works for all and where the executive posts are rotated. About a year ago, a young American at Gesher-Haziv who had been trained as a geologist in the States was asked by the government to help prospect for oil and minerals in the Negev. The *kibbutz* voted to give him six months' leave. At the end of the six months, he asked for an extension. The *kibbutz* granted six months more. At the end of the second six months, he asked for still more time. The *kibbutz*, deciding that he would have to choose between being a *kibbutznik* and a careerist, turned him down. He resigned from the *kibbutz*. Another American quality that has had its effect on *kibbutz* life is the stress on individuality. American *kibbutznikim* do not hesitate to pit their likes and dislikes against the communal taste. A little before midnight one night early in September, during a *kumsitz* in front of a cabin at Gesher-Haziv to which I had been invited, one of the hosts quietly got up, went into his room, and emerged with a rifle over his shoulder and a flashlight in his hand. Someone explained to me that he was going out to water the fields; the rifle was for protection against Arab marauders. One of the American *kibbutznikim* feelingly urged him, as he started away, "For God's sake, don't water the eggplant."

In most cases, the Americans are in *kibbutzim* along with at least one other nationality, and it is in their attempts to integrate themselves with these others, to turn into indistinguishable Israelis, that their simultaneous rejection of and clinging to American ways becomes most touching. The Americans, coming from an industrial and white-collar world, clamor for agricultural assignments, while the Eastern Europeans, coming from an agricultural world, jump at the tasks of shop and office. The Americans have a hard time learning Hebrew and tend to use it only for official business and for communication with other nationalities; among themselves, they talk American. Their own children, not other Israelis, are their best and most inspiring teachers of Hebrew. A relationship such as exists at 'Urim, between forty Bulgarian *kibbutznikim*, who have not on the whole been much educated but who have had many years' experience of *kibbutz* life, and eighty Americans, most of them highly intellectual but all green newcomers to Israel, requires the utmost tact merely to keep it operative. I asked the Bulgarian secretary of 'Urim, a man grown elderly at twenty-two, what he thought of the Americans in the *kibbutz*, and he replied, "When they came, we needed hands so badly that we wouldn't have cared who they were. Later, we Bulgarians wondered whether they would work for the ideal of the *kibbutz* or would work for themselves. They satisfied us that they would work for the ideal. But they are impatient. They rush at details. They want to finish the greatest projects tomorrow afternoon."

In one respect, the precipitate Americans have been most useful to their *kibbutzim*; they have helped to speed the mechanization of the settlements and to keep the machinery in good running order. The generosity of American Jewry is seen everywhere in Israel, and so is American machinery. Even Mapam *kibbutzim*, which advocate Israel's turning away from the United States in foreign policy, do not refuse offers of American tractors. (As it happened, it was Gesher-Haziv, a Mapai *kibbutz*, that received generators originally built

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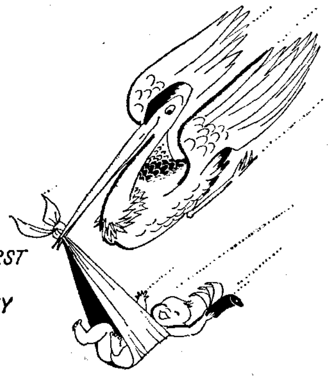

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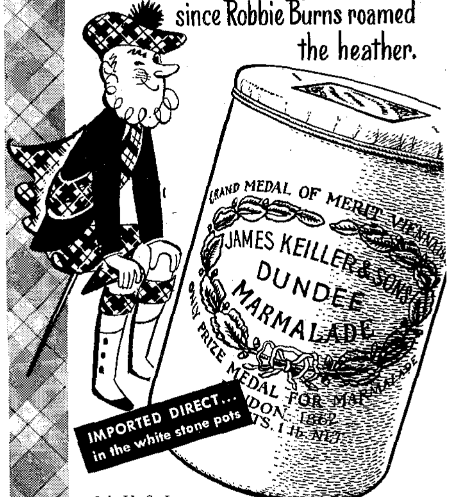
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for export to the Soviet Union but prevented from going there by last-minute intervention on the part of Congress. The Gesher-Haziv *kibbutznikim* had a hard time finding Mapai mechanics who could understand the modern technical Russian of the operating manuals.) In the *kibbutzim* where Americans have settled, the standard of the machine shops, garages, and maintenance benches is very high. Sa'sa' boasts one of the few women welders in Israel, a girl from the Bronx named Charlotte Bennett: she is so skillful that she has been called all the way to Haifa several times to do repair jobs. The mechanical talent of some of the Americans has contributed noticeably to the musical life of the *kibbutzim.* Almost every time I drove up to an American *kibbutz*, I would hear recorded classical music pouring out across the plantations to the wilderness beyond. 'Urim, which is still only a wet place in the dust at the end of a pipe, has three imposing record-playing machines. Besides haste, there is also waste among the Americans; they acquire unsuitable pieces of machinery and then let them lie idle or throw them away. The most expressive example of this trait that I saw was an electric waffle iron corroding in a heap of discarded wood scraps outside the carpentry shop at Gesher-Haziv.

THE crisis in the *kibbutz* movement has led to an alarming number of defections, from settlements of all nationalities. One *kibbutz*, for instance, started its life just after the Second World War with a population of a hundred and ten. Forty members left in the first two years. The association to which it belonged then assigned it a hundred new members. Since then, sixty more

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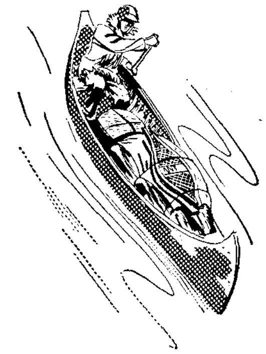

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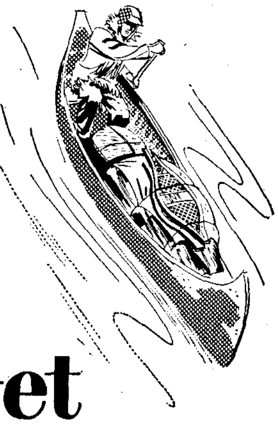

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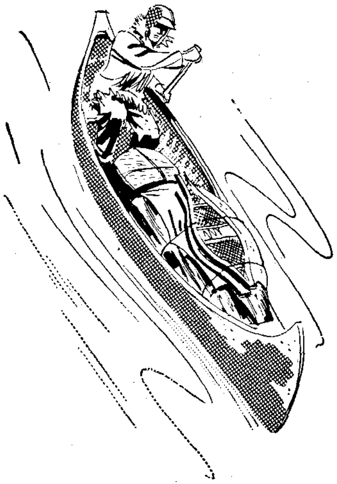

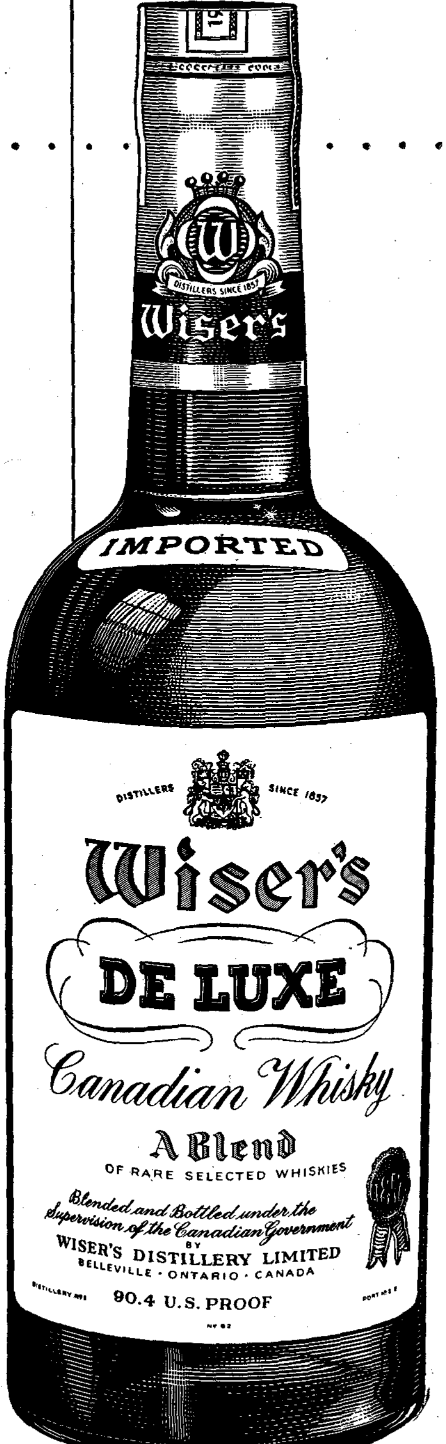
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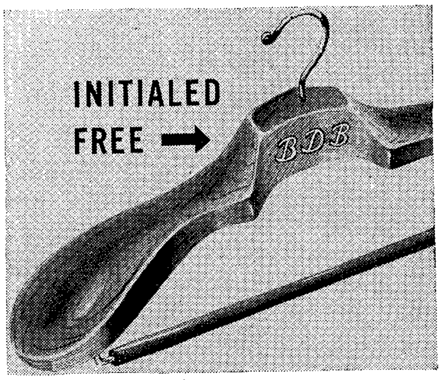

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have resigned, so the net population is just what it was when the *kibbutz* was established—and just about half of what it needs. Members leave for various reasons. The zest of pioneering is partly gone now that Israel is a state, and the *kibbutznik* is not the hero he once was. Increased kudos is being given civil servants, and the urban life of government workers is easier than the existence of farm workers. Much of the romance that almost seemed palpable from a distance when young idealists were considering joining the *kibbutzim* vanished when the idealists discovered themselves at the foot of an endless stairway of workdays. American girls, who come from a society that lays a lot of emphasis, at least in its advertisements, on the comfort of women, have found it very hard indeed to turn themselves into automatons, and some have found absolute equality with men rather a letdown. Among those American *kibbutznikim* who have not deserted, there are a number who have at least hedged their bets. A large percentage of them, including many of the Mapam persuasion, have been careful not to vote in the Israel elections, because taking part in the election of a foreign country means the loss of American citizenship.

It would be unwarranted, however, to leave the impression that the hardships and defections of individuals threaten the existence of the *kibbutz* movement as a whole. The majority of the settlers stay on, and those who do are magnificent people. Many of them are visionaries, able somehow to look through the dust around them and see phantasms of future plenty. They seem to feel that they are participants in an inevitability—in the fulfillment of prophecy. At 'Urim, a Canadian *kibbutznik* was telling me how beautiful the settlement would one day be, when lantana, casuarina, date palms, Bermuda juniper, and even an unlikely elm had reared themselves over the lawn, and finally a companion of his from Long Beach, Long Island, a down-to-earth ex-G.I. nicknamed, to fit his comic-book explosiveness, Bim-Bom, said, "What a lucky character! He sees the after in everything." A few minutes later, Bim-Bom and his Canadian friend took me to the cultural house of 'Urim, where, in preparation for a party on the coming Saturday, another *kibbutznik*, who had studied at the Art Institute of Chicago, had painted a mural on beaverboard. It pictured in the background a Biblical sower of seed and in the foreground a tractor being

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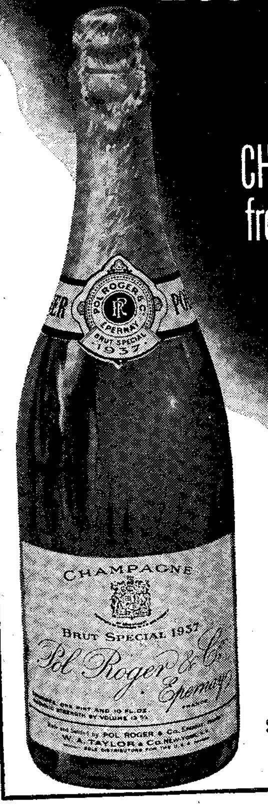

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driven by a *kibbutznik*, and it was based, they told me, on some verses from the Book of Amos that say all that needs to be said about why *kibbutznikim* stay:

> Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that the plowman shall overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that soweth seed; and the mountains shall drop sweet wine, and all the hills shall melt. And I will bring again the captivity of my people of Israel, and they shall build the waste cities, and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards, and drink the wine thereof; they shall also make gardens, and eat the fruit of them. And I will plant them upon their land, and they shall no more be pulled out of their land which I have given them, saith the Lord thy God.

—JOHN HERSEY

•

PAID POLITICAL AD

Mr. and Mrs. Jose D. Martinez will leave for their Ranch at Rociada, N.M., on the 31st of this month.

Mr. Martinez wishes to thank Mr. Melecio Vigil, present sheriff, for the benefits received from Mr. Vigil.

Mr. Vigil is a very smart man, he knows that in his office he is the only man who has the right and can fire as many Democrats as he pleases, that is very true what Mr. Vigil says. I also think he is responsible for what he does.

I want to let Mr. Vigil know and make him some questions, by means of the press.

Isn't he the same Melecio Vigil who took me the 4th of July to bring him a horse so he could ride on the parade? What happened the 4th of July when he took Martinez to bring the horse, Martinez was hurt and was taken to the hospital, Melecio Vigil went to Martinez house and told Mrs. Martinez your husband had bad luck; he was thrown by a horse and was taken to the hospital and I am to blame for it, because I took him, what happened later, Mr. Vigil did not have the good will to tell Mr. Martinez here is a cent cure yourself. It cost Mr. Martinez Sixty Dollars to cure himself. So I think Mr. Sheriff is not responsible for what he does, all he does is to fire friends from his office.

I will put this to the knowledge of the people so they will know and figure if Mr. Vigil is a Man of Justice. I ask Mr. Vigil if the aforesaid is true or not, I had no business to go there. My duties were in his office, and now is the time to make things clear and that the good people of the county of San Miguel to act and put the man they like.

This year is election year, and I trust the people of this county use their convictions to put men in office who deserve being there and men and women of Justice and capable to run their office with knowledge. JOE D. MARTINEZ.

—*Las Vegas* (*N.M.*) *Daily Optic.*

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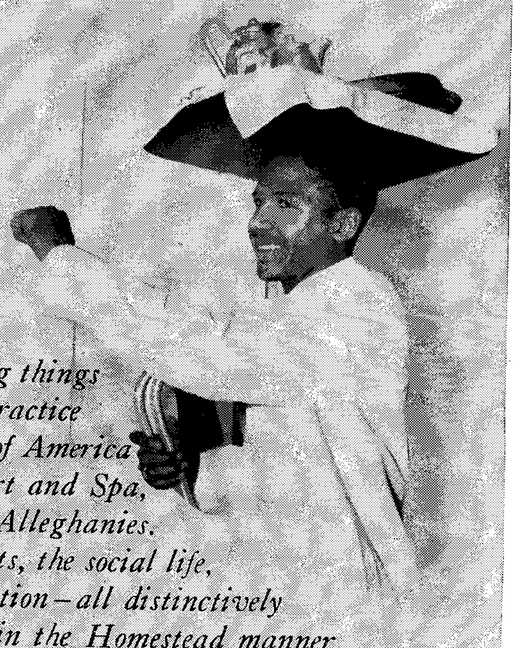

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AUTHOR! AUTHOR! WHERE'S THE AUTHOR?

DRAMA DEPT.: Truman Capote, author of the new play, "The Grass Harp," wondered what to do on opening night. Capote felt that the best place for a playwright on his opening night would be one where the talk would be about matters more important and interesting than theater talk. He therefore decided to spend the evening at the home of the ex-head of T.V.A. and the Atomic Energy Commission, David Lilienthal.—*Leonard Lyons in the Post.*

EVER since I first read the above item, which appeared in Leonard Lyons' syndicated column the day of the première of "The Grass Harp," it has been worrying me. As a long-time admirer of Mr. Lyons' diligence and devotion to detail, I am impressed by his omission of any mention of Mr. Lilienthal's having invited Mr. Capote to spend that particular evening at his home. And, indeed, what reason is there to believe that any such invitation was extended? What prospective host, after all, would ever dream that a playwright would be available on his own opening night? I can only deduce from Mr. Lyons' stimulating paragraph, therefore, that Mr. Capote's unconventional intentions were as little known to Mr. Lilienthal in advance of their being carried out as they were to me. The following is an attempt to reconstruct what happened if they *were* carried out. Any resemblance to what may actually have taken place would be not only coincidental but incredible.

SCENE: *The comfortable library of the New York home of the David Lilienthals, who occupy a rented house belonging to Katharine Cornell. It is 9:30* P.M. *From an adjoining room can be heard the subdued chatter of feminine voices. In the library, Mr. Lilienthal is having coffee and brandy with his male dinner guests of the evening—Dr. James B. Conant, Dr. Vannevar Bush, and Lieutenant General Leslie R. Groves, U.S.A. (Retired).*

LILIENTHAL: Leslie, I'm certainly glad you could make it tonight on such short notice. You know how I am when I've been working extra hard and need to relax. Then it's parcheesi or nothing for me. And when Karl Compton called this morning and said he'd be tied up—well, it's awfully hard to find competent parcheesi players nowadays. Most people seem to want to sit around all night and talk, talk, talk about the state of the world.

GENERAL GROVES: Check and double check. I haven't enjoyed a good parcheesi game for months, Dave. That Remington Rand crowd I hang around with now treat me like a goddam man from Mars. It's atomic-submarine this and guided-missile that until I could scream. It sure is great to have the simple old gang together again like this. Just like Los Alamos, eh, Van?

DR. BUSH: You bet. Jim, you still play that mean blocking game?

DR. CONANT: You'll find out quick enough.

LILIENTHAL: Well, time's a-wasting. Places, everybody. (*The four men move lightheartedly to a card table set up in the center of the room. Presently, the air is filled with the pleasant, carefree rattle of dice and the exaggerated cries of triumph and groans of dismay as the tides of fortune shift. A bell rings somewhere in the distance.*)

LILIENTHAL (*raising his voice and calling to the next room*): It's my move, dear. Will you get the door, please? It's probably the man from the liquor store. (*Lilienthal once more rivets his attention on the parcheesi board. Enter Mrs. Lilienthal, looking distraught.*)

MRS. LILIENTHAL: Excuse me, David, but did you ask anybody else over?

LILIENTHAL: Of course not. How could you play parcheesi with five people?

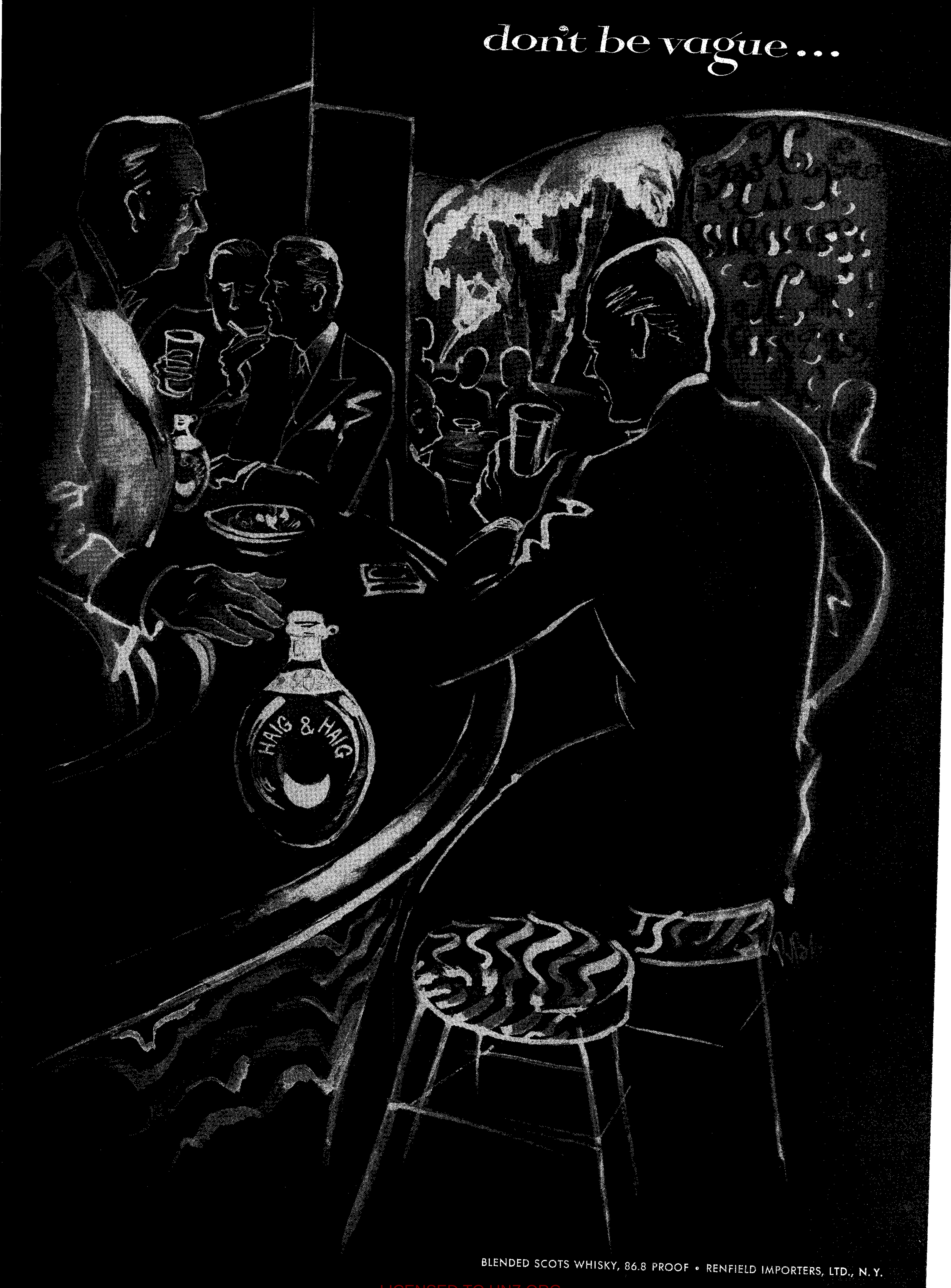
MRS. LILIENTHAL: Well, Truman Capote just walked in. He says he wants to talk about nuclear fission, or something.

DR. BUSH: Oh, my God.

LILIENTHAL: Get rid of him. Tell him I'm sick. Tell him I'm in conference. Tell him to call my office in the morning. Tell him anything.

MRS. LILIENTHAL: But after all, David, you did suggest when we met him at that cocktail party that he drop in sometime—*any* time, I distinctly remember your saying.

LILIENTHAL: Oh, all right, all right. Gosh, I'm sorry, fellows. I can't imagine what he's doing here *now*. Doesn't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that show of his open tonight—"The Glass Harp," or whatever?

MRS. LILIENTHAL: *Grass* harp, I believe, David.

DR. CONANT (*who has been only half listening*): I don't really see how anyone could play on a harp made out of either substance. The peculiar tonality of the instrument derives in no small measure, my music boys tell me, from the physical properties of the sounding board, and it would thus seem to stand to reason that—

DR. BUSH: Jim, we all promised. Remember—no shoptalk.

MRS. LILIENTHAL: I don't know what he's doing here either, but (*Truman Capote enters*) here he is.

CAPOTE: Hello, everybody. I hope I'm not intruding.

LILIENTHAL (*pulling himself together*): Good evening. This is a rather unexpected surprise.

CAPOTE: I'm so glad to find you at home. I was talking about you not long ago, you know, to Lennie Lyons.

DR. BUSH: I beg your pardon?

CAPOTE: The columnist. I told him I thought I'd drop in here to kill a few hours profitably.

MRS. LILIENTHAL: How very flattering of you.

CAPOTE: It's my opening night, you see.

LILIENTHAL: Yes, we were anxious to go, but—

CAPOTE (*breaking in*): Please, please. Let's not talk about anything so sophomoric as the theatre.

LILIENTHAL (*continuing*): —I had this long-standing engagement with a few cronies. Oh, this is Truman Capote, gentlemen. Dr. Bush, General Groves, Dr. Conant.

CAPOTE: Oh boy!

GENERAL GROVES: How's that?

CAPOTE: I mean I'm so delighted to find all of *you* all here. You're exactly the type Lennie assured me I'd be likely to run into. Now, don't let me interrupt you. You just carry on from right where you were, and I'll sit back and listen, although you must forgive me (*He smiles self-deprecatingly*) if I don't seem to follow everything. Where *were* you?

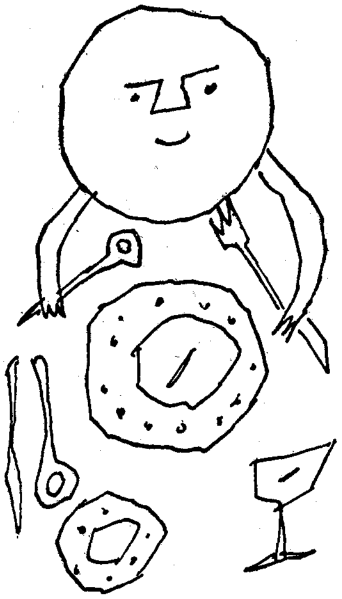
MRS. LILIENTHAL: They were playing parcheesi.

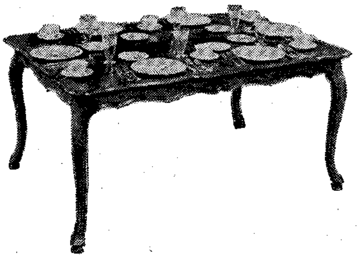
CAPOTE: How absurdly captivating! (*Looking about him*) My, you have a nice place here!

MRS. LILIENTHAL: Yes. We got it from Katharine Cornell.

CAPOTE: Dear Kit! But, no, we mustn't talk about her.

DR. BUSH: Why not?





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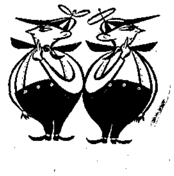

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CAPOTE: I've resolved to abstain utterly from frivolous theatre talk. Tell me, Dr. Bush, what do you think of Professor Harold Urey's controversial theory of the evolution of the moon?

GENERAL GROVES: That Hal Urey! Always coming up with a new twist! You remember, Van, the time you and he were playing partners against me and Fermi—or was it Bob Oppenheimer? I forget—and you only had one man left to get off the board, and Hal—

DR. BUSH: I sure do. Only it was the Compton brothers, wasn't it?

MRS. LILIENTHAL (*trying tactfully to get them off the subject of parcheesi*): Isn't there some sort of game that five of you could play?

DR. CONANT: If we had five more people, we could play basketball.

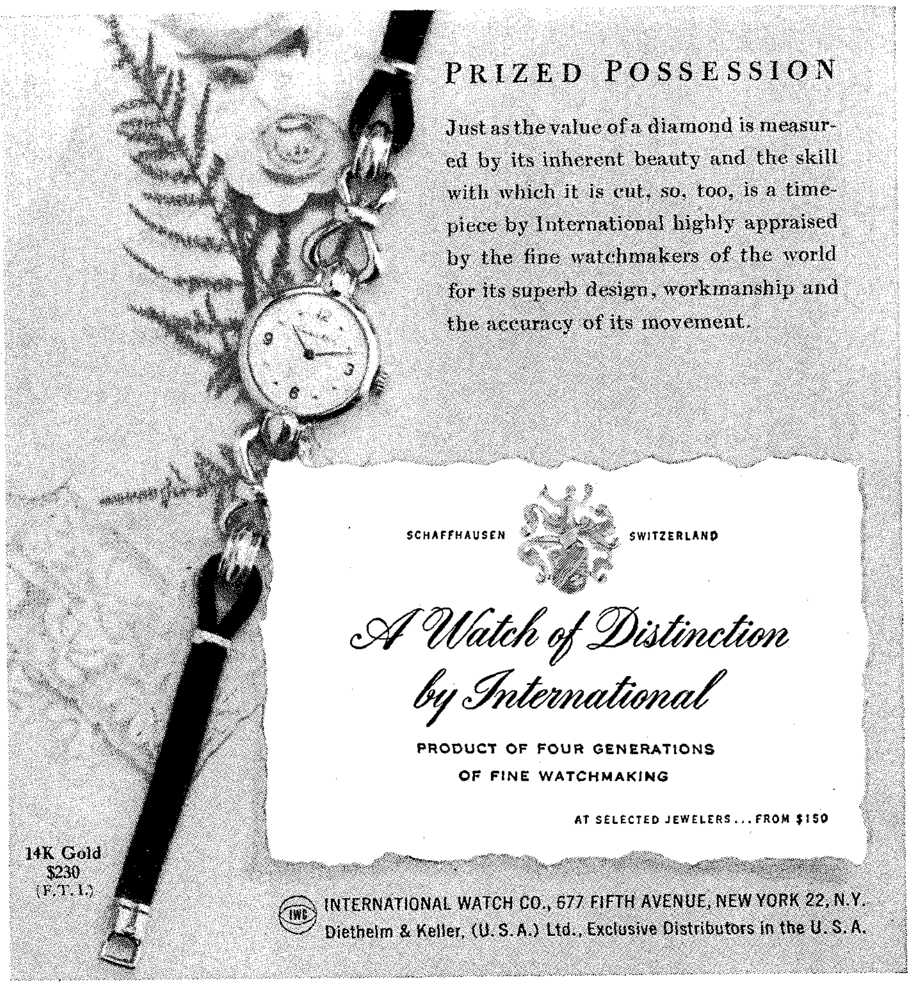
CAPOTE: Ha-ha! That's very good. But seriously, Dr. Conant, do you hold much brief for Kents?

DR. CONANT: Come again?

CAPOTE: You know, the cigarettes made with the sensational new filter that was developed from secret experiments with atomic energy.

DR. CONANT: Never touch the stuff. Too dangerous. I understand you're interested in glass harps, young man. We have rather an unusual collection of glassware, flowers and stuff, up my way, and if you're ever in the vicinity of Cambridge—

BEFORE he can finish, the doorbell rings again. "I'll go," says Lilienthal. His guests wait in apprehensive silence, and a moment later he reënters the room, followed by Leonard Lyons. Mr. Lyons, in turn, is followed by a few intimate friends of his he is making the rounds with that evening—Beatrice Lillie, Supreme Court Justice Douglas, Johnny Broderick, Margaret Truman, and Joe DiMaggio. In the general commotion that ensues, it is almost impossible to make out what any individual is saying. Dr. Bush's remark of "Strangest-looking basketball squad I ever saw" is unheard, for instance, by any of the newcomers, who, fresh from having seen "The Grass Harp," rush to embrace its author. Miss Lillie leaps on a chair and cries, "A toast! A toast!" Eager hands seize the nearest brandy glasses. Since there aren't enough brandy glasses to go around, Justice Douglas and Joe DiMaggio seize dice cups and hoist them in tribute. Detective Broderick, his attention thereby drawn to the presence of gambling paraphernalia, seizes the card table and hurls it through a window. Margaret Truman begins to sing "For He's a Jolly



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Good Fellow." At her first note, two Secret Service men appear in the doorway and assume positions there. Mr. Lyons scurries about, feverishly taking notes. In all the excitement, nobody, except the Secret Service men, even notices when Messrs. Lilienthal, Bush, Conant, and Groves tiptoe out of the room, pausing as they leave only to inform Mrs. Lilienthal that they are on their way to Sardi's to finish their game in relative peace and quiet. —E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

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[*Abstract of a thesis published by Illinois State Normal University*]

THE DEVELOPMENT OF AN OBJECTIVE SOFTBALL BATTING TEST FOR COLLEGE WOMEN

ROSEMARY DAVIS

The purpose of this study was to devise an objective test of softball batting ability in which the achievement of the person taking the test is not dependent upon the performance of another player.

The procedure included the following steps:

1. Construction of a softball batting test that uses a softball batting tee.
2. Administration of the test to seventy-one college students for the purpose of evaluating the test in regard to its reliability.
3. Computation of the reliability coefficient by the use of the odd-even method employing Pearson Product-Moment technique.
4. Selection of a criterion for validating the test.
5. Selection of subjects with dependable batting averages to determine a validity coefficient.
6. Administration of the test to independent softball team players.
7. Correlation of the batting-tee test scores and batting averages of subjects by the Pearson Product-Moment Method to obtain a validity coefficient.

These conclusions were reached:

1. The batting-tee test does not measure to a high degree the same ability as that determined by the batting averages of the subjects participating in the study. This fact is shown by a coefficient of correlation of .33 with a probable error of ±.172.
2. The results of two reliability studies in which two separate populations participated indicate that the test is sufficiently reliable. The reliability coefficients were .83 and .90.
3. The test seems to have value as a diagnostic device in determining which students need help in developing power in batting.
4. It appears that the test might well be used to serve as a partial basis for classification of students into groups for instruction in batting.
5. The test seems to have value as a motivating device.
6. This batting-tee test has value as a measure of hitting power until such time as inexpensive and durable pitching machines are made available.

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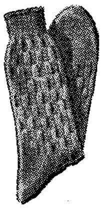

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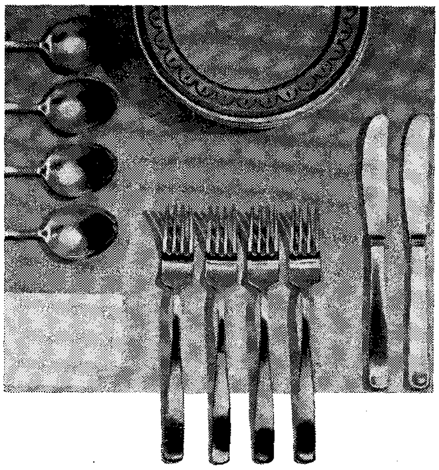
MR. MORRIS GOES TO WASHINGTON

NEWBOLD MORRIS, the irregular Republican who served for two months as Special Assistant to the Attorney General of the United States and was relieved on April 3rd by the then Attorney General, J. Howard McGrath, who himself resigned a few hours after firing Morris, first heard of the job on Monday, January 28th. Morris was at his office, in the firm of Lovejoy, Morris, Wasson & Huppuch, at 52 Wall Street, getting ready to go home on the subway after a day he describes as having been spent, like most of his days, "pushing around semicolons in legal documents," when he received a telephone call from Peyton Ford, who had formerly been an assistant of McGrath's. Ford was the only member, past or present, of McGrath's department with whom Morris had even a slight acquaintance. One of Morris's law partners had come to know Ford in London during the war and had later introduced him to Morris. As a friend and emissary of McGrath's, Ford had called Morris from Washington on several occasions before January 28th, but never about Morris himself. Some time earlier, he had wanted Morris to join in an effort to persuade Morris's father-in-law, Judge Learned Hand, to become chairman of what was briefly known as the Nimitz Commission, which was to draw up a new internal-security code. Another time, he had wanted Morris's help in persuading another of Judge Hand's sons-in-law, Norris Darrell, a partner in the firm of Sullivan & Cromwell, to accept the position of Chief of the Tax Division in the Justice Department, a post recently vacated by T. Lamar Caudle. Each of these requests had entailed several conversations.

On January 28th, Ford said he was calling at the request of the Attorney General, who wished to know if Morris himself would be interested in a job advising the government, on a temporary and part-time basis, in the matter of "systems and procedures" for maintaining the integrity of federal employees. Morris, who is a born reformer and who, like many reformers and nonreformers throughout the country, had been reading with considerable alarm various reports that the integrity of some federal employees was not everything it might be, was very much interested. It astonished him that the Department of Justice should want his services on any basis, and at first he suspected that Ford was really after his father-in-law or his brother-in-law, but when Ford assured him that the Attorney General wished to discuss the job with Morris himself, Morris was flattered and pleased. He had considered his political career—in the course of which he served in the Corporation Counsel's office, was a member of the old Board of Aldermen, was President of the City Council during Fiorello H. LaGuardia's mayoralty, and staged two unsuccessful campaigns for Mayor—as over and done with. As a reformer, he took a good deal of pride in his defeats, but he regretted the fact, or rather what he regarded as the fact, that they had been so overwhelming as to preclude the possibility of his being called back into public life. "I thought I was in mothballs," he says. Since leaving the office of Council President in 1945, Morris had spent most of his time in private practice, working on wills, trusts, estates, property transfers, and corporation matters. It was agreeable and lucrative work, but Morris, who went into politics in 1932 largely to relieve boredom, missed the stimulation of public life. His nostalgia was sometimes so great that, during the O'Dwyer administration, he would walk from Wall Street up to the City Hall and wander through the building. "If Impy [Mayor Impellitteri was then President of the Council] was out somewhere," Morris recalls, "I'd go into his office—the most beautiful office I ever worked in—and check up on what kind of care he was taking of John Adams' mahogany chairs."

From reading the newspapers, Morris knew, of course, that the job Ford had mentioned to him—or at least one similar to it—had been offered to a number of other people, among them Judge Thomas Murphy and the late Robert Patterson, and had found no takers. But he felt fairly sure that if honorable terms could be agreed upon, he would accept it. He thought he would enjoy the work, and he also thought it was his duty to respond to a call of this sort whether he expected to enjoy the job or not. He communicated some of these sentiments to Ford and arranged to go to Washington on Wednesday, January 30th, to meet the Attorney General and have a talk with him. Tues-



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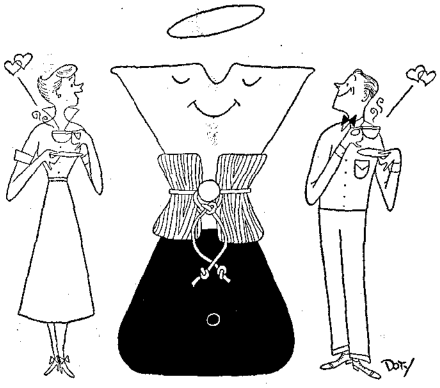

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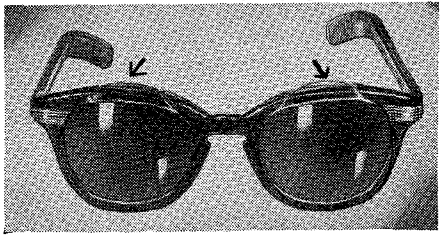

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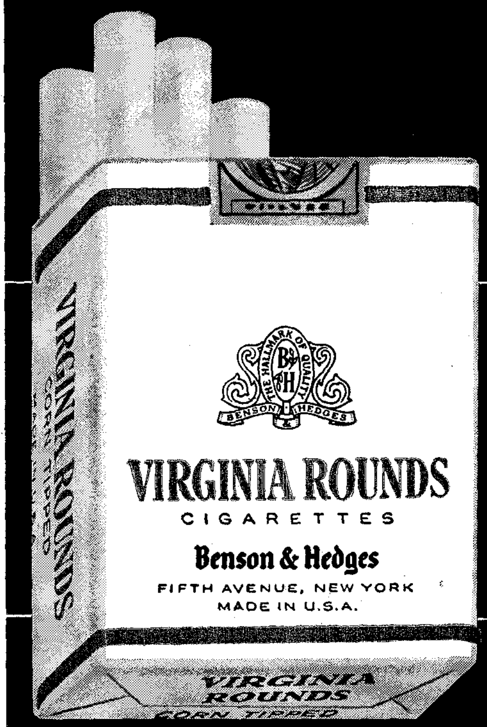
day night he got on a sleeper at Pennsylvania Station, and Wednesday morning he alighted in Washington. At eleven o'clock that morning, he met McGrath for the first time. The meeting took place in McGrath's home, on the outskirts of Washington, with Ford and the Solicitor General of the United States, Philip B. Perlman, also present. McGrath did most of the talking, and Morris got along rather well with him during the two hours the conference lasted.

In a statement Morris issued on April 3rd, right after being fired by McGrath, he said that he was not disillusioned by what the Attorney General had done, "for I never had any illusions about Howard McGrath." What he meant by this, he says, is that he is inclined to expect very little of organization politicians in general. But on January 30th, despite the poor view he takes of all the McGraths of this world, Morris had no particular fault to find with J. Howard McGrath, the Attorney General. "I explained to him that I had broken a lot of crockery in New York politics and didn't stand much better with my own party than I did with his," Morris says. "I told him that if I took the job on, I'd want my own staff and a completely free hand." McGrath said that he knew all about Morris and that Morris was exactly the kind of man the government wanted. McGrath also said that President Truman had been fully briefed on Morris's qualifications and disqualifications, and had agreed that he was the right man. By then, it had been explained to Morris that it was an investigator, and not merely an adviser on systems and procedures, that the administration was after, and this prospect, although Morris had never been an investigator of any sort before, was quite agreeable to him, provided he was guaranteed the independence he wanted. In the light of subsequent events, it is clear that there was a misunderstanding between Morris and McGrath about the meaning of "independence;" at that meeting, however, the Attorney General was, as Morris remembers it, entirely in accord with everything Morris said. He told Morris that he wanted a full investigation of the federal government, but he explained that in his view the task would not be a difficult one. "He told me that I shouldn't let the job disrupt my private and professional life too much," Morris recalls. "He said he didn't want me to work myself to death, and assured me that it ought to be possible to clean the whole thing up in a matter of months with two or three days' work each week." In enumerating for McGrath some of the things that he felt might disqualify him for the assignment, Morris did not bring up his part in the now celebrated Casey oil-tanker deal. He says it never occurred to him, though he admits that perhaps it should have. Nor did McGrath mention it, despite the fact that the Department of Justice had been looking into the deal for some time. It is difficult to see how the kind of report that McGrath said his assistants had given him on Morris could have failed to mention it.

AFTER the Wednesday session with McGrath, Perlman, and Ford, Morris came back to New York. He had arranged to return to Washington on Friday, February 1st, for another conference with the Attorney General and for a meeting with the President. Technically, he had not yet accepted the job, but he had given every indication that he would. When he got home, he immediately began making the necessary adjustments in his personal and business life. One of the first things he did was sever, formally and completely, all his connections with Lovejoy, Morris, Wasson & Huppuch for the duration of his government work. It is customary for a lawyer entering government service on a temporary assignment to make an agreement with his firm whereby he receives no part of the firm's income that derives from business connected in any way with the government. Morris drew up an agreement whereby he was to receive no part of the firm's income that derived from any source whatever as long as he was employed by the Department of Justice. If his stay in Washington had not been so brief, this would have meant quite a loss, for his pay as McGrath's Special Assistant was fifteen thousand dollars a year, which is less than his average income from his firm, and it cost him, as a man with a deplorable compulsion to pick up the checks of his colleagues and of newspaper reporters, just about all he was getting in Washington merely to live there. Having wound up his affairs in New York, he went back to Washington on Friday, four days after the first call from Ford. During the forenoon, Morris and the Attorney General had a fifteen-minute session with the President at the White House. Morris had met Truman only once before. That was in the fall of 1944, when Truman, who was then campaigning for the Vice-Presidency, had visited New York and had received a celebrated and, it was thought at the time, calculated rebuff from LaGuardia, who chose to keep the candidate waiting in his office for half an hour while he carried on a trivial telephone conversation with one of his associates. Morris had wandered into LaGuardia's office and had been shocked to find Truman standing by a window, staring out toward the intersection of Broadway and Chambers Street. He introduced himself and filled in the remaining minutes of LaGuardia's phone talk by imparting to Truman some of his own esoteric information about the architecture of City Hall and the structure's close resemblance to an eighteenth-century *hôtel de ville*.

If the President recalled this encounter when he met Morris on February 1st, he did not say so. Even so, Morris found the talk with the President, which was the briefest and most perfunctory of a total of three White House or Blair House conferences he had while he was on the job, altogether satisfactory. He says that he asked the President if the Attorney General had explained what an unreliable character he was generally thought to be and what a bitter-end reformer his record showed him to be. "I told him he ought to know that I was an opponent of the entire spoils system, even when it didn't result in corruption," Morris says. "I explained that I was certain to recommend that every internal-revenue collector in the country be put under Civil Service." The President replied he was aware of all this and was undisturbed by it. He went on to say that he and the Attorney General wanted nothing less than a thoroughgoing and impartial investigation of the federal government and that they would both coöperate with him in every way. Morris not only was pleased with the President's apparent enthusiasm for the undertaking but was strongly drawn by the warmth and candor he displayed even in the businesslike atmosphere of that first conference. By the end of the conference, it was officially settled that Morris would take the job and would be sworn in that same afternoon. When he and the Attorney General left the President's office, they were met by the White House correspondents and photographers. The two men posed together outside the President's office, and Morris held an impromptu press conference there. In the course of the questioning, he was asked which agency of the



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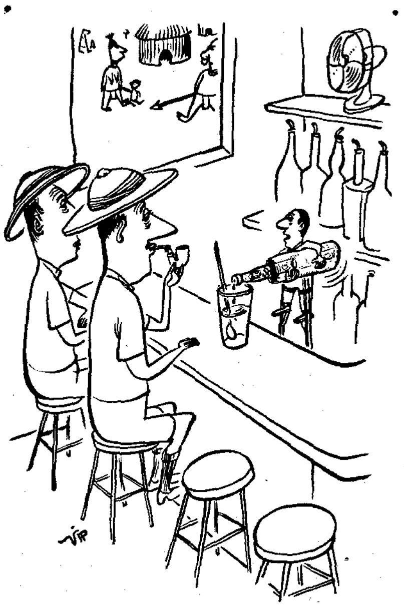

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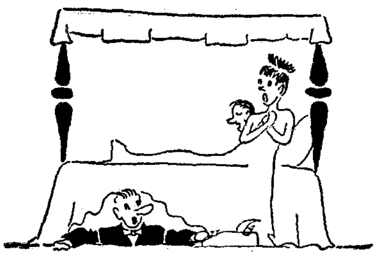
government he planned to investigate first. At that time, he had not given this problem very much thought, and he didn't want to commit himself with a hasty answer. "Well, now, look here," he said after a moment's hesitation. "You fellows know that I've only just arrived in Washington, and I haven't even—" McGrath broke in and, with a flourish of his cigar, said, "I would be the first to welcome an investigation." "In that case," Morris said, "I guess we might just as well start with the Department of Justice."

McGrath, who was later to say that he regretted ever having hired his Special Assistant, has not yet said when or why he became disillusioned about Morris. Morris says his disillusionment about McGrath, as distinct from his distrust of politicians in general, began, in a small way, a short time after this conference. It is characteristic of Morris that some of the things that disturbed him about McGrath were things that would have given most other men rather a pleasant impression of the Attorney General. Morris's suspicions were aroused, for instance, by McGrath's description of him as "a distinguished lawyer" in a statement he handed out announcing the new appointment. Morris also disapproved of McGrath's insistence that he and Morris go immediately on a "Howard" and "Newbold" basis. He thought it undignified. Morris was even disturbed by McGrath's eating habits. When they left the White House, McGrath took Morris to lunch at the 1925 F Street Club, one of the most expensive and exclusive institutions in Washington. "There isn't any place like it in New York," Morris, who is in the habit of lunching on sandwiches in his office but has got around a bit in his time, says in admiration. "We had about six courses and wine. It was the most wonderful lunch I ever had. But I was numb at the base of the brain when we left, and I wondered how the hell anyone with a job to do could possibly work after a meal like that." It was well along in the afternoon by the time Morris and McGrath left the 1925 Club and went to the Department of Justice. There the Attorney General himself administered the oath to Morris and then released the statement announcing Morris's appointment and describing him as being, among other things, "a distinguished lawyer." "I don't suppose I should have resented that, but I couldn't help being put off by it," Morris says. "It just wasn't so. Nobody who knows me could possibly describe me as a distinguished lawyer. I'm



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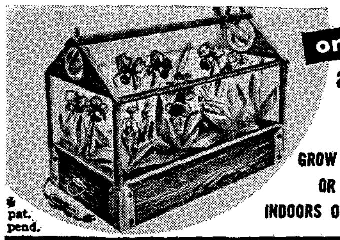

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a pretty good lawyer, I think, but that's about the size of it, and the people who know me know it." Morris was, however, more than satisfied with most of the other things McGrath said in the announcement. It read, in part:

> In asking Mr. Morris to accept this assignment, I have assured him that he will have my complete, enthusiastic, and unlimited coöperation, and that all of the facilities of the various agencies of the Government which I administer or which can be made available through the office of the President will be at his disposal. No one is more anxious than I, as Attorney General, to have the charge of misconduct in public office thoroughly and impartially sifted, for I realize that the strength of our system of government depends upon the faith that all men must have in it.

Morris started work on Monday, February 4th, with a good deal of ceremony. Space had been found for him and his then nonexistent staff on the second floor of the Justice Building. His own office was a richly appointed, high-ceilinged room the size of a basketball court. "They took me into J. Edgar Hoover's office once," he recalls. "It was about as big as my closet." Morris was given elaborate instructions concerning the operation of the air-conditioning unit, a key to a private elevator for big wheels, immense quantities of stationery and other office supplies, and an attractive secretary, whose usefulness was somewhat impaired by her inability to take dictation, either by shorthand or by any other method—a fact that Morris did not discover until he looked over her shoulder and saw her writing in longhand. McGrath introduced him to all the leading members of the Department and asked him to deliver a talk to the division heads on the purposes and methods of his investigation. He did so. "I felt as if I were addressing the Supreme Court," he says. "In fact, I guess I was—the Supreme Court of 1960. They certainly knew how to keep their enthusiasm in check."

That first day, and almost every other day until he left Justice, Morris was called upon by innumerable young men bringing him reports of one kind or another—some dealing with interesting old cases that had been tried by Department members, others with the functions of the Department and its various branches, still others with the relations between the Department and other agencies of government. All the reports were handsomely got up, wrapped in cellophane, and neatly tied with ribbons, mostly blue, but none of those that Morris dipped into bore even re-

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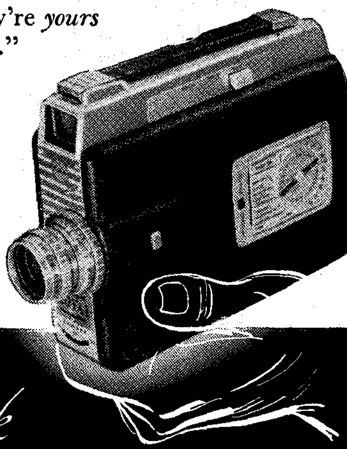

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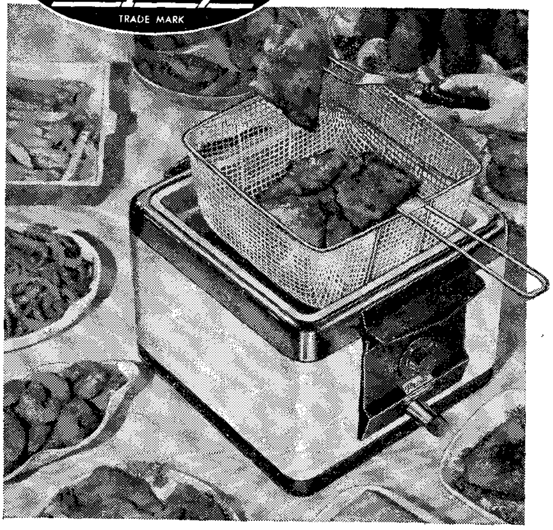

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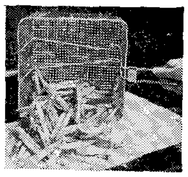

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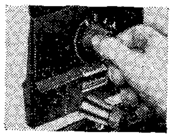

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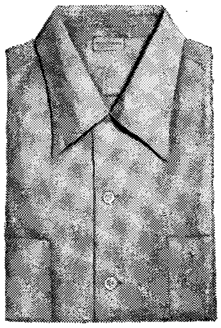
motely on the matters he understood he was to investigate. "I learned a little from the men who carried them in," he says, "but I'd never have learned a thing from what they carried."

Late Monday afternoon, Morris and McGrath had another talk. McGrath seemed to have the affair of T. Lamar Caudle very much on his mind. It was McGrath's theory, Morris says, that Caudle was an honest and conscientious public servant whose forthrightness and innocence had brought him to grief. As an instance of Caudle's forthrightness, McGrath told Morris that before accepting a five-thousand-dollar commission on the sale of an airplane, Caudle had come to McGrath and asked if the Attorney General saw anything irregular in the transaction. The Attorney General explained to Morris, as he said he had explained to Caudle, that he personally couldn't see anything wicked in an airplane salesman's getting a commission. Morris agreed with this, but added that he thought a man who wished to earn commissions on airplane sales ought to go into the airplane business. Finally, Morris says, he wearied of discussing the man McGrath referred to as "poor Lamar." "I said to him," Morris recalls, " 'Howard, how many of your assistants here do you think are practicing privately on the side?' " McGrath answered that he didn't know of any who were. "I'm sure he didn't," Morris says, "but I told him that I'd been putting the question to the nice young fellows who'd been snowing me under with reports all day and that three of the pleasantest of them had told me they had outside practices." McGrath said he certainly was surprised to hear that.

A CURIOUS episode occurred in the interval between Morris's first and second workdays in the Department of Justice Building. On the evening of Monday, February 4th, Morris was in his room in the Carlton Hotel, where he lived the whole time he was in Washington, when he received a telephone call from a man who identified himself as Rex Beach. The only Rex Beach Morris had ever heard of was the novelist, the author of "The Spoilers," "The Silver Horde," and other sagas of virility and adventure, most of them set in the Yukon, that were popular in Morris's childhood. Morris was under the impression that the author of these books was dead. (Morris was right. According to newspaper accounts, Beach committed suicide on December 7, 1949. He had been very ill for two years, and he shot himself in the head with a pistol at his home in Sebring, Florida.) At any rate, when the caller gave his name, Morris said, "You mean the novelist? My God, I thought you were dead!" "Dead! No, I'm feeling fine," the caller replied. Morris said he was glad to hear this and asked what Beach wanted of him. Beach said that he had been reading about Morris's appointment and wished to discuss certain matters. He proposed that he and Morris have breakfast together in the Carlton dining room the following morning. Morris, who knew that it is not good practice for a reformer to meet strangers—particularly novelists one believes to be dead—in hotel dining rooms, dodged the invitation with the explanation that he planned to breakfast alone in his room while he went over some papers. He suggested that Beach call his secretary at the Department of Justice and make an appointment for a meeting there. Morris thought they were agreed on this and gave the affair little further thought that evening.

The following morning, Morris had breakfast in his room, as he had planned. When he walked out of the Carlton, intending to take a cab to his office, he was approached by a man who introduced himself as the caller of the evening before. "He was standing in the Carlton driveway," Morris says, "beside a Cadillac that looked to me as if it had thirty-two cylinders and was half a block long." Morris found the whole thing so bewildering that he no longer remembers all the details. He remembers Beach as a man of about his own age—fifty—and rather smartly dressed, but he has no other impressions of him. Whatever he looked like, Beach suggested that Morris ride down to the Department of Justice Building with him, and before Morris knew it, he was riding along in the big Cadillac, which had a telephone and was lavishly supplied with fur robes. The car was driven by a uniformed chauffeur. In the back seat were Morris, Beach, and a third man, to whom Morris was promptly introduced but whose name he no longer recalls, though he says it is in files he has since turned over to the Department of Justice. It was the other man, rather than Beach, who wished to do business with Morris. "I don't remember his name, but I do remember what he looked like," Morris says. "He looked like Clark Gable, but not enough to *be* Clark Gable—I'm sure of that. He had a fortune in diamonds on him, all set in



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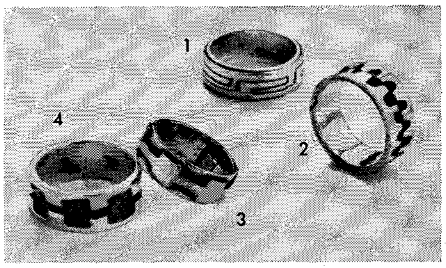

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onyx and all in Shriners' emblems—an onyx-and-diamond Shriners' ring, an onyx-and-diamond Shriners' tie clasp, onyx-and-diamond Shriners' cuff links. And he was smoking a cigar so long it would have singed the chauffeur's neck if there hadn't been a glass partition in the car. I'd only ridden a few blocks before I recovered my senses and realized I had no business being there, but he did a lot of talking in the time he had." Morris must have made it apparent that he was unaware of the Shriner's reputation, for the latter explained that such ignorance was evidence of his lack of preparation for the difficult job he was undertaking. The Shriner told Morris he was known throughout the country as one of the great private eyes of the age. "He told me there was one sure way to make a go of the investigation," Morris says. "He said that the minute I announced I was considering making him my chief investigator, I'd get coöperation from all sides. He said that he'd investigated Republicans for Democrats and Democrats for Republicans and that he'd be delighted to investigate both of them for me." Morris feigned interest for a moment and asked the man for his card, which was produced. At the next traffic light, Morris requested that the chauffeur let him out. When he got to the Department of Justice, he turned the card over to an investigator and asked for an immediate report. "His record was about what I figured," he says. "I don't have it any more and don't remember all of it, but I do remember that his last job was as lobbyist for slot-machine makers." Morris never heard from the Shriner again, but he is still curious about him and about Rex Beach.

MORRIS was fully conscious, during his stay in the Justice Building, that most of Washington regarded the very fact of his presence there as proof that his investigation would be a failure—probably an intentional one. He says he was not particularly bothered by this, for he wanted some time to think the problem through and he felt that his spacious office in Justice was as good a place as any to do his thinking. He might even have remained in it if he had not been strongly urged to get out by three Washington correspondents who had previously worked in New York and known him there. He had them to lunch in his room at the Carlton one day, and they told him that every hour he spent in Justice, cerebrating or doing anything else, made it less likely that

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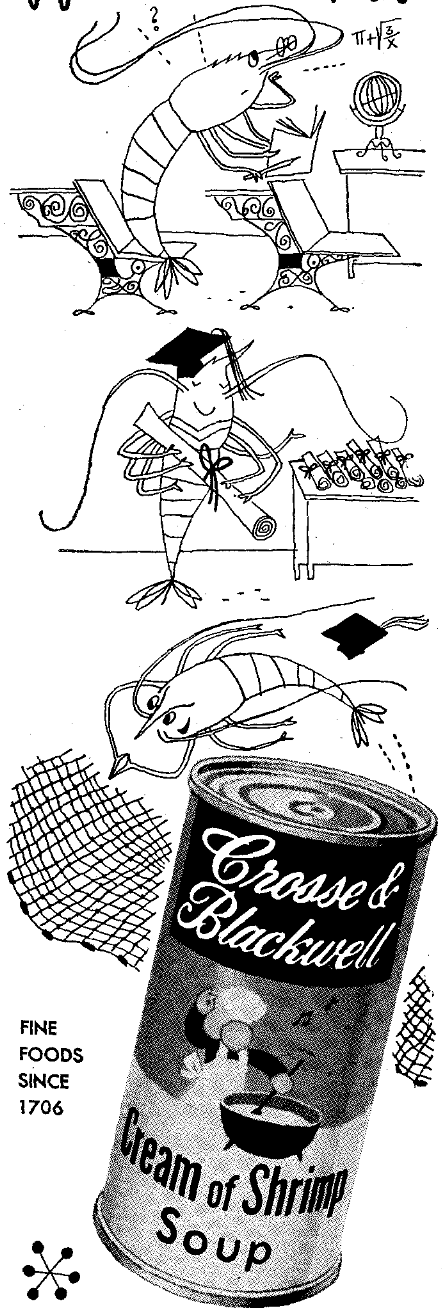

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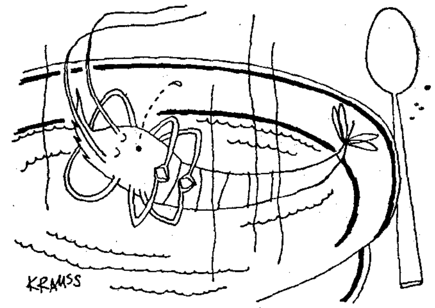

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he would be taken seriously when he was ready to investigate. He decided to take this problem—as well as some others that had been accumulating in his mind—up with the President, and he put in a bid for an appointment at the White House. Meanwhile, he kept busy laying his plans and trying to assemble a staff. It was his view that he could not, in nine months or ninety, look into the financial affairs of all the 2,500,000 government employees, most of whom, he assumed, were as honest as the run of men in or out of government and would not allow themselves to be bought even if there were any offers, which was in most cases unlikely. He felt that about all he could do was study the topmost layers of the great bureaucratic onion, and that these would give him, and the country, a pretty good idea of the condition of the many layers beneath. To get the information he wanted, he needed the power of subpoena, and also financial statements from all high-ranking government employees. It was reported later that the questionnaire Morris prepared and the Justice Department refused to distribute was an afterthought and that he looked upon it as an alternative to the powers of subpoena Congress had refused him. He himself says that he decided on a questionnaire shortly after he took on the assignment and that he saw it as a necessary auxiliary to any other tools of investigation he might use. It was also reported that the questionnaire was modelled on the one circulated last year among members of the New York City police force. Morris denies this, too. When he drew it up—with considerable help, in the later stages, from members of his staff—he had, he says, nothing in mind but gathering the information needed for the job in hand, and the thought that its mere circulation might be preventive medicine for any contemplated waywardness. Although it is a formidable document sixteen pages long and calls for several hundred items of information, Morris says it is actually less detailed than the one the New York police were required to fill out. For example, where Morris asked the recipient to total his expenditures in each of the preceding five years, the police questionnaire required annual expenditures to be broken down into several categories—rent, medical expenses, liquor, entertainment, and so on.

On February 11th, Morris discussed the questionnaire with the President, whose authority he would need in compelling people to answer, but in the

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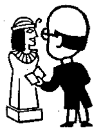

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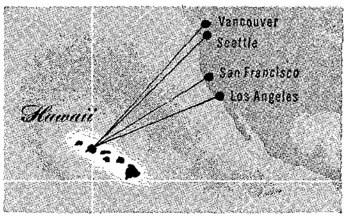

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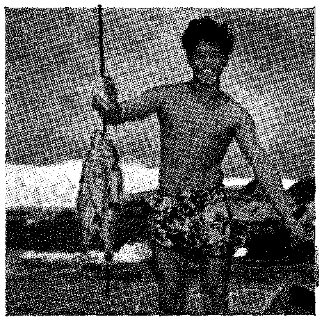

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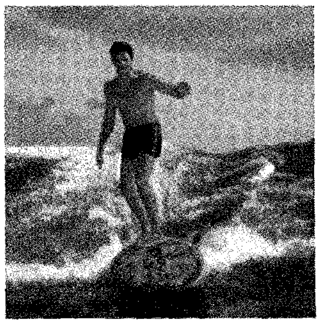

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preparatory stages he never discussed it with the Attorney General or with any other person outside his own office except his father-in-law, Judge Hand, a man who is most solicitous for the rights of the individual and who could see nothing more objectionable in it than in the many invasions of privacy to which all citizens are liable—among them, notably, the filing of income-tax returns. The only opinion Morris has ever cited in defense of the questionnaire is one expressed in the recently published "Mr. President," in which Truman is quoted as saying, "I think that every public official who gets more than ten thousand dollars a year ought to show exactly what his outside income is, if he has any. That should include District Attorneys, Senators, and Congressmen and everyone in the Federal service. I don't see any reason why that shouldn't be done. If a fellow is honest, he doesn't care." Morris might, if he had wished, have cited a more eloquent and closely reasoned defense of the principle on which the questionnaire rested—a memorandum by Franklin D. Roosevelt on the removal of Sheriff Thomas M. Farley of the County of New York, dated February 24, 1932, in which the late President, who was at that time Governor of New York, said:

> The stewardship of public officers is a serious and sacred trust. They are so close to the means for private gain that, in a sense not at all true of private citizens, their personal possessions are invested with a public importance in the event that their stewardship is questioned. One of their deep obligations is to recognize this, not reluctantly or with resistance, but freely. It is in the true spirit of a public trust to give, when personally called upon, public proof of the nature, source, and extent of their financial affairs.
>
> It is true that this is not always pleasant. Public service makes many exacting demands. . . . The State must expect compliance with these standards, because if popular government is to continue to exist it must in such matters hold its stewards to a stern and uncompromising rectitude. It must be a just but a jealous master.
>
> Public office means serving the public and nobody else.

TOWARD the end of Morris's first week on the job, Matthew Connelly, who arranges appointments for the President, told him that an interview had been scheduled for the following Monday, February 11th, in Blair House, at eight o'clock in the evening. Morris prepared for this as if he were a schoolboy about to receive a Presidential citation for an essay on the conservation of wildlife. "I got

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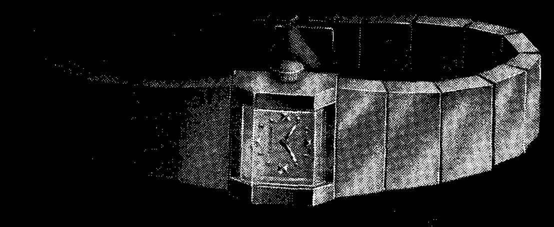

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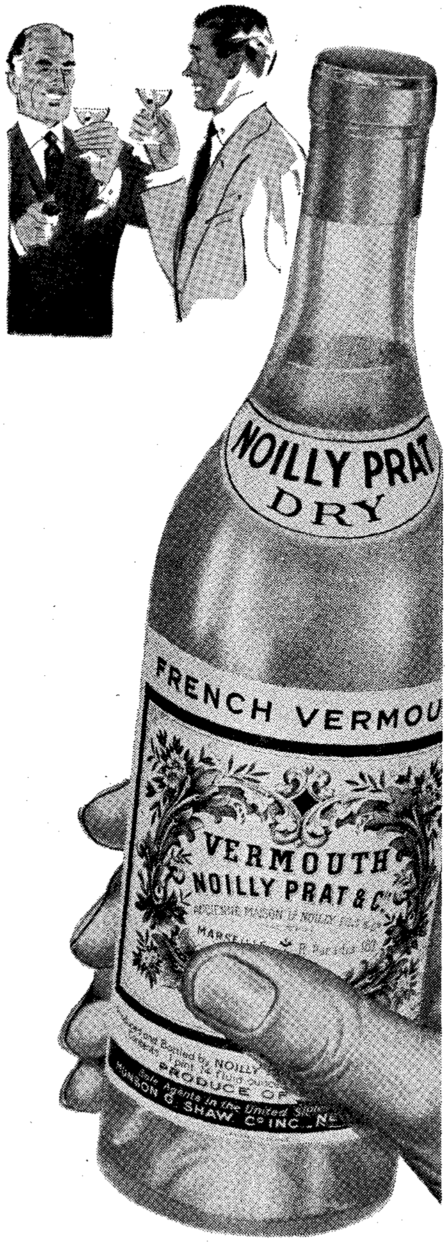

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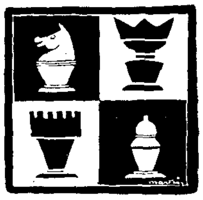
my shoes shined, my pants pressed, and my hair cut," he says, "and I made sure I didn't get there at seven-fifty-nine or eight-one but at eight o'clock on the button." A servant met him at the front door and ushered him into the small study that the President used for much of his evening work while the White House was being renovated. The President was alone in the study. He greeted Morris warmly, and Morris started the conversation off by saying how much he had enjoyed meeting the President's daughter on a recent occasion in New York. This pleased the President, and he said that the reason Margaret was such a good girl was that her mother was a good woman; he said it was generally true in his experience that children were no better or worse than their mothers. Morris took a chair near the President's desk, which was piled high with papers. The President said he had brought them over from his White House office and expected to go through them that evening; most of them, he explained, were reports on Korea and other parts of the world beset by troubles larger than boodle and graft. Among them, however, the President went on, was a report dealing with exactly those issues, which he thought Morris ought to see, and he began ruffling through the papers to find it. Morris was impressed by the volume of the President's night work and by the gravity of his concerns. Although he didn't wish to waste time with small talk, he took advantage of the President's search for the elusive report to say that this evidence of the burdens the Chief Executive bore confirmed him in the belief, which he had long held but had never been able to test, that it would be far pleasanter to be Mayor of New York City than President of the United States. The President seemed to regard Morris's belief as well founded.



The President continued to ruffle through papers with no success, and Morris suggested that the hunt be abandoned. He said that the time they had together would be of most benefit to him if he could talk freely for a few minutes. If, at a later date, the President found the report, Morris could read it in his own office. The President said that sounded sensible, and leaned back while Morris talked. "I talked fast," Morris says. "I told him first off that I thought I'd better stick to the top levels and not get snarled up with petty graft down below. He agreed. I told him that when I said top levels, I meant exactly that, and that I felt he shouldn't be satisfied with any investigation that didn't go right into his office. I told him I planned to look into all the affairs of Harry Vaughan and everyone else in the White House. The President said he'd be delighted if I'd give everyone there a thorough going-over. I told him about the questionnaire. He said he thought it was a fine idea and that he'd always been for something of that sort. I told him that in my opinion what the federal government needed was not just a one-shot investigation but the establishment of a permanent nonpartisan commission—an agency like the Department of Investigation in New York City—to keep a running account of everything that goes on. He slapped his knee and said that was a wonderful idea. He asked me to draw him up a memorandum on it, which I later did. I told him I wanted to get out of McGrath's office. I said I'd need twenty thousand square feet of floor space—somebody or other gave me that figure—and an appropriation of my own. He said that finding the space might be rough but that he'd see to it I got it. Finally, I told him that I wanted an executive order authorizing me to go ahead and directing every agency to give me top priority for the things I was after. I said I didn't want an 'administrative memorandum' but an 'executive order.' I knew they were the same thing, but the public doesn't know it, and 'executive order' would be more impressive. And I said I wanted him to use 'top priority,' or 'highest priority,' because that would show the country and the government that he and I meant business. And I said I wanted him to ask Congress to give me the power of subpoena right away. He said he'd take care of all these things, and he did."

Morris stayed at Blair House for an hour and a half, discussing, at the President's request, a good many things besides the ones he had placed on the agenda. He left in a state of confidence and exhilaration. "I'd always liked the President and thought of him as a man who'd risen above himself," Morris says. "But I'd never respected him as much as I did that night. It was the high point of the whole two months. I could see that McGrath was counting on a whitewash, and I hadn't found anyone else who was panting to help us, but I'd felt all along that it was the attitude of the President that counted,

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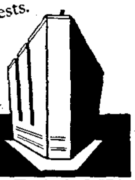

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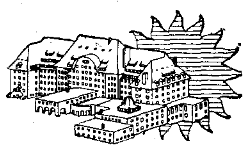

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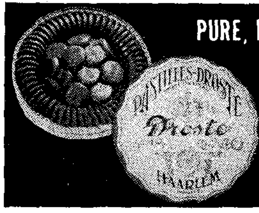

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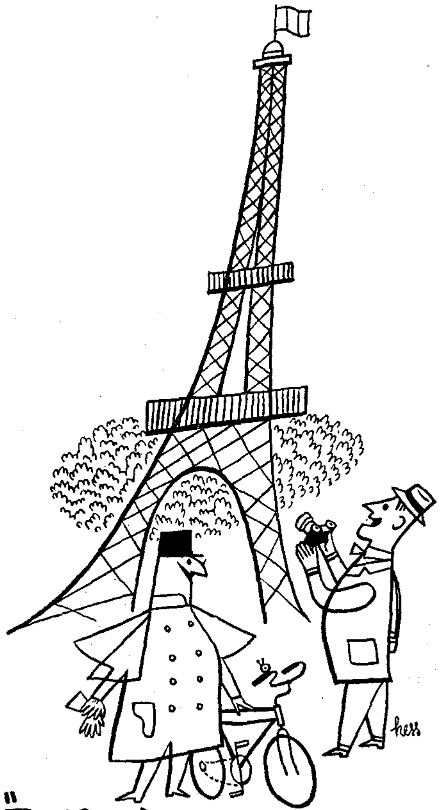
and that night I was sure he was with me." On February 14th, the White House released a statement, in which the President said:

> I have had a good conference with Mr. Newbold Morris about his plans for carrying out his job as Special Assistant to the Attorney General.
>
> I am directing all departments and agencies of the government to coöperate fully with Mr. Morris . . . and to give him any information and assistance he may require and to give the highest priority to any requests made by him. Adequate funds will be provided for the activities of Mr. Morris and his staff, and they will be given separate office space outside the Department of Justice.
>
> I intend to see to it that Mr. Morris has access to all information he needs that is in possession of the Executive branch. . . . However, in many cases where government employees have been subject to outside influence, the most essential evidence is not in government hands. . . . Accordingly, I am going to ask the Congress to give Mr. Morris the subpoena powers necessary to the proper performance of his duties. . . .
>
> Mr. Morris will have my full support, and I intend to follow the progress of his work very closely. I hope that he will also have the full support of the Congress and the public.

While arrangements were being made—mainly by Carl Blaisdell, a Defense Department expert on office logistics who was on loan to Morris—to move Morris into the downtown building that formerly housed the Washington *Post*, Morris necessarily continued to put in a good deal of time at Justice. The whole experience, in Justice and only to a slightly lesser extent later in the *Post* building, where Morris was physically removed from McGrath's agency but still a part of it, now has a cloud-built, hallucinatory quality for him. No display of impatience on his part could stop the young men from wandering in with their irrelevant reports. After he said he was more interested in complaints than reports, he kept on getting reports, but he got complaints, too—a mountain of them. The first one he read came from a farmer somewhere in the rutabaga country who was outraged because his mortgage was about to be foreclosed; Morris was even provided with a copy of the man's deed. In his first few weeks on the job, the only halfway pertinent complaint he was given came from a girl who rushed up to him in Union Station one day and said she was employed by the Justice Department (as part of her dossier, she carried a letter from Senator McCarran asking that she be appointed) but never was given any work to do. She couldn't stand inactivity and



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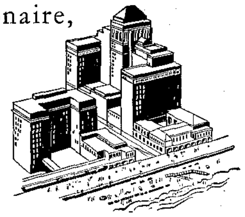

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thought Morris might be able to release her from it. Morris got the impression that inactivity was widespread in the Department, though he received no other complaints about it. Whenever McGrath, who was never less than amiable in those days, was in Washington, he seldom missed an opportunity to invite Morris to prolonged lunches at the 1925 Club. After accepting a few times, Morris began to plead previous engagements. He also commenced to wonder how the Department managed to get any of its cases tried. "I found out," he says. "Every division has a few *Harvard Law Review* types—really first-class lawyers—working like dogs, but there are an awful lot of people who make sure the air-conditioning is right and now and then move a report from one office to another." He found no lack of legal shrewdness in the Department. For example, in drawing up the formal recommendation to Congress that he be given the power of subpoena, the Department went beyond the President's request and asked that Morris be given the power to confer immunity upon coöperative witnesses. Morris had not asked for this power and did not particularly want it. He realized that if he received everything the President had asked for, it would be an almost unbelievable grant of power. To ask for the right to confer immunity was, he thought, to go one step too far, and he anticipated that this request would alienate many congressmen. In his present suspicious frame of mind, he thinks the Justice Department may have anticipated the same thing. Nevertheless, the request for immunity power was made, and Morris's fears were realized. (Hearing of the request, Senator Karl Mundt, of South Dakota, said, "It is difficult to see how Hitler himself could have cloaked his associates with more power to protect friends and to punish enemies.") If in some respects the Department was eager to broaden the scope of Morris's powers, it seemed to wish them narrowed down in others. The President's order had been clear about Morris's right to have his own assistants, and as originally drafted, the recommendation to Congress provided that the power of subpoena be granted to not more than three members of Morris's staff. Somewhere along the line, the wording was changed so that the power was requested for not more than three Assistant Attorneys General—in other words, three members of McGrath's staff. Morris happened to catch this change, and he protested to the President's counsel, Charles Murphy,

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who saw to it that the original wording was restored. Morris never got the power of subpoena or of granting immunity.

Morris was having difficulty persuading people to join his staff, and this fact was reported in, and often exaggerated by, the newspapers, a circumstance that, of course, increased the difficulty. (In one case, a man Morris had not even approached announced his refusal to join him.) Nevertheless, Morris put together the rudiments of a first-class staff. His chief assistant was a tall, loosely built man with a melancholy face named Morton Baum—a Republican who had served with Morris on the Board of Aldermen and had later joined the LaGuardia administration as a special tax counsel. Morris's chief counsel, who was to function as chief investigator, was Samuel Becker; he had been general counsel to Philip La Follette, the former governor of Wisconsin, and from 1935 to 1937 had conducted the Federal Communications Commission's investigation of the telephone industry. Baum and Becker, like Morris himself, interrupted private practices in New York for the investigation. Once the three of them were together, they started building an organization. Almost immediately, they ran into that great misery of government administrators, the security check. They were told that they couldn't put anyone on the payroll until the F.B.I. had made a thorough investigation of his background, character, reputation, and reading tastes. This rigorous survey could take months. Morris and Baum called on A. Devitt Vanech, the Deputy Attorney General, and proposed that instead of actually putting people on the payroll, they hire them on a per-diem basis as "consultants." Vanech was none too sure about the propriety of this and said he would take it up with McGrath. McGrath was none too sure about it, either, but finally, throwing caution to the winds, he approved the arrangement. Getting people to accept on that not so attractive basis, however, presented one more difficulty, and even that wasn't all. "One day, we thought we had a windfall," Baum said recently. "We heard that the Federal Trade Commission was going to let twelve excellent men go, because it didn't have the money to keep them. But we couldn't lay our hands on them. The F.B.I. thought they ought to be checked, even though they'd been on the F.T.C. payroll for quite a while. We suggested that to get around this they simply be kept on the F.T.C. pay-

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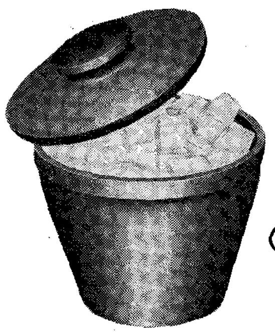

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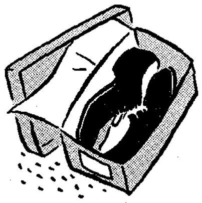
roll while we requisitioned their services and reimbursed the F.T.C. from our own funds. It never did work out, though I think we were right on the verge of getting them when McGrath got us."

In the dispute that ultimately arose between Morris and the Attorney General, the most widely publicized of Morris's adventures in Washington—his appearances before the Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations—played no part at all. On March 11th and 12th, Morris testified before the committee, which had for some time been looking into the sale of surplus government tankers. It wanted to see what light Morris could throw on the operations of a group, headed by a former congressman named Joseph E. Casey, that was said to have made a profit of $3,250,000 on an investment of $101,000 in surplus tankers. Morris's law firm had represented two of the tanker firms that figured in the huggermugger operations of the Casey group (the group, incidentally, had included Fleet Admiral William F. Halsey, Retired, and the late Edward R. Stettinius, Jr.) and Morris himself was the unpaid president of the China International Foundation, which disbursed certain tanker profits in the form of scholarships to Chinese students whose education in their homeland had been disrupted in consequence of their Nationalist sympathies. It was brought out that some of these profits had been made by the delivery, in vessels owned by the United Tanker Corporation, which was represented by Morris's firm and whose stock was owned by the Foundation, of four shipments of oil to the Chinese mainland in 1949 and 1950. As far as representing the tanker firms was concerned, Morris argued before the committee that lawyers are not responsible for any corporation they represent unless they are officers of the corporation; Lovejoy, Morris, Wasson & Huppuch, he said, had not counselled any illegal actions on the part of the corporations. He was aware, he said, that some of United's ships had delivered oil to Communist China (the four trips to the Chinese mainland were part of a total of more than two hundred trips United's tankers had made throughout the world during the two years in question), but he was also aware that the oil deliveries, all of which took place before the Korean War, had been sanctioned by the State Department and had been discontinued promptly when the Economic Coöperation Administration urged that this be done. Morris said that he himself had not received a dollar from the operations of any of the tankers, but he did admit that his share of the legal fees for representing the owners was probably in the neighborhood of $30,000.

A fair number of people in Washington felt that Morris's role in all this would prove a continuing source of embarrassment to his investigation. A larger number, while not necessarily holding this opinion, felt that Morris's petulant response to some of the questioning was censurable, despite the fact that the provocation had been great. Senator McCarthy talked about Morris's reaping profits "soaked in American blood." Morris accused McCarthy of subjecting him to an ordeal similar to the one Joseph Cardinal Mindszenty endured at the hands of Hungarian Communists. In the opinion of almost everyone in Washington, both McCarthy and Morris overstated their cases. None of this, however, bore on the conflict between Morris and McGrath, for McGrath, the President, and just about everyone else in the administration shared Morris's view that the affair of the tankers in no way disqualified him for the task to which he had set himself. Many members of the administration were inclined to think better of Morris because of his defiance of Senator McCarthy. In any event, he felt encouraged to stay on in Washington.



THE tanker question, the difficulties of getting a staff together, the problem of operating without the power of subpoena, and most of Morris's other troubles seemed—outwardly, anyway—to have been reasonably well surmounted by the week of March 31st, the week that began with McGrath's statement that he was sorry he'd ever hired Morris and ended with Morris's firing and McGrath's resignation. From around the middle of March on, things had appeared to be going smoothly, on the whole. A staff of about fifty had been put together and preparations were being made to double it, complaints were being received in fair volume, and the staff investigators were getting their work well organized. Morris had had another, highly satisfactory interview with the President. It had taken place shortly after Morris appeared on a television program called "Meet the Press," in the course of which he said some characteristically severe things about General Vaughan and Ambassador O'Dwyer. The President wanted Morris to know that he bore him no resentment for these judgments and was still behind him. A grand jury was to be set up on Monday, April 7th, and although Morris did not expect to be in a position to seek any indictments by then, he was hopeful that the jury could be kept sitting until something good broke. He planned to use it the way Miles McDonald, the District Attorney in Brooklyn, used the grand jury whose sessions resulted in the exposure of Harry Gross's bookmaking ring—that is, not chivying witnesses and trying to get them to admit specific crimes but leading them along more or less at random in the expectation that they would sooner or later talk themselves into trouble. Meanwhile, the questionnaire had been printed and Morris was planning to distribute it. There was a rather nightmarish touch in connection with his efforts to do so. It turned out that nowhere in the government is there any file or index that tells who occupies what job. The Budget Bureau has a complete list, by grade and title, of all the jobs in all the agencies, but neither it nor any other body has a list of the people who fill the positions. It might seem reasonable to suppose that there are officials in every division of the government (when the Hoover Commission counted up a few years ago, it found a total of 1,816 "component parts") who know who their own employees are, but no one knows or can easily find out who anyone else's employees are. Thus, when Morris, with the aid of Baum, studied government charts and job descriptions to determine which employees should get the questionnaires, he found he had no way of taking the next step—mailing them out to the jobholders. He and Baum decided they would have to deliver the questionnaires to the heads of the various agencies and ask them to fit the names to the jobs before passing them along. In Justice, to which Morris, aided by a platoon of porters, delivered the first bundles by hand, it was maintained for a while that not even in the Department itself was there any way of finding out the names of the five hundred and ninety-six employees who were to receive the documents. But Morris and Becker protested, and finally a list was found. The copies of the questionnaire, though, remained in McGrath's office until, presumably, the garbage men got them.

Morris is now inclined to the view

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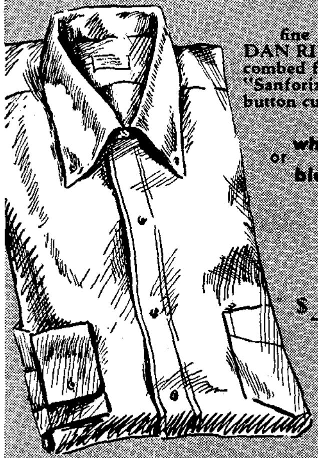
that the investigation never had any chance of succeeding. He feels that the smooth sailing of the penultimate weeks was a mere illusion. This illusion, he thinks, rested on the illusion on the part of McGrath and others that Morris would not do a really serious job of investigation. "They let us alone for a while because they thought we were going to let them alone," he says. He believes it probable that if he had started with some other department, he would have encountered the same kind of resistance. The only administration leader besides McGrath with whom Morris discussed the questionnaire at any length was John Snyder, the Secretary of the Treasury. Snyder said he felt that its distribution would demoralize his Department. Morris pointed out that the public had the impression that the Treasury Department, which was next in line after Justice, was already in an advanced state of demoralization. Snyder said he thought the public had the wrong impression. It was clear that he was against the plan and would be a reluctant collaborator. Although it was in the course of testifying about the questionnaire before the Chelf Subcommittee of the House Judiciary Committee that McGrath indignantly said he was out of sympathy with Morris's program—an eruption that led directly to the departure of both men—what actually brought matters to a head, in the opinion of Morris and his associates, was a far less controversial question. In the absence of any statement by McGrath, there can, of course, be nothing but speculation as to the real basis of his conduct during the week of March 31st, but Morris and most of those who were associated with him argue that it was McGrath's resistance to disclosing *any* information about the conduct of his own office that caused the blowup. Just as Morris was on the point of getting to work on McGrath's office—that is, of accepting the invitation issued by McGrath in the White House on February 1st—McGrath's attitude began to change. An order came through stating that there were to be no more additions to Morris's staff without the Attorney General's approval. When Morris tried to get this order set aside, he was unable to find McGrath anywhere. McGrath was in Rhode Island, he was out to lunch, he hadn't arrived in the office yet, he had left early, he was in conference, he was indisposed. "I finally did see him on March 25th," Morris says, "and he agreed to junk this order and to do most of the other things I asked, but I had a kind of sense that we were heading into the biggest crisis yet, even while outwardly the investigation appeared to be building up steam in a hurry. I felt there was real trouble ahead, though I can't say I had any premonition of the way it was all going to work out. The truth is I never doubted that we would succeed. I thought the President wanted us to succeed and that his support was all we needed."

On March 26th, Morris and Becker decided that the time had come to force McGrath to put up or shut up. An appointment was made for Becker to call on McGrath that afternoon and make arrangements for beginning the investigation of the Attorney General's office. The appointment was set for half past three. Becker arrived then and was alone with McGrath for forty-five minutes. In a memorandum on the interview that Becker prepared for Morris, he wrote that he started out by "telling [McGrath] that we had no reason to doubt that the affairs of the Department were properly handled." This was not quite as disingenuous a remark as it may appear to be, Morris and Becker say, for it was understood that they were talking not of efficient and intelligent management but of the financial honesty of McGrath and his immediate subordinates, which, they say, they still have no reason to question. "I said," Becker continued in his report, "that my guess was that if any improprieties or irregularities turned up, they would probably be on the same administrative level as in the Treasury. Under such circumstances, it was to the interest of the Department to make the facts known promptly, so that any rumors or charges could be set to rest." McGrath seemed to be in agreement with all this—and, indeed, with most of the things Becker said. The copies of the questionnaire still had not been distributed, and when Becker brought this up, McGrath assured him they would go out before the end of the day. Becker made certain proposals for speeding up the process of getting the people Morris wanted to hire cleared by the F.B.I. and put on the Federal payroll. McGrath said he thought these proposals reasonable, and asked that he be supplied with a list of those Morris wanted most urgently to employ, so that he could attend to the speed-up himself. On all matters of organization, McGrath was, on the evidence of Becker's memorandum, more coöperative on March 26th than he had been at any time since early February.

At last, Becker arrived at the question that he expected trouble about. "I



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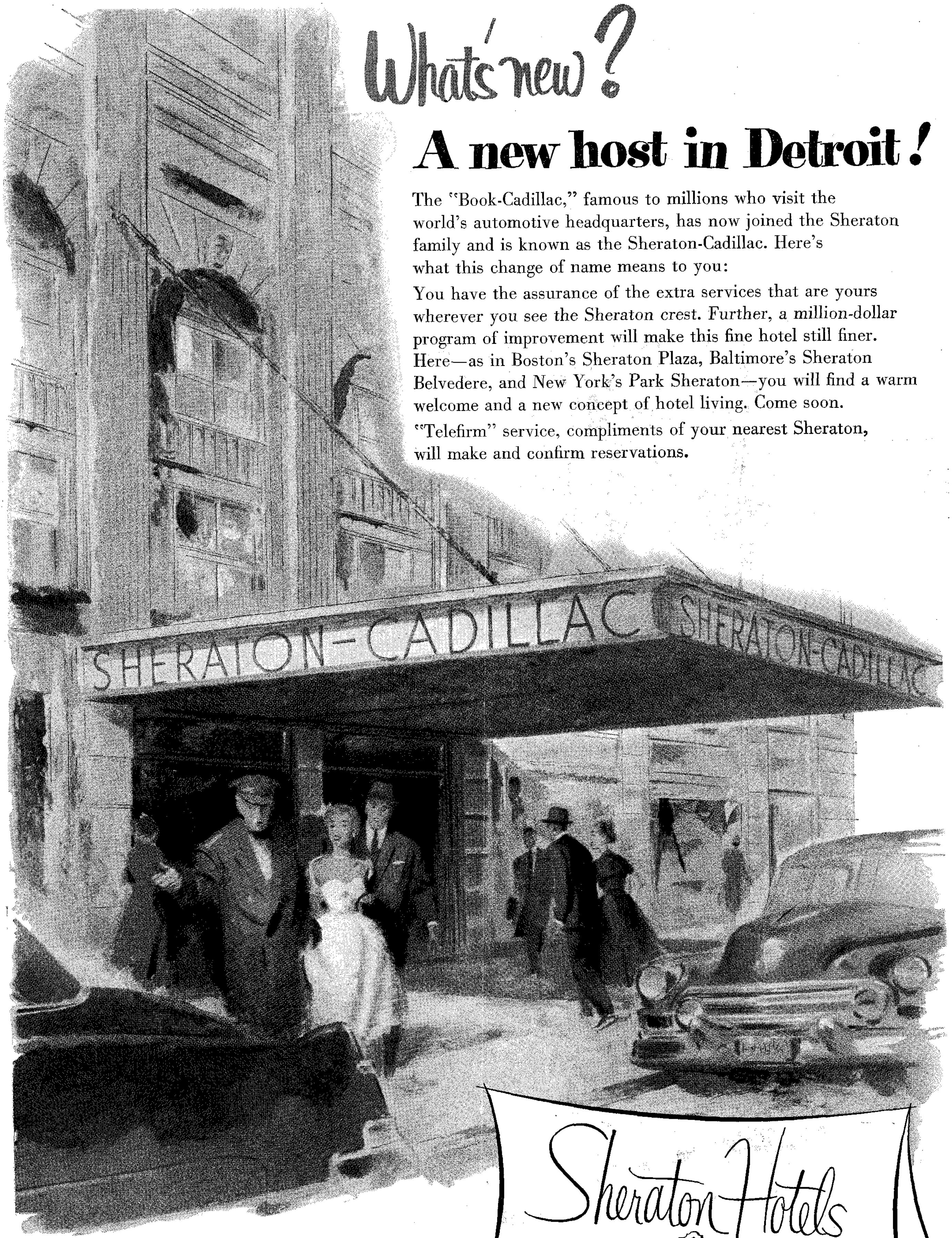

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suggested," he wrote in his memorandum, "that we would want promptly to commence our regular, routine examination of the files in accordance with the procedure that is customary and usual in investigations of this nature, similar to public investigations in which I had been engaged and very much like the investigations that the Anti-Trust Division [in the Department of Justice] now makes." Becker went on to explain that the simplest procedure, in his view, was to start at the very top of the heap and work down. McGrath asked Becker exactly what records he wished to have, and Becker said he wanted all the records. He mentioned specifically "correspondence, diaries, appointment books, records of telephone calls." It has lately been reported in the press that when Becker asked for these, McGrath grew angry and shouted his refusal. Becker, whose laconic memorandum does not deal with McGrath's attitude, says that this was not at all the case. He says that McGrath was calm and extremely courteous throughout the interview, that he recognized Becker's role as Morris's emissary—Morris had sent Becker to McGrath instead of going himself because he felt that Becker was a more adroit and self-controlled interviewer—and that he did not raise his voice once in the forty-five minutes they were together. But when Becker explained in detail what he was after, McGrath, according to the memorandum, "informed me that he would not consent to such examinations and would not give access to the files except on a most restricted basis; that is to say, if any evidence were furnished suggesting any misconduct or impropriety and specific files were called for, he would make them available." Becker pointed out that this would help very little, since it was in the records themselves that he expected to find the evidence McGrath was demanding as a prerequisite for turning over the records. McGrath said that that was too bad, but he had made his mind up on this point. Furthermore, Becker went on in his memorandum, McGrath "said that he would in no case permit examination of his own records. . . . I told him that I thought the Presidential directive was in the nature of a subpoena to all government departments to make available and to give access to all the records of the departments or persons in the departments relating to their general work." McGrath said that he didn't think it covered the things Becker was asking for. Becker reminded him that the President had authorized Mor-

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ris to have "all information he needs that is in possession of the Executive branch" and that he couldn't see how this excluded anything. "I suggested," Becker wrote, "that the limitations he imposed were contrary to the executive order and it seemed to me that matters of that nature were not open to discussion between us or between him and you." McGrath said that this might be true but that he intended to discuss it himself with the President. McGrath also said that he felt there was a certain unfairness about Morris's having singled out the Department of Justice for attack. "I told him," Becker wrote, "that this was the purest coincidence; it originated [in] his invitation to you at the time of your appointment and the press conference which followed." McGrath said he considered it unfair nonetheless. With that, the interview ended, and Becker returned to his office to write his memorandum, which concluded with the statement that "unless this question [of the conflict with McGrath] is answered satisfactorily before the end of next week, I see nothing further for us to do."

THAT was March 26th. Neither Morris nor anyone in his office saw McGrath or any of McGrath's assistants after that. On Monday, March 31st, McGrath testified before the Chelf Subcommittee. He said he was undecided whether to distribute the questionnaire and whether to fill out his own copy. Asked if he would hire Morris if he had it to do over again, he said he would not. On Wednesday, April 2nd, McGrath saw the President in the White House for fifteen minutes. It is not yet known what was said at that meeting. McGrath saw the President again in the afternoon, at the National Airport, and a few snatches of conversation were overheard by reporters, but no one is sure exactly what was under discussion. The following morning, McGrath fired Morris. At a few minutes after four that afternoon, the President, in his press conference, announced that McGrath had resigned and had been succeeded by Federal Judge James P. McGranery. At the conference, the President was asked a number of questions about Morris's dismissal, but he contributed very little information in his replies. These are some of the exchanges that bore on the mystery:

Question: Did Mr. McGrath fire Morris with your knowledge and approval?

Answer: The President said he saw it in the paper.

Q.: I take it, Mr. President, that you

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didn't know about it before McGrath—

A.: The President said it was under discussion but that he was not consulted when it was done.

Q.: Were you consulted before it was done?

A.: The President said he was talked to about it but that he made no suggestion about it.

Q.: Why was Mr. Morris fired? Do you think his dismissal was justified?

A.: The President said he couldn't answer the question.

Q.: Do you intend to reinstate Mr. Morris?

A.: The President said he couldn't answer the question. He said that he had a new Attorney General.

Q.: I wonder what is your opinion of the celebrated questionnaire of Mr. Morris?

A.: The President said he had never seen one so he couldn't answer a question like that.

Q.: Mr. President, could I ask whether you have any reason to feel dissatisfied with Mr. Morris's work?

A.: The President said he couldn't answer the question.

Q.: (by Mrs. Elisabeth May Craig, a correspondent for a number of papers in Maine) Mr. President, I'm, I'm . . .

A.: The President observed that Mrs. Craig was kind of tangled up, wasn't she?

Q.: Well, sir, I am, because we understood that Mr. Morris was your man to conduct [the investigation] and now he is fired and you don't tell us whether it is in your opinion a justified dismissal. It leaves Mr. Morris under a cloud.

A.: The President said Morris was hired by the Attorney General, brought down by the Attorney General, and the Attorney General fired him.

Q.: And we were wrong in thinking he was your man?

A.: The President said he wasn't his man. He said he never was.

When Morris arrived at Pennsylvania Station the next day, it looked fine to him. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

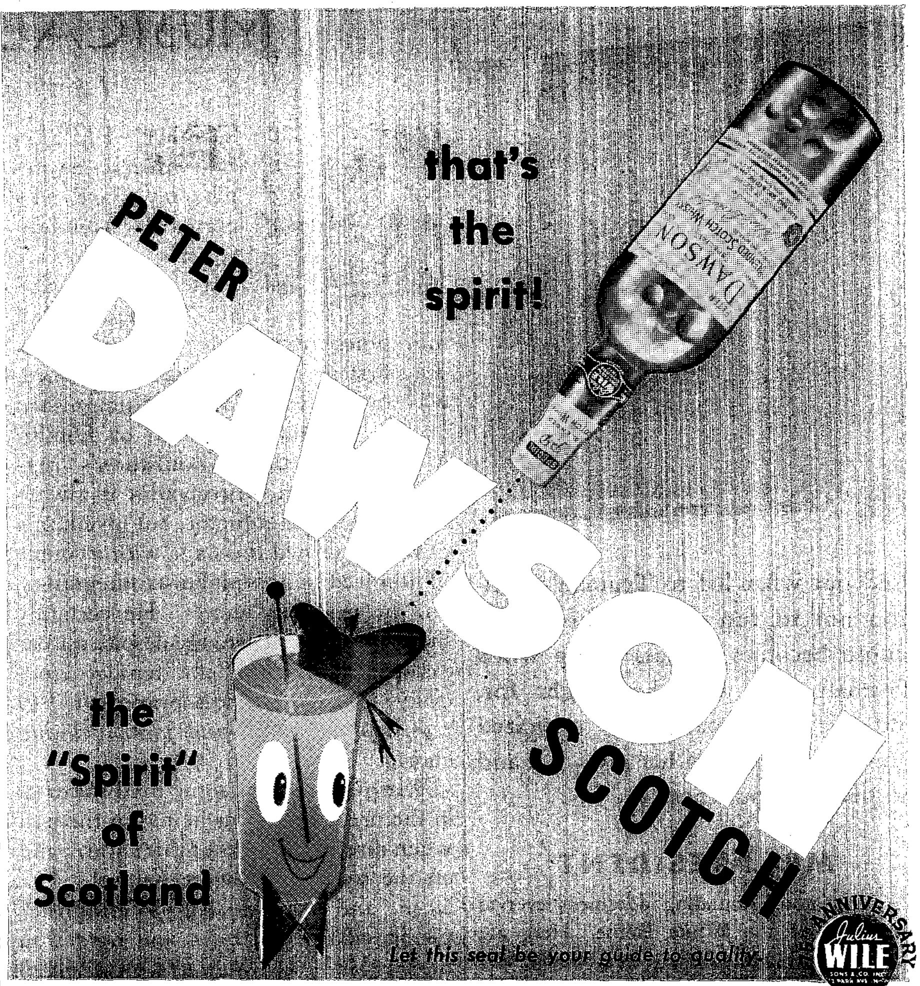
[From "The Hamlet," by William Faulkner]

. . . That night he sat on the front steps of the coach's house in the dry dusty September darkness, still saying No quietly and patiently.

"I aint going to borrow money just to play a game on," he said.

"You wont have to, I tell you!" the coach said. "Your tuition will be paid. You can sleep in my attic and you can feed my horse and cow and milk and build the fires and I will give you your meals. Dont you understand?" It could not have been his face because that was in darkness, and he did not believe it had been in his voice. Yet the coach said, "I see. You dont believe it."

"No," he said. "I dont believe anybody will give me all that just for playing a game."



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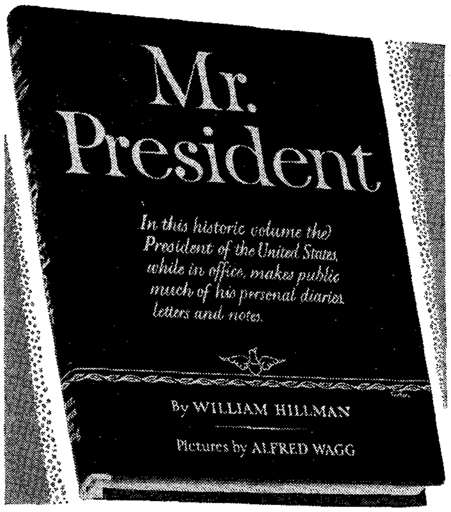
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Large and Small

THE Philharmonic-Symphony Society presented Mendelssohn's dramatic oratorio "Elijah" at Carnegie Hall four times during the past two weeks. The first performance, which I heard, was an impressive affair, distinguished by the splendid leadership of Dimitri Mitropoulos, the organization's regular conductor. Mitropoulos is always an interesting conductor, but give him a chance to crowd the stage with a couple of hundred singers and instrumentalists, and he positively shines. He certainly shone the other evening, despite an occasional rushing of the tempo, especially in the mezzo-soprano air "O rest in the Lord," and in the closing chorus.

Mitropoulos used some mild theatrics in the presentation, as he has in the past when directing works of this nature, and on the whole they were helpful. The large and well-drilled Westminster Choir, clad in red robes and ranged in tiers behind the orchestra, was given small bits of business to do, sometimes in unison and sometimes section by section. The movements of the choruses, executed with military precision, consisted of rising, sitting down, covering their faces with their hands in meditation, and shooting their arms upward and outward in supplication. The four soloists, representing four Biblical characters, were scattered about the stage. Elijah, for example, did all his singing from a black platform high up against one side of the proscenium arch, at the top of a steep flight of stairs. The soprano used this eminence, too, for her big aria, "Hear ye, Israel," but the rest of the time she sang from a small landing near the foot of the stairway. The mezzo-soprano stood between the orchestra and the chorus during the early part of the oratorio, and later on threaded her way forward and across to a little ramp opposite Elijah's platform. The tenor also used this ramp. Now and then, when the soloists had to shift from one place to another, the procedure seemed a trifle fussy, but that shortcoming was compensated for by the dramatic effectiveness their comings and goings added to a work that could do with a bit more excitement. The orchestral and choral work was first-rate, and there was accomplished singing by Richard Tucker, the tenor; Frances Greer, the soprano; and Martha Lipton, the mezzo-soprano. For some reason, the part of Elijah was entrusted to Désiré Ligeti, a bass-baritone with thick enunciation, unsteady tone, and showy gestures. Since he occupied the highest point on the stage and had some of the most important music and words, the wonder is that his rather lurid approach wasn't more damaging than it was.

"Elijah" being an oratorio in English and one of the acknowledged musical glories of the language, it's a shame that a lot of the words are lost, especially in the ensemble singing. This is probably due to the peculiar circumstances of its composition. It seems that although Mendelssohn wrote "Elijah" at the request of a Birmingham Musical Festival, he composed the music to German words by Julius Schubring, which were then painstakingly translated—bit by bit, as the composer got on with the score—by another man, who, of course, was frequently hard put to it to find a fluent phrase that fitted the musical accents perfectly.

GIAN-CARLO MENOTTI'S "Amahl and the Night Visitors," an opera that was presented for the first time last Christmas Eve over television, was introduced into the repertory of the New York City Opera Company last week, when it was given its first stage performance, at the City Center. It turned out to be a thoroughly ingratiating little piece, holding the interest for some fifty minutes with a succession of appealing, attractively scored melodies. The story is an affecting one about a crippled boy who regains the use of his limbs on the morning of Christ's birth, when he offers his homemade crutch—his most valued possession—to three kings, bearing gifts, who have stopped to rest at the boy's mean home on their way to Bethlehem. The same singing actors who portrayed the boy and his mother in the televised performance made their débuts with the New York City Opera Company on this occasion, and were letter-perfect in their roles. Chet Allen, who is twelve years old, had remarkable assurance and charm in the central part, and Rosemary Kuhlmann, a slender woman with a lovely soprano voice, played his worn mother with becoming gentleness. The three kings, each a humorous contrast to the others, were excellently realized by Michael Pollock, Richard Went-worth, and Lawrence Winters, and there was one particularly delightful scene in which a pretty slip of a girl, Mary Hinkson, did a reluctant dance for the distinguished and unexpected visitors to the poor community.

"Amahl and the Night Visitors" was preceded by a routine performance of Menotti's "The Old Maid and the Thief," a giddy work he composed for radio many years ago; it's a sort of interminable joke set to music—mildly entertaining in the telling but without much punch. A young man named Thomas Schippers conducted both operas—it was his first appearance with the company—and proved to be a meticulous workman, with a sure knowledge of Menotti's style. I should mention, too, that Eugene Berman designed an enchanting setting for "Amahl and the Night Visitors"—a suggestion of a hovel, beyond whose walls are seen the hilly way to Bethlehem and a spectacularly starry sky. Berman did the costumes, too, and they made all the characters look as if they had stepped out of a fairy tale. "Amahl and the Night Visitors" is a stage work of very small proportions, but it has a wonderful glow. —DOUGLAS WATT

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"What I [Paul G. Hoffman] am really telling you is this—by nominating Dwight D. Eisenhower for the Presidency of the United States, we will, I believe, be taking realistic political action toward making the American dream come true. We all know in our hearts what the American dream is, but recently I ran across some words by a twenty-seven-year-old author and playwright named Paul Green, who recently returned from a trip abroad as a sort of 'cultural ambassador.' This is what Mr. Green has to say:

" 'What is this American dream? It is just that. It is a dream, a vision, an ideal of a nation and a world of other nations in which self-reliant men, men of good-will, or righteous strength of mind and character, live and have their being. It is a theory and a common sense philosophy of government which declares in its own ringing terms that each individual has the right of and responsibility to the fullest development of his talents as becomes the dignity and worth of a man. It is a dream, then, an ideal of self-government and responsibility equal with that liberty.' "

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Long-winded answers are generally a cover for lack of specific information.
—*Sayville (L.I.) Suffolk County News.*

Hmm! A Taft man in the composing room!

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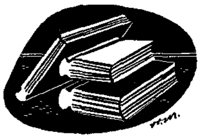
BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

There Was a Man in Our Town, by Granville Hicks (Viking). Bert Shattuck, a dry, pleasant-voiced young man who is trying to be a playwright, returns to his home town of Colchester, New York, to spend the winter, and amuses himself by watching the efforts of a retired university professor, Ellery Hodder, to reform the town politics. Ellery is so wrapped up in his theories of community government that he forgets, or half forgets, that there are people involved, and this is his downfall. It all makes for interesting, amiable reading, and Mr. Hicks does a wonderful job on all the characters of the town, although he has a curious habit, especially in the case of the men, of describing the clothes they wear and letting their faces go.



The Deceivers, by John Masters (Viking). The Deceivers are the Thugs, who once terrorized India and murdered thousands by a form of garrotting, and this story, set in 1825, tells of the attempts made by William Savage, a British government agent, to discover the workings of Thuggery in order to destroy it. First, however, this Englishman is obliged to become a Thug himself, and the twist of the situation is that he finds he enjoys this method of killing, and almost loses himself in the practice of it. Mr. Masters is a straightforward, honest-sounding writer who is usually effective—particularly when he writes of the love between Savage and his young wife.

Rotting Hill, by Wyndham Lewis (Regnery). A casual and sarcastic account of life in England under a Socialist government, in which Mr. Lewis, who resides in London, keeps his own character throughout. The chapters, which are really long, separate episodes, with the author's sense of irritated outrage as the only bond between them, tell of his encounters with various fictional figures whose occupations, personalities, or states of mind are direct and easily traceable results of the change in English living conditions since about 1938.

Trial by Terror, by Paul Gallico (Knopf). Jimmy Race, a reporter for the Paris edition of an American newspaper, makes his way into Hungary to try to find evidence of torture or terrorism in the spy trials that have been conducted there. He is arrested in his turn, and tortured and sentenced to be hanged as a spy before his colleagues on the newspaper manage to have him rescued. Mr. Gallico, an obvious, sentimental, and high-pitched writer, does no one any credit with this piece of work. The Literary Guild selection for May.

A Lamp for Nightfall, by Erskine Caldwell (Duell, Sloan & Pearce-Little, Brown). Mr. Caldwell has made a desperately earnest attempt to write a startling novel about the inhabitants of a town called Clearwater, in Maine. He has not been successful.

GENERAL

In the Balance, by Winston S. Churchill (Houghton Mifflin). Addresses delivered in 1949 and 1950, when Mr. Churchill was leader of the Opposition and up to his neck in the fight against the Socialists. In addition to his talks in Parliament, the book includes his speech on the twentieth century, delivered at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; the speech on United Europe, delivered at Strasbourg; and the speech delivered at the University of Copenhagen on the occasion of his being made an honorary Doctor of Philosophy. They give a fine picture of Mr. Churchill's view of the world up to the time he became Prime Minister once again. The speeches before the House of Commons are reprinted with all the interruptions, abusive remarks, and exchanges of incivilities that accompanied them, and they make especially spirited reading, for Mr. Churchill was able to hand back as good as he got, and often a little better.

Fanfare for Two Pigeons, by H. W. Heinsheimer (Doubleday). A series of exuberant and rather opinionated pieces that are designed to give an idea of the heartening amount of creative bustle, both amateur and professional, that is taking place on the American musical scene today. The author, who works for a New York music-publishing house, has lots of entertaining, and, at times,

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important material at hand, but for some reason he has felt it necessary to present it in an exhaustingly frolicsome style. When he catches his breath, however, he's able to talk very intelligently indeed about such matters as the financial woes of composers, which are shockingly acute; the efforts made by ASCAP to put things at least partly right for them; the activities, both good and bad, of the big concert agencies; and the personal quirks of some of the musicians he has known here or abroad. In one particularly moving chapter, Mr. Heinsheimer pays tribute to the late Béla Bartók, who he considers was about the most talented, and least appreciated, composer of his day.

Promised Land, by Joan Lowell (Duell, Sloan & Pearce-Little, Brown). For the past seventeen years, Miss Lowell, who is best known as the author of "The Cradle of the Deep," a book that caused considerable commotion back in the thirties, has been bruising her knuckles on hoes, hacksaws, machetes, and other items of pioneering equipment in the Brazilian jungle. She took up this muscular mode of life shortly after her engagement to a sea captain who felt that homesteading was his real forte and who wanted an indestructible bride to lend him a hand. The author has since demonstrated herself capable of presiding over native accouchements, of brewing up all sorts of little messes out of herbs—which has gained her a reputation as a doctor—and, most important, of raising litters of foxhounds, the sale of which has covered the family deficit in times of crisis. She is also an uncommonly vivacious writer, who, while not one to make light of her exploits, sets them down with many a girlish gurgle.

Where Winter Never Comes, by Marston Bates (Scribner). Mr. Bates, a Rockefeller Foundation scientist and the author of "The Nature of Natural History," here considers the tropical lands of the earth, with which he is admittedly in love, and goes a long way toward proving that as a home for man they are at least as good as and perhaps better than many more generally acclaimed regions of the globe. His method, which involves manifold lines of reasoning, takes him into the fields of geography, meteorology, medicine, sociology, anthropology, and paleontology, as well as many others, but despite the formidable range of his

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attack, his chatty style keeps his book informal. He weaves into his argument many arresting facts or claims, such as that ironworking, the plinth of our civilization, came out of central Africa; that weeds are innately frail plants, which require man-cleared ground for their prosperity; and that the best garment for a hot-weather soldier is the Roman toga.

THE ENEMY WITHIN, by Raymond J. de Jaegher and Irene Corbally Kuhn (Doubleday). Father de Jaegher is a Belgian-born Jesuit who served in a Catholic mission in the North China city of An Kwo between 1930 and 1949, with time out (1943-45) as a prisoner in a Japanese concentration camp. The book is mainly an eyewitness account of the enslavement of China by the Communists, whom Father de Jaegher, through his work, came to know intimately. It makes a grisly story and will come as a surprise to those who have the notion that Reds of the Chinese species are less cruel than their cousins to the west; if anything, according to Father de Jaegher, they are worse. The book winds up with a discussion of the ill-fated Marshall mission to China, a chapter that is certainly as depressing as any in the book.

DOROTHY CARUSO: A PERSONAL HISTORY, by Dorothy Caruso (Hermitage). The author of this book, the widow of Enrico Caruso, is very much interested in herself, but she has not succeeded here in passing along that interest. She appears to have had everything a woman could wish for: a distinguished husband with whom she was in love, children, plenty of money, much travel, and the friendship of celebrities. She had two husbands after Caruso, and was divorced from both; her undiminished devotion to Enrico, whose records she continued to listen to endlessly, could not have been very pleasant for them. Her obsession all along seems to have been the finding of her "inner self." Ultimately, we learn, she found it, but the nature of what she found remains a secret. A large portion of the book is written in a sort of stream-of-consciousness style, which produces an impression of mindlessness.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE CHASE, by Richard G. Hubler (Coward-McCann). Everything begins when Jennet Marvell, a girl reporter on a small southern California paper, goes out to interview a young scientist who, according to local gossip, has found a cure for infantile paralysis. However, it turns out that a much more important secret, having to do with an antidote for germ warfare, is involved, and presently the poor child finds herself mixed up with a crew of Communist villains, who wreck her car, take her off to sea in a ketch during a tornado, and finally all but bump her off in a monastery. There are a great many picturesque characters mixed up in all this—some good and some very bad indeed—but the plot is the primary consideration, and of its kind, in spite of a really outrageous surprise at the end, it is a superior specimen.

NOTABLE AMERICAN TRIALS: PRISONERS AT THE BAR and GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?, by Francis X. Busch. (Bobbs-Merrill). In these twin volumes, Mr. Busch deals with eight famous twentieth-century trials: of big Bill Haywood for the murder of ex-Governor Steunenberg of Idaho; of Sacco and Vanzetti for their part in the Braintree holdup in which two men were killed; of Leopold and Loeb for what the tabloids called "the thrill slaying" of Bobbie Franks; of Bruno Hauptmann for the death of Charles Lindbergh's son; of Leo Frank for killing a girl named Mary Phagan; of D. C. Stephenson, a member of the Indiana branch of the Ku Klux Klan, for causing the suicide of Madge Oberholtzer; of Samuel Insull on charges of fraud; and of Alger Hiss for perjury. Although the author suggests his opinion of the justice of the verdict in each case (for instance, he sees no reason to doubt that Sacco and Vanzetti were guilty as charged), his treatment is essentially journalistic, consisting of a brief summary of the facts as reported in the papers and of liberal quotations from the testimony, arguments, and judicial advice presented in court. Thorough and conscientious, but certainly not to be compared with the work of such masters of the genre as Roughead and Pearson.

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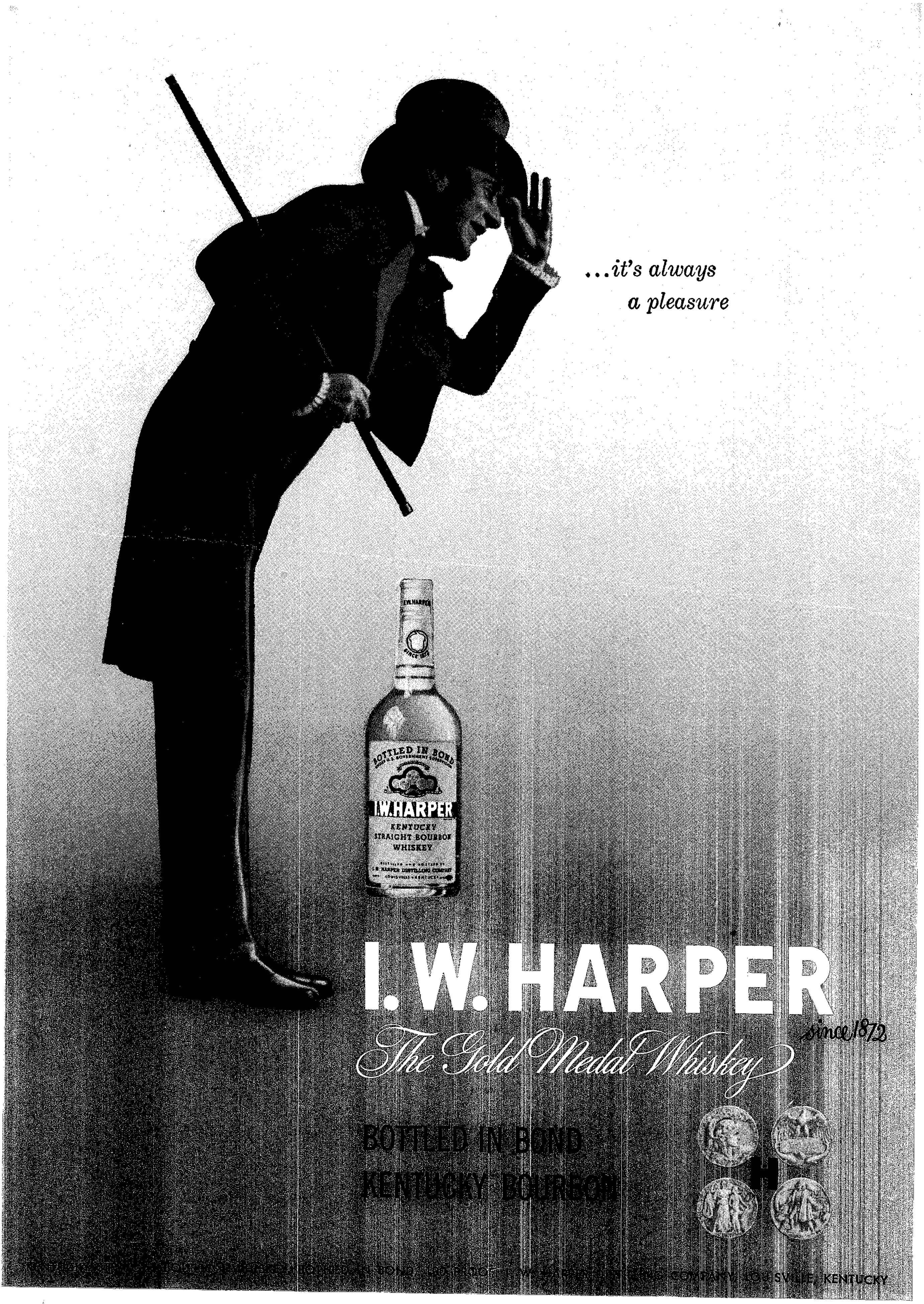
WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

"I would support the Republican candidate," he [Colonel McCormick] told reporters after a half hour's private talk with Eisenhower.

"I supported Dewey, for God's sake."
—*Chicago Daily News.*

Then with a chuckle, the colonel added, "Why, I supported Mr. Dewey in the last election."—*Chicago Tribune.*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